THE WESTERN
HOME MONTHLY

October, 1930 *Ten Cents a Copy*

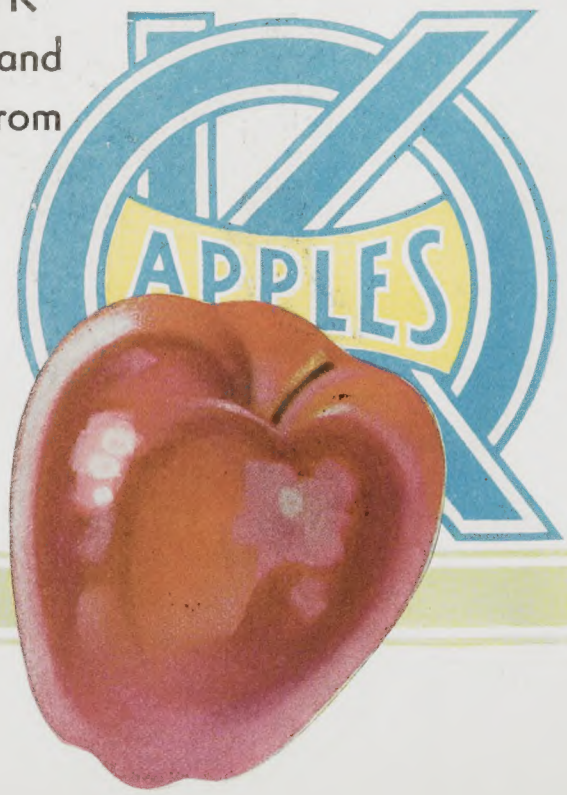
A Mystery Novelette of the North Country

"BEYOND THE LAW" by Mary Imlay Taylor

The Healthy-- Economical Food

APPLES---Nature's choicest gift of food! They kept you healthy and happy when you were young---now, in these days of hurry and thrift, you can lift one from an "O K" box with greater assurance of perfection and enjoyment than when you picked them from the tree yourself.

Order several boxes of O K Apples now for winter's use. O K's offer high food value with low cost. Write for your copy of "Apple Secrets," a delightful new recipe booklet.



ASSOCIATED GROWERS of BRITISH COLUMBIA LTD.

VERNON, B. C.

O Magic Nights beneath the Moon where Eyes meet Eyes beneath the Southern Cross

WHILE MUTED STRINGS are plucked, the tap of heels move to a Spanish rhythm . . . skirts swirl and bangles glitter in the light, as eyes meet eyes. . . . Romance is eery as the moonlight and the stars of the Southern Cross look down.

Intriguing as the glance of eyes . . . and subtle as romance . . . thrilling the senses as the measure of a South American dance . . . this is something of the quality, the exhilaration, the unusual zest of "Canada Dry."

Here is a remarkable ginger ale, distinctive, stimulating, delightful. It has its definite quality because it has basic excellence. The very foundation of "Canada Dry" is "Liquid Ginger" —which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavour and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality.

And as a result this fine old ginger ale is served the wide world over. It has won the connoisseur's nod of approval. At famous hotels and clubs . . . at the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . on transatlantic liners . . . in London . . . in Paris . . . "Canada Dry" is the beverage which has first call. And in countless homes throughout this country its unforgettable flavour, its delightfully subtle aroma are known and cherished.

"Canada Dry" will bring distinction to your dinner table. Order it today in convenient cartons of six or twelve bottles.

"CANADA DRY"

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE LTD.
TORONTO, EDMONTON AND MONTREAL

Montreal's Younger Set enjoys Canada's Favorite Coffee . . .

CHASE & SANBORN'S

At the Ritz-Carlton . . .
Royalty, Statesmen, Celebrities from everywhere enjoy this famous old blend, too.

DAY after day, year after year, Chase & Sanborn's Coffee faithfully assists Canada's most exclusive hotel in the subtle art of hospitality.

For over fifty years too, this popular blend has helped Canadian women to entertain *their* guests. They know that Chase & Sanborn's is the one coffee they can depend upon for true coffee flavor and straight-from-the-roaster freshness. They know, too, that Chase & Sanborn maintain the same high quality in their coffee through selecting, blending and roasting the coffee beans by the most modern scientific methods.

There is never any question about the goodness and freshness of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee. . . Try it. . . Realize why Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is served in the finest Canadian hotels and homes alike. . . Use the telephone now.

• • •

To make good coffee we recommend the use of a percolator or tricolator. If you use the ordinary pot, however, make it this way: Use a heaping tablespoon of Seal Brand Coffee to the cup. Put in the pot . . . add cold water. . . Let it stand awhile, even overnight. . . When ready, put on the fire. When it starts to boil, remove. . . Let stand a few minutes—Serve.

These popular society debutantes find true relaxation and enjoyment in Chase & Sanborn's Coffee:

Miss Margot Grindley says: "Whenever I want a particularly good, rich cup of coffee I invariably get it at the Ritz. . . I need not be told 'whose it is' either, for there is only *one* Chase & Sanborn Coffee."

"One expects and one always gets the best at the Ritz," says Miss Jean Jamieson. "For instance, you are always served with Chase & Sanborn's Coffee. . . A detail, but such a satisfying, enjoyable one."

Twice-a-week Delivery for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee

Every time you see Standard Brands Limited new green delivery trucks on the streets of your city, remember this: Besides delivering Fleischmann's Yeast, they are also rushing Chase & Sanborn's Fresh Dated Coffee to your grocer. Buy it fresh from him Where Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee is not available, ask for Seal Brand Coffee in the new Vacuum Tin.

(Roasted in Canada)

Chase & Sanborn's TEA *and* COFFEE

VOLUME XXXI WINNIPEG, CANADA NUMBER 10

Past and Present

MR. CRAG DALE in Popular Mechanics writes a very interesting article comparing present with past production. He concludes with the following words:

"But it is difficult to discuss the question of relative goodness of things without advancing the thought that today we have so many more things than we had twenty-five years ago. Every year sees additions to the list of things the public desires. What they are enabled to save by buying silk with tin in it, or a suit with shoddy and cotton, they spend for some of the other items which, after all, make life more interesting, and which put within the reach of everyone those things which once were considered available only to the very rich.

"Yes, sir, the day of the spinning wheel definitely is gone, and while the socks and fascinators that grandma used to make might have lasted longer, the things of today serve their purpose just as well, if not better. Things may not be so good, in a technical sense, as they were in times gone by, but I believe that that very truth is partly responsible for the undeniable fact that living itself is better.'

In similar fashion one might institute a comparison in the fields of education, sport, amusement, religion, music, art, not that it would have any great value except to make people of today a little more contented with their lot. For though in every field there is a difference the odds are not always in favor of the past.

Some years ago the old people in one of the towns of the United States—Springfield to be exact—complained that the young people were growing up unable to spell correctly. They said that in their own young days they could do much better—ever so much better. Now in pulling down an old school building there was discovered a set of examination papers in spelling written by these very old people, when they were in the high school. This same examination paper was then given to the school children of today, who were on the average two years younger than the older generation when they wrote. Though it was a surprise attack, the youngsters made much fewer errors than their parents. It would be easy we imagine to get the paper and the marks in each case. This, of course, is only a ridiculous comparison but it indicates that older people often look at the past through a microscope or a telescope, and arrive at false conclusions. The school life of today is not better or worse than that of long ago. It is necessarily different. Tomorrow's will be no better or worse, but it too will be different If children long ago worked harder, they did not on the whole work so happily. "If then they worked from compulsion, today they more surely work from impulsion." Let us be thankful that in some ways the school is adapting itself to the needs of the growing present.

Similarly one might compare the old-time parties with the present. There was something particularly hearty in the exercise of the social evening, but one must confess that the music was barbarous and the dancing lacking in grace though conducted with vigor. Nor were the kissing and forfeit games any better than the hug-me-tight fox-trots of today, nor the Jews harp and comb any improvement on the saxaphone and cornet, vile as these are. On the whole the old time music was perhaps more simple and less disturbing, but it lacked surprise and variety. The young people today seem to have as enjoyable and happy and innocent a time as their parents had, but their ideals have changed. Why should they not change?

It might be thought that religion in its beliefs and methods would not alter, but here the change is greatest of all among cultured peoples. Among races of low mentality, custom and tradition are everything, but with those who think, personality asserts itself most strongly. The division of Christians into numberless sects is not a proof of weakness but of strength. The ideal is reached when each person is his own judge and leader, yet able to sympathize and work with others. Not uniformity, but diversity in unity is desirable. To people in the Western World the spectacle of worshippers exercising individual choice in all that pertains to religion, gives more pleasure than if all, as in Mohammedan lands, prostrated themselves only at the cry of the mezzin or as if in some other lands all thought and action were governed by the rules and regulations of a book held sacred because of its own claims or its legendary associations. On the whole the religion of many people today, which is often no religion at all, seems to be preferable to that of fifty years ago, when the prevailing motive in worship seemed to be terrorism, and the prevailing belief that of highly-emotional zealots who succeeded in imposing their views on others. Better the individuality of today than the blind acquiescence of yesterday. And yet one yearns at times for days and places and occupations that seem to have in them something sacred. Is that only a proof that we are governed by authority and tradition rather than by reason? Is not every day a holy day and every place the home of God? Or to take an illustration from "The Servant in the House," may not the digger of drains be equal in service and manliness to a popular preacher or a gaitered bishop?

The Triumph of Medicine

THE great meeting of the British Medical Association in Winnipeg makes it fitting that recognition should be taken of the great progress in medicine during the last half century.

Fifty years ago in a great American city one baby in four never lived to be a year old; today only one in seventeen dies from neglect, ignorance and misfortune of inheritance. Then a child could count on forty years of life, now he can count on fifty-eight or sixty.

Beginning in 1848 there was a movement for sanitation in our cities. The death rate exceeded the birth rate as figures being thirty and twenty-eight per thousand. Today the birth rates are twenty per thousand and the death rates but eleven or twelve. People were removed from cellars, sewers were constructed, overcrowding was stopped, pure water introduced, impure milk forbidden. Cleanliness saved lives and quarantine prevented epidemics. There was an immediate drop in the number of deaths from summer diarrhoea of infants and dysentry of old age. Smallpox, typhus and yellow fever yielded to the discoveries of science and the enforcement of sanitary measures.

In 1900, began the attack on tuberculosis, and this meant the education of the people. It had to be shown that the disease is curable, communicable and preventable, and it was not easy to cause men and women everywhere to assume responsibility. Following this effort came crusades against social diseases, mental disease, avoidable cancer, blindness, and untimely death of children. The physician, the parent and the school teacher joined hands in the effort to save life and prevent its miseries.

"These are the lessons of preventive medicine for this generation: A good standard of physical environment, sanitation in home, in city, in shop, for foods, water and waste disposals—all results of the initial public health movement. A good general understanding of the causes and means of prevention of disease, particularly those which are communicable, arose out of the second era of public health in the last thirty years."

Looking over the death rates in New York, one is struck by the gain of fifty years. The victims of scarlet fever based on 100,000 population are 80.1; of diphthera 235.11; of diarrhoea under five years, 335.22; of pulmonary tuberculosis 404.84; to all causes 2890.1220. This is a wonderful showing, a tribute to the intelligent scientific and preventive effort of the medical body.

There is, however, much yet to be done. Cancer has increased from 41 to 113; heart-disease from 89 to 155; disease of the arteries from 8 to 61; and diabetes from 2 to 25. Influenza is yet unbeaten, pneumonia is unconquered, infantile paralysis and sleeping sickness are mysterious in their origin and only partially conquerable. Then there are yet to be faced the occupational or industrial diseases, the results of over-indulgence in food, the growing number of people afflicted with mental disease.

The watchword as we face the future is prevention rather than cure. This makes it more necessary than ever for families to rely upon the advice of their chosen physicians, and it makes it necessary to support more fully the efforts of the schools to train the young in approved health habits.

On the whole, the record of fifty years is a tribute to the medical profession. And in saying this we are proud to put British and Canadian practitioners among the first.

Dr. Emerson, in the New York Times, furnished the information on which this article is based.

Russia and Art

WE ARE accustomed to think of life in Russia at the present time as unbearable, as dominated by an autocracy more cruel, more relentless than any that in older times afflicted the world, and in this we probaby are not unjust in our judgment. Yet we can understand the ruling powers for they are looking a few years ahead when they believe they will have gained their objective. "Every man in the Republic will be happy, and other lands now suffering because of unemployment will be following the Russian way—the only way to peace in the nation and the world. Each man must think of his neighbor as himself." Somehow we cannot get it out of our beings that in the camps of the Soviet leaders there is just as much selfishness, ambition and injustice as in any other land.

There are, however, some things that Russia can teach us. In Lee Simonson's book "Minor Prophecies," he tells us that in Leningrad there are thirty-one museums and in Moscow thirty-nine. In our country a large city is proud to have one, and the people generally do not appreciate its value. Among the museums in the Russian cities are those devoted to art and science, those which depict every phase of Russian life, those whose concern is the people's health, the protection of motherhood, social hygiene, pedagogy, child-life before school, army and navy, military uniforms and decorations from earliest times, musical instruments, modes of transportation, post-office development, trades' unionism, toys and toy-making, stage and stage-settings, literary masters. Even the Romanoff treasures are preserved, and in some of the churches the re-painting of five centuries has been scraped away revealing the original frescoes and altar paintings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. There is no love for the old monarch and for the old religion in this, but a desire to preserve the beautiful, the artistic. Side by side with the ancient art are museums devoted to modern art in all it forms.

So while we are indignant when we learn that the people are almost starving because the surplus grain is being shipped to European countries to disrupt trade, we can understand the argument of those who are responsible—what does a few years of suffering mean if the end is the happiness of the people and the liberation of a world? And while we, proud to recall the heroisms which gained for us our religious and political freedom, resent the vulgar impiety of the senseless anti-God demonstrations, we can but praise the efforts to preserve and cultivate the beautiful. "Yet we are not prepared to replace traditional piety toward the Creator of the World by a new piety towards the Creators of Art."

Happy the Empire in Her Doctors

By Leslie Garden

GOOD fellow though he usually is in the ordinary round of life, there is something rather terrifying about the doctor when we face him upon the serious business of our health. He may try to overcome the feeling by all the wiles of his trade, the quiet step, the smile that breathes confidence, the "good bedside manner"; but, be we ill or only afraid that we might become ill failing precautions, the doctor is still a rather mysterious deity of vital judgments in the stronghold of his office or in the dim light of the sick-room. It is when we play him a rubber of bridge or eighteen holes that we penetrate to the man and find the fellow-being. But everyone does not play doctors bridge or golf.

If the doctor carries this mystery with him upon his calling, one might expect a terrifically mysterious atmosphere when he is reinforced in one building by about one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of his fellows all bent upon discussion of the things that pertain to their craft. But one's expectations, in that case, would be agley, as the Scots say. The atmosphere of the Winter Club, that splendid recreational building that Winnipeg has recently added to its attractions, proved that when about two thousand members of the British Medical Association gathered there from the four corners of the Empire at the end of last August to hold what was the third annual convention of the famous association ever held in Canada and the first to take place in the West.

In that great assemblage of medical men, many of their names bristling with eloquent affixes and appendages that testified to achievements that had won recognition from their Sovereign and of ability and application that had wrested honors from reluctant university faculties, and many of them, again, bearing only the relatively humble M.D. upon their cards and brass plates—among all those products of seats of learning renowned and otherwise from three continents, there was—let me say it softly—a rather bewildering atmosphere of normality.

Believe me, if a more earnest yet more jovial, a more normal, more sane (that's just the word!) lot of craftsmen ever gathered anywhere to discuss their work one with another, and incidentally to add to their depth of knowledge of people and places than those two thousand men and women who honored Winnipeg with their presence—well, I should like to be told about them. Why, these people were so normal that they disputed among themselves about methods of treatment, and were not afraid to let the public know that they were not agreed upon all things, as one might have expected from members of what has been classed as the "greatest trade union in the world." The B.M.A. may be a "trade union," but it is certainly not afraid to let the public, who are its employers, into some of the secrets of its problems. It is human enough not to let the organization ride the membership, which is more than can be said for some trades unions. And they were human enough, those men and women who have held so many valued lives in the hollow of their hands, to enter freely into the spirit of all the entertainment a warm-hearted public provided. Probably the most spectacular figure of them all, by reason of his successful association with King George through the serious illness of a year ago, dressed in the regalia of a Cree chief, for the edification of the Indians, his contemporaries and a crowd that did not lack the disconcerting small boy, with the *sang froid* that only a gentleman whose dignity is natural could have carried.

THOSE two thousand doctors, men and women, great, and hopeful of being great, and those contented to do their bit in the remoter spheres of service, whatever their ability or their character individually, possessed in common that great human quality that has made the British family doctor a splendid national institution for a hundred years and more.

Medicine has branched into countless ramifications since the days of Aesculapius, the Greek who first conceived an organized attempt to combat disease, and consequently there were many lectures by men famous in the study of such subjects as laryngology, otology, opthalmology, neurology, and a host of other "ologies." Had old Aesculapius returned to earth for the event, like many another pioneer he would certainly not have understood the results of his work.

Those lectures and the discussions that followed them were essentially for the fraternity, but, in the realm of prevention, the assembled doctors gave a lot of commonsense advice, couched in everyday terms, that he who runs may read. There was a wholesomeness about this that came as a welcome antidote to the so-called "health-consciousness" propaganda of these days.

Lord Dawson of Penn gave this wholesome touch to the convention before it started. Asked his opinion of the modern Canadian girl—that poor young lady who is often said to be running to the bow-wows with the whole race at her skirts—Lord Dawson, now chief of the crees, gave the assurance that the Canadian Miss, like her British sister, is quite all right. "I don't think she smokes too much, for she is too anxious to be fit to do anything in excess and affect her health," he declared. That, and the celebrated doctor's frank expression of view on the question of birth control, give the key to the tenor of the whole medical gathering—that's what I think, and to the deuce with humbug! sort of thing.

That a man who has been brought into extra-prominence for his part in pulling His Majesty through his illness, and one who has gathered a list of honors as long as your arm in the course of his career, should see the world shaping well despite its detractors, is all to the good. A quiet-spoken man, Lord Dawson, well set-up, and fond of his pipe. Just go quietly and surely, and be moderate in all things. That's his advice, and he surely typifies it. Besides being the first baron of his line, he has accumulated the following distinctions from time to time: P.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., K.C.V., C.B., M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.P., Physician Extraordinary to King George, same to the Prince of Wales, same to King Edward. They have not bowed his upright shoulders, nor spoiled his smile.

Sir James W. Barrett of Australia — Dr. W. Harvey Smith President of the B.M.A. — Lord Dawson of Penn — Sir Ewen John Maclean of Wales — Col. A. F. Hamilton of India

THERE was decided evidence of the valuation put upon moderation and the tranquillity that follows it offered by the delegates. Said one of their prominent hosts: "Those fellows won't stay up after midnight, and none will take more than a couple of Scotches in an evening." Yet they were not laggards when it came to facing the day, and a strenuous day was every one of the convention. Processions, lectures, discussions, investitures, formal business, dinners, luncheons, garden parties, golf—they managed to get them all in, by starting every day's round at 8.30 with clinics. Incidentally, it was a brisk time for the city's hostesses.

From the viewpoint of the public, greatest interest was naturally centred upon what these disease-fighters had to say about taking away the need for their existence, and there can be little doubt that if the masses followed the free advice that was offered along this line the need for doctors would greatly diminish as the years pass. Considerable interest must also be felt in the cancer question, and it may have been discouraging to some to hear it frankly stated that as yet no cure or preventive measure is known to be in sight. Both radium and surgery had their staunch advocates, while there were others who held that one is complementary to the other. Stress was laid by the radium authorities upon the necessity of having the powerful agent applied only by those specially trained in its use, if harm is to be avoided and the greatest benefit obtained. But the same applies to the knife.

WHILE the differences of opinion, combined with the frank admissions of the medicos, left no doubt that there is as yet no certain cure for cancer—meaning by that the complete restoration of the affected part—it was made clear that there is every hope in early treatment, and one and all the authorities were avowedly of the opinion that a cure is only a matter of time and research such as is being carried on at present in many parts of the world. A treatment will be found that will profoundly influence the anarchistic cells so that they will resume their normal functions as parts of the body, Dr. A. H. Burgess, professor of clinical surgery at Victoria Hospital, Manchester, and grey-haired, tall ex-president of the association, believes. In answer to questions by the writer, Dr. Burgess, who impresses one as a man who is very sure of his statements before he makes them, expressed the view that at present both the knife and radium have their parts in the treatment of the scourge. The statement came from a man in his sixties who has devoted a great part of an illustrious career to cancer research and to skilled surgery.

While on the cancer question, we may recall one of the many blows dealt at faddism by this distinguished gathering. Fittingly enough, it came from the United States, being delivered by Dr. Morris Fishbien, editor of the American Medical Journal. "Quacks point to the noble savage who doesn't eat white bread and never has cancer," he remarked. "The simple fact is that savages die before they have time to get it. Their average life-expectancy is 30 or 40 years. Cancer is the disease of middle and old age." Which would seem to be one for the doctors. Anyway, most of the savages I know are young ones.

The same doctor had something to say about food fads in general, pointing out that the trade of preying upon the food superstitions of the people is worth millions of dollars a year. Incidentally—ladies please note—he threw in a stern warning against too drastic reducing.

IN THESE days, when mother and daughter are often followers of the calory and vitamin gospel, these words will be a bracing tonic to many an underfed man. And then Dr. Robert Hutchinson, physician at two of London's most famous hospitals, and a specialist in dietetics, besides being a gentleman with one of the keenest brains and sharpest tongues at the convention. This is what he said: "To take no thought for what you eat or drink is wiser than to be always fussing over it. Likes and dislikes should be listened to, as they are probably nature's indications of what agrees or disagrees. As to calories, our appetites were given us to tell us how much food we need, and in health it is usually a trustworthy guide.

"Leave raw vegetables, except salads, to the herbivorous animals. Vegetarianism is harmless enough, but it is apt to fill a man with wind and self-righteousness." So ran another of this iconoclast's comments. Dr. Hutchinson believes in moderation—even in being moderate, and he threw out a hint that an occasional departure from a strictly moderate life does no harm.

I asked him if, in view of the rigorous climatic conditions in the mid-West of Canada he thought there was any form of diet the people should adopt in a general way as suited to [Continued on page 39]

GLORIOUS COLORS with ROGERS

THE MARK OF QUALITY

New Method BRUSHING LACQUER

flows more easily
has no objectionable odor
dries in one hour

For color in the home use Rogers New Method Brushing Lacquer.

No painting skill required for Rogers. Just a clean surface—a good, clean brush—and Rogers practically "flows on itself". Can be applied over old finishes with beautiful, colorful effects. It "brushes out" well, but leaves no brush marks nor will it lift old finishes. Its fast-drying feature is almost magical. AND IT HAS NO OBJECTIONABLE ODOR.

These are the modern improvements made in Rogers—modern improvements that make Rogers the popular and ideal lacquer for utility and decorating purposes. You have 20 glorious colors from which to choose and there are an unlimited number of shades possible by simple combinations of colors.

Brighten your home with color—and do it easily and quickly with Rogers.

Other Members of the ROGERS Family

THE MARK OF QUALITY

ROGERS AUTO POLISH

To restore that original lustre and make your car like new again.

ROGERS FURNITURE POLISH

The housewife's friend. Gives a quick, lasting lustre to all lacquer, varnish or enamel surfaces.

ROGERS "TOUCH UP" BLACK

For those rust spots on the fenders, bumper, wheels, etc. A handy brush always with you—attached to the lid.

ROGERS TIRE PAINT

To brighten up your tires and protect them from the ravages of the weather.

Manufactured under license by the following Companies:

THE CANADA PAINT CO LIMITED — INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED — THE MARTIN-SENOUR CO. LIMITED — THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. of Canada, Limited

You really should see my morning mail

It's always full of complexion news from girls all over Canada

I really think the post-office has had to put on an extra mail truck for Calay and me! You really should *see* the letters I get from all over the country, telling me how remarkable it is to find a soap that is just *made* for delicate complexions.

One girl writes, "I'm so glad to know that Calay is mild enough for my sensitive skin. I've always wanted to find such a soap because only soap-and-water makes me feel really *clean*."

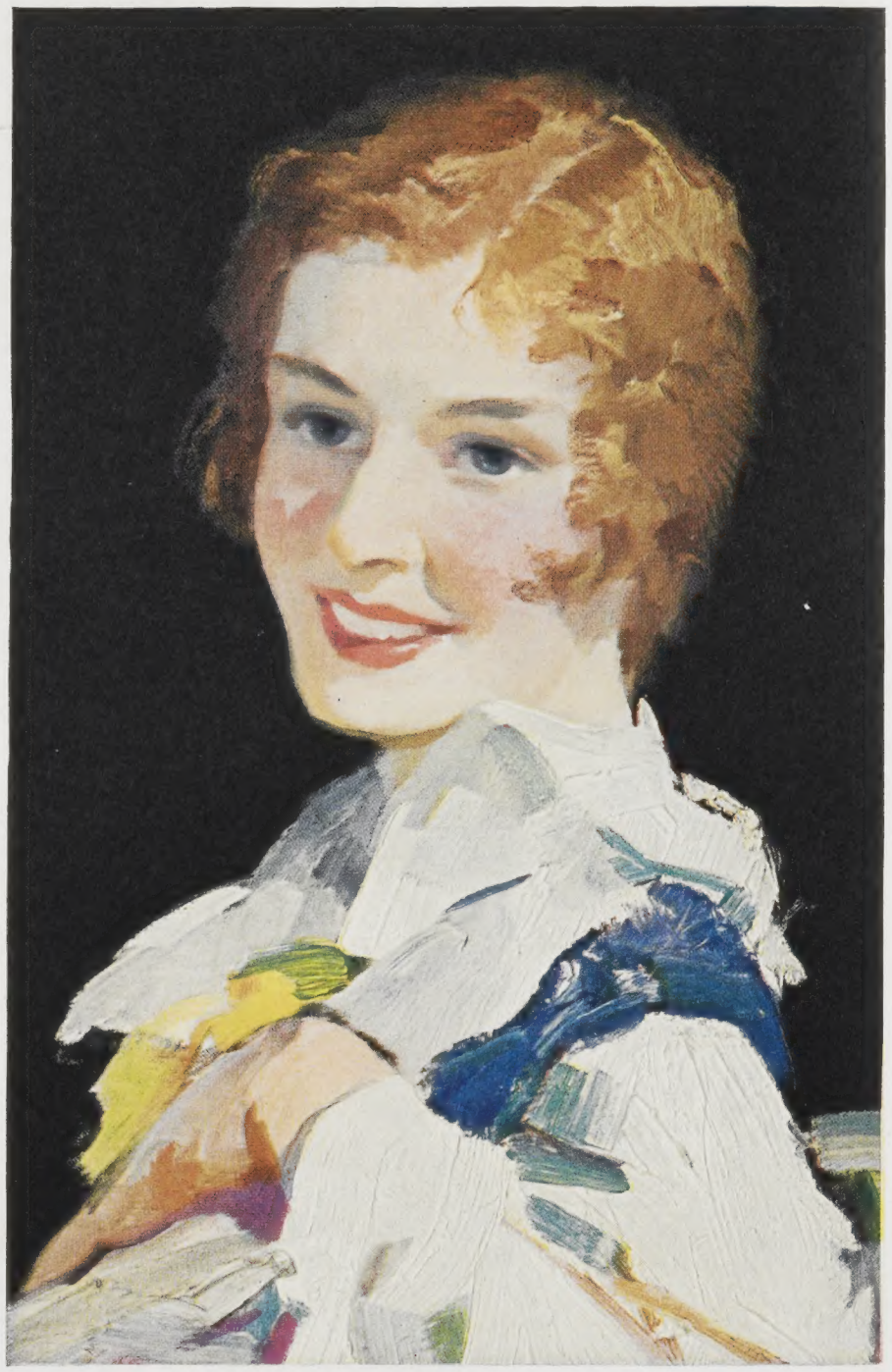
Another says, "It's so wonderful to find a soap I can use often enough to keep all the excess oil cleansed away, and yet not irritate my skin."

And so it goes! And there's every reason it should. For hasn't Calay the professional approval of 73 of the most eminent dermatologists practicing today? *I* can say it has with all authority, for I have those 73 written approvals locked up in my files right this minute! Each one of them says that this soap is gentle and unusually mild, the kind each physician would recommend for even the most delicate complexions.

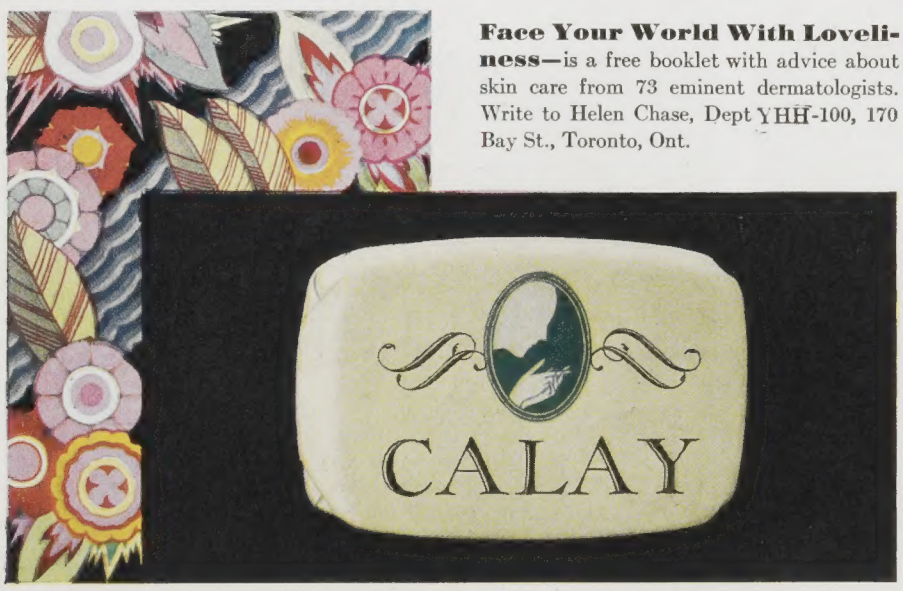
What's more, about those approvals—they are the very first medical, scientific ones ever accorded to any complexion soap, in all history. So you can *see* how important they are and what an unusually fine complexion soap Calay is to deserve them.

But, because I dwell on how good Calay is for your complexions, don't forget that it is also the very loveliest soap imaginable. You begin to realize that the minute you open its wrapper and see how creamy it is and smell its exquisite wildflower fragrance. And you realize it more when you give your face a thorough cleansing with the softest lather that ever bubbled up from any soap. After a week or so, you realize it *fully* when you see how Calay is helping you keep your complexion fresh and clear and outdoor-looking. *Then* you know you've found *your* soap!

Helen Chase



Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 eminent dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept YHH-100, 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.



What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap (which is called Calay in Canada). I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

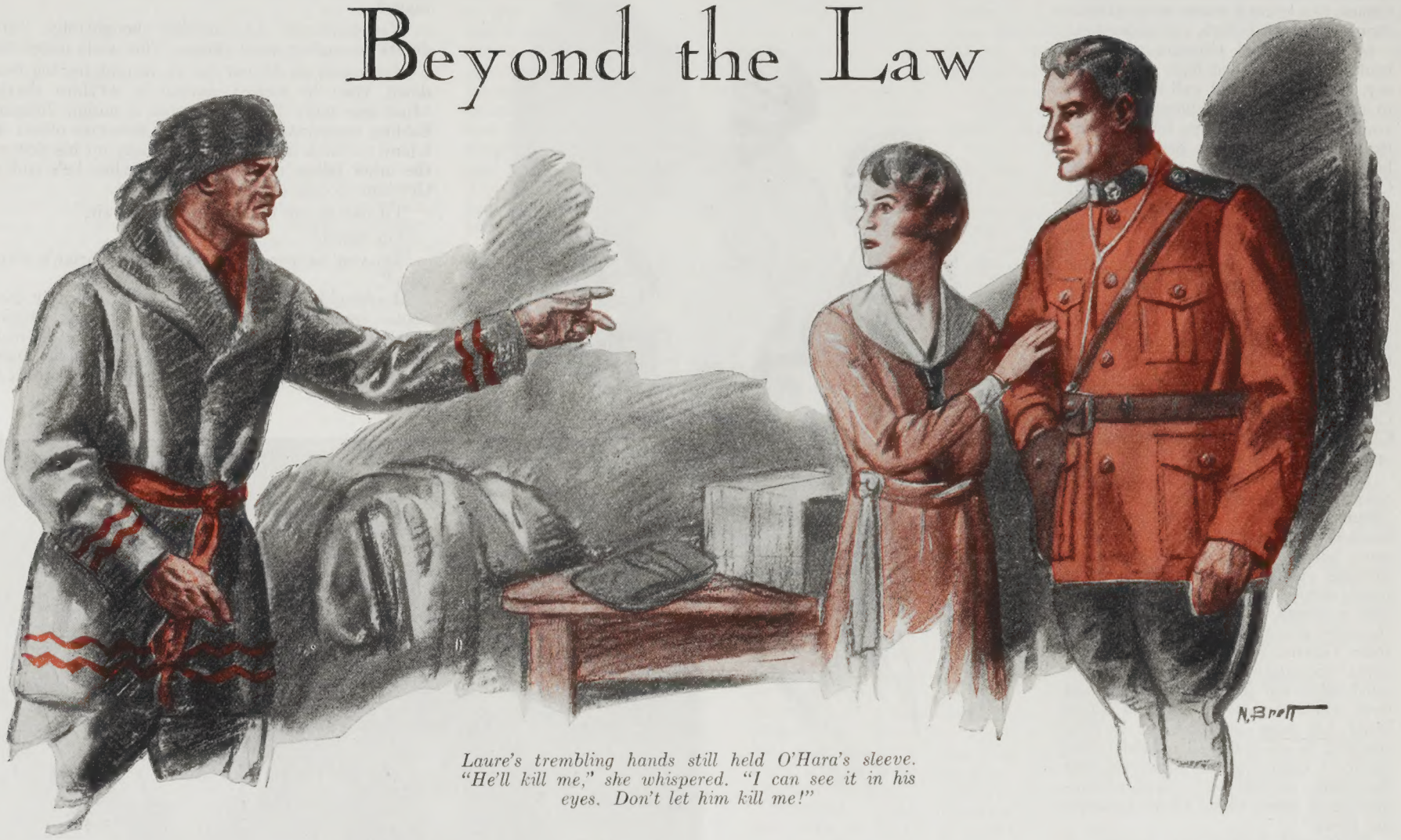
M.D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Calay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

Calay has been tested and approved by 73 eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval

CALAY [CALLED CAMAY IN THE UNITED STATES] IS MADE IN CANADA. 10¢ A CAKE

Beyond the Law



Laure's trembling hands still held O'Hara's sleeve. "He'll kill me," she whispered. "I can see it in his eyes. Don't let him kill me!"

By Mary Imlay Taylor

Illustrated by Newton Brett

Part I

COMPLETE IN TWO ISSUES

IT WAS only a big log cabin, but it served as an eating-place and dance hall; and in those days, French Pete was reputed the best cook in the North Country. There was a savory odor of cooking from the kitchen, and a scrape of fiddles from the far end by the door, where the *voyageurs* were dancing the Northern minuet while half a dozen throaty voices bawled songs of the trail.

The woman in the corner, who sat with her back to them all, never once looked around. She had opened her heavy fur coat but the close lynx cap was still low down over brow and hair. O'Hara, who had been watching her curiously, made out nothing but the curve of her cheek; and by that he knew she was young. He knew, too, that she tried to eat, and failed; she thrust aside her cup of tea, and her hands clasped tight in her lap.

Details like these could not escape Sergeant O'Hara of the Mounted, one of the keenest man-hunters who ever took the trail. "The best man I've got!" the chief had said of him, and meant it.

Some individuals are born man-hunters. O'Hara was one. There was in his makeup the element of recklessness, and the keen, swift, relentless instinct that holds its aim despite all befogging circumstance. He missed little even in this long smoky room.

His eyes went back now to the woman opposite. He could not even glimpse her profile, but there was something about her that bid for attention and made him instinctively aware that things had happened since last he looked in her direction. Her attitude was unchanged, the untasted tea still stood before her, but he knew that she was weeping silently and bitterly!

The shouts of the dancers rose in odd confusion, a gale of wind blew the door open, and the smoky lamps flared. The woman started and stared over her shoulder with wide frightened eyes, and Sergeant Michael O'Hara of the Mounted caught his breath involuntarily. Never had he seen a woman's face like hers before! Beauty? A poor word. Perhaps she had little claim to it as classic standards go, yet in her face, her eyes, there lurked something deeper than beauty, something that stirred, made uneasy, and threatened a man's soul. O'Hara glimpsed only the countenance before she turned; glimpsed the fathomless eyes, the white oval of face, the wide tremulous mouth.

He thrust aside his own cup. The hand which drew a lighted match to his cigarette performed that service automatically, unwatched. His glance did not lower. Second-sight, instinct, the terrible, penetrating analysis of his official self, had him in their grip! That woman——

A voice spoke suddenly at his elbow. "The chief wants you at once, Sergeant!"

The summons! O'Hara knew what it meant; none better. He rose to follow on the heels of the messenger. As he buttoned his mackinaw his eyes did not waver from a chill, almost threatening scrutiny of the soft grey lynx cap opposite. That was all he saw, for the head beneath it was bowed.

He flung the door open and strode out into the bitter cold. Some unanalyzed instinct had stayed the natural zest of the born man-hunter. Something had passed between them in that one brief look which had thrown a shield between her apparent sorrow and his own urge toward merciless inquisition. He could not force even his searching gaze upon her. He had seen in her eyes a terrified appeal for mercy such as one glimpses in the eyes of the hunted animal, at bay and lost. And her face? He tried to thrust it out of his mind. He never had let a woman turn him from his course. This one would not; rather she might point an object for the attention of the Mounties, he reflected firmly. Such women brought trouble with them like an aura.

The night was full of stars, the cold white Northern stars. A biting wind drove in his face; he could hear it singing in the wires over his head. Before him lights gleamed in the windows of the barracks, behind him he still heard the scrape of fiddles. He walked fast. He was summoned; it was duty to obey instantly, and—he was glad to go. He wanted work, swift dangerous work, something to stir his pulses. The past week of inaction had been distasteful, if necessary. The days of regular food and rest had brought back snap to his muscles and color to a face gaunted by privation and tireless travel.

He flung away his cigarette, set his teeth hard, and he walked at such a pace that he was grinning with the zest of cold and exertion when he saluted the chief. The latter, who sat before a littered desk, looked up and nodded.

"Got a case for you, 'Hara. Looks like a double murder and, unfortunately the trail is five days old—or more."

As he spoke, Inspector Macdonald glanced at some notes before him and then went on, taking his time to consult them and get his points carefully aligned. "In the first place Johnson had the job, but he's in the infirmary now. Got his arm shot up with his own gun. Stupid accident! I can't make out how it happened. Anyway, he's out of it and I sent for you. I'll give you the facts as I gleaned them from his report; you can go over and question him yourself, later. He's a good man; I can't see why he wanted to make such a damn fool of himself!"

O'Hara smiled involuntarily. "Accidents will happen, sir."

"Humph!" The sound was scornful. Macdonald had small use for accidental stupidity. He laid the flat of his hand on Johnson's written report and swung around, his keen eyes on the sergeant's face. "Did you happen to know Gharian, the fellow who got shot up by Nicky Creuse a month or so ago?"

O'Hara nodded. "Gayle was talking about that incident the other night," he responded. "Something about Nicky's sister, wasn't it? I heard he didn't want a worthless brute like Gharian for a brother-in-law. Was that it, sir?"

"The point is," remarked Macdonald drily, "Gharian was married."

O'Hara suppressed an exclamation of surprise and fell suddenly into an attitude of keen attention. Gayle *had* said something about Gharian being a prince of cads!

"Ninon Creuse had been a good girl; she was a trained nurse and never spared herself. She helped a lot of folks out in the wildest places. But Gharian pursued her—fascinated her, perhaps. Besides, she didn't know he was married, at first. I should say she must have been pretty, in a soft girlish way, though I never saw her alive."

The inspector perceived his subordinate's involuntary start and smiled grimly.

"She and Gharian both are dead now; that's the crux of it. Johnson was out on the Hudson Bay trail, 'way up. There'd been a storm two days before and the snow was crusted. He came upon a Cree Indian with a dog-team, going to Gharian's with a load of

food and medicine. It seems that Ninon Creuse, as a trained nurse, went straight there—a month before, you understand—to take care of Gharian after her brother had wounded him. Strange to say, Gharian behaved well and refused to make any charge whatever against young Creuse. The Cree told Johnson that the wounded man had been in a high fever. The nurse persuaded the Cree to help her take care of him; when he had recovered partially she had had to send for more food and medicine. The Cree added that Nicky Creuse had just found out that his sister was nurse for Gharian, and swore to kill him.

"The account of those threats made Johnson turn aside and accompany the Cree; he had it in mind to get the girl away, if possible, and let the Indian do the remainder of the nursing. The Cree declared that Nicky still was at Churchill, and, as far as we can find out, that was the fact."

Macdonald paused, glancing down again at his notes before he went on. "Johnson says that he and the Cree mushed ahead fairly fast. It began to snow but there was no wind to cause drifting. They came through a bit of wood, spruce and balsam mostly—acts like a screen, you know—and found the open space about a hundred yards from Gharian's cabin. Johnson says here: 'Ground rolling, a rise, snow piled till it hid the cabin. Cree ahead with team of malamutes. The leader lifted his nose and howled. They swerved to one side, all of 'em acting queer. I came up and stumbled over two bodies on the ice, a fresh sprinklingling of snow, like a blanket, covering them."

Macdonald looked up sharply at O'Hara. "The Cree and Johnson scraped off the snow and found Gharian and the nurse. Both had been shot. There was a pistol in Gharian's hand. Looks like a suicide pact, eh?"

"Rather. The man, bad as he was, was in love with a good girl, I take it—and he was already married. But you call it a double murder, sir?"

"That's what, O'Hara, no doubt about it! It would be easy, too, if we didn't know for certain that Nicky Creuse was at Churchill about the time of the killing; that anyway he never would have killed his sister intentionally. The Cree also has a first-class alibi. Of course there's a bare chance that Nicky got there somehow, and that the girl was shot accidentally when she tried to save Gharian. There was a third person there, however, either at the time or just afterwards, before the snow fell over the frozen ice-crust. Johnson found confusing tracks, tried to follow them and lost the trail at the edge of the frozen creek. The fugitive took to the ice. There were triple tracks from the cabin and a single track back to it, zig-zagging across the trail of Gharian and the girl.

"The pistol in Gharian's hand was a forty-five; he and the girl were killed with bullets *from a twenty-five!* It was murder. There may have been—probably was—a fight; two bullets had been fired from Gharian's forty-five, but he was a dead shot and it seems unlikely he would have failed to bring down his assailant.

"His previous wound was only half healed; the Cree doesn't think he was fit to travel, yet he and the nurse were a hundred yards from the cabin—and they went there afoot. It looks to me as if Nicky Creuse must have sent someone to bring his sister home; that there was an altercation when Gharian followed and tried to bring her back, and, in the quarrel, both were shot. There was a letter in the girl's pocket."

Macdonald swung back in his chair, eyeing the sergeant oddly; but he could make nothing of O'Hara's keen attention. The sergeant's face was in the shade above the ring of light from the desk-lamp, but the inspector was aware of some subtle change in him as he spoke.

"You have that letter, sir?"

For answer his chief handed him a soiled, blood-stained sheet of paper and Johnson's notes on the tragedy.

"There's rumor that Ninon Creuse had a suitor when she was in the hospital in Quebec, but I can find no trace of him out here, and no one has ever heard of his appearing hereabouts. That's about the sum of all we know, O'Hara. You can study the details and see Johnson; he's better and able to talk business. Get your points clear, and then take the next train north. You know where Gharian's place is?"

Macdonald rose to trace the trail on a wall-map. "You'll have to take that route. One of the Hudson Bay lines runs nearest; after that, a dog-team. Quarter the ground thoroughly. If Nicky Creuse seems to be the only suspect, bring him in. It was noticeable that he didn't show up when we buried his sister. She and Gharian are over there." The inspector waved his hand toward an unseen, white covered hill where the tops of tall black crosses just showed above the snow. "And it was enough to bring a loving brother, that burial. The girl was young, pretty, simply infatuated with that brute's good looks—for he *was* a brute—and she had been doing her duty as a nurse, too. Here are your written instructions and the order. I had 'em made out to save time. Start as soon as you've seen Johnson."

"Anything else, sir?"

"Yes!" The inspector reached down into a drawer of his desk and held out two small dark objects. "The dead girl had these gripped tight; must have pulled them off the slayer's coat."

O'Hara's keen face sharpened as Macdonald handed him two mink tails.

"Pretty fair clue if you could spot the coat," his chief said grimly, "but probably you'll never lay eyes on it—till it's mended!"

O'Hara studied the tails. They had been torn out by the force of the dying girl's grip; the ends were ragged.

"You can't tell," he remarked thoughtfully. "Murderers do mighty queer things. This is all, inspector?"

Macdonald meditated for an instant, his big brows down, then he looked around at O'Hare sharply. "Just one more thing. I've got a notion Johnson's holding something back. He's a first-rate officer and I hate to think he's keeping anything up his sleeve so the other fellow can't make good while he's laid up. Get him to talk if you can."

"I'd like to ask one more question, sir."

"Go ahead."

"Do you happen to know where Gharian's wife is now?"

Macdonald shook his head. "She's been in Nova Scotia somewhere, taking care of a sick brother; that's Gharian's story. The truth was he ill-treated her. There's a story he was the cause of her baby's death; while drunk and irresponsible he dropped the

Johnson was out on the Hudson Bay trail, 'way up,

child or struck it. God knows which! She made no charge against him.

"The crees out there and the trappers adored her; said she was a saint. The child was buried back of the cabin, and then she left him. That's long ago. I'm trying to locate her now with news of his death; it'll be a relief, I'm thinking, poor woman! She's had nothing to do with him for at least two years; that I know for a fact. That's as far as we've got. You go and see Johnson. There's little time to get the train tonight. Take the first in the morning."

Then followed a few curt final instructions, and O'Hara found himself shutting the door, out again in the bitter January night. As he stepped out into the open he heard the whistle of a train at the crossing

and knew it was the last one going north that evening; the first one in the morning left at six-fifteen.

His way did not take him past French Pete's, yet his feet turned automatically in that direction. He opened the door and held it in the driving gale. The fiddles still scraped out gay tunes, the feet of the dancers continued to stamp the old worn floor, but the little table at which he looked was empty, and the chair pushed aside. On the floor beneath lay a small dark object. O'Hara stepped softly into the room, picked it up, and went out, unnoticed. There was a delicate fragrance about it, a softness that yet held the shape of woman's hand. It was a doeskin gauntlet.

He thrust it into his pocket and went on, walking fast, his head bowed against the wind. He must see Johnson tonight. As he went he heard the train again, a long way off, crossing a bridge—sounds carry far on a frozen night. That terrible intuition, which was a part of him, flashed on the lens of his subconscious mind: *"She went on that. She's ahead of you, going north!"* And again that face seemed to emerge like a wraith out of the darkness, possibly conjured by the subtle fragrance of her glove. Twice O'Hara thrust his hand into his pocket to cast the thing behind him, and twice his hand fell at his side. Something—was it premonition or just a type of callow folly foreign to him—made him keep the article.

Then, standing under the lamp in the hall, outside of Johnson's sick-room, he read the crumpled blood-stained letter Gharian had written to the girl before she came to nurse his wounds. It was a broken plea for forgiveness that established her ignorance of his marriage.

"Nicky was right to shoot me, Ninon! I'm married. I never told you because she left me long ago, and hates me. I treated her bad, dear girl, I confess it; but I could never treat you bad! You're the only girl I ever really loved, but I'll cut out my tongue before I offend you again! I'm wounded, hot with fever, and with no one but a drunken Cree to nurse me. Maybe it's all I deserve, but, Ninon, you're an angel of mercy—pity me! If you'd only come, your cool little hands, your sweet face—I'd live then! But maybe I'd better die. Nicky will kill me if I don't give you up, and the thought of losing you is madness! The fever's getting me—Laure—that's her name—Laure haunts me. Her eyes—how they follow! For give, forgive———"

It broke off as it began, abruptly, the raving of a fevered man, the remorse of one who had forgotten for a while this woman who still haunted him, this Laure, who must have had a hold upon him deeper in some respects even than his wild love for the girl.

The very remorse of it stirred again the subtle instinct in O'Hara's mind. This Laure, where was she? If she could keep a haunting hold on a fevered man, even while he avowed his love for another woman, there was something about her—beauty or sweetness or strength of soul—that even a fickle, worthless man like Gharian could not forget. Laure? O'Hara was trying to imagine her, to summon up some picture of Gharian's wife, when the nurse let him in to question Johnson.

Constable Johnson was a trifle feverish from his wound, and not a little sullen. He added absolutely nothing to his report, and O'Hara began to understand the inspector's doubts. The wounded man gave an impression that he was withholding something, but what? "He's got something up his sleeve!" the sergeant thought grimly. "He's a good fellow and he's got no cause to be jealous because I've got this particular job; it's no peach! What the deuce is behind it all?"

Johnson told him where he had lost the third party's tracks. "The stream's frozen, there's a clump of Arctic willows by the edge of it; the tracks went down there, deep in the snow. Fellow must have slipped, then he got on the ice and kept there. I never found where he got off it."

"Large tracks?"

"Some. And some small; I measured 'em. It's all down in the report."

"I see! Two persons, then? The small ones might have been a woman's, eh?" O'Hara was watching the sick man keenly.

Johnson's fever-flush deepened. "Might be," he admitted, "but women don't take that trail alone, pard, not commonly."

O'Hara admitted this, rising and going to the lamp to look over the notes he held in his hand. He felt the sick man's eyes following, and remembered Johnson's known reluctance to handle a case where a woman was involved; he had suffered bad luck once and believed himself unduly prejudiced!

Decidedly O'Hara was of the chief's opinion. Johnson knew or had guessed something that he was holding back, but what was it? O'Hara took his time, sorted his notes and slipped an elastic band over them. I think that's all," he said cheerfully, returning to the bed to clasp the constable's uninjured hand. "I hope you come through soon, old man, and get back to help me on this job. I don't believe Nicky Creuse is guilty. S'long!"

Johnson murmured something unintelligible about "good luck," and sank back on his pillows with obvious relief. But, at the door, his visitor turned abruptly. "I've been thinking of Gharian's wife. Find any trace of her about the cabin, letter or picture—or anything?"

Johnson met his eye steadily, challengingly. "No," he replied after a moment. "I found no trace of her about the cabin."

O'Hara searched his face keenly, but there was no sign of wavering, only the glassy look of fever about his eyes. The nurse, returning, signalled for the sergeant to leave . He obeyed, but a glint of sternness narrowed his eyes. Johnson could not lie, and he was as clumsy as a walrus on land when he attempted evasion.

IT HAD begun to snow again, a few big white flakes drove before a rising gale, whirling about like feathers. O'Hara took no heed of them. He was quartering the ground eagerly, like a bloodhound on the scent, every nerve in his lithe, active body taut, every instinct alert. He was hunting for a clue, and the excitement of the quest was like the flavor of vintage wine.

He had come a long way by dog-team, left the animals at the Cree hut, and broke trail afoot for hours. He had found the spot where Gharian and the girl had fallen, pushed aside a new snow-blanket and confirmed Johnson's measurements in the hard ice-crust below.

To follow the trail was more difficult, but he chose to leave the cabin until last. He traced, with infinite pains, the third set of footprints, and, trusting again to Johnson's notes, came to the spot below the willows where the trail showed a swift slide to the ice of the frozen stream. O'Hara dropped to his knees here, examining every inch of the ground; something in his predecessor's face had marked this spot for him.

"The key to the mystery's here, unless old Johnson's made a mistake. I don't think he did. Ho!" He stopped, and dug his fingers into the snow, much as a dog digs for a bone. He had found something,, a small object, and, after infinite effort, he got it up out of the ice whole, stared at it dumbly for an instant—an instant that gave him certainty of one thing. Johnson purposely had shot up his own arm!

O'Hara thrust his find carefully into an inner pocket and began to go over the ground again inch by inch. He was transformed into the passionless man of the law. Johnson had failed, but O'Hara registered a vow that *he* would not! Grimly, relentlessly he searched, but he found little more—a broken branch, a crevice in the smooth ice of the creek, where someone might have stumbled badly, [Continued on page 34]

when he came upon a Cree Indian with a dog-team.

THE HERMIT

By Walter Pritchard Eaton

"THE longer I live in Southmead," said Dr. Thomas Trask, "the more I feel as if I were going to step into the last chapter of a novel every time I enter a house."

Alex Farnum stroked his grizzled goatee with his big, powerful hand. "You talk as if we were a public library," said he.

"Public? My Lord, no!" the doctor answered, as he twined one long leg around the other, after his fashion when he was talking earnestly. "If anything could be more private than some of these novels, I don't want to meet up with it. You New Englanders are funny folks—you're as reticent about yourselves as you are outspoken about your neighbours."

The Bird House Man laughed. "Not bad, Tommy," said he. "Almost an epigram. Fill up your pipe and tell me what last chapter you've stumbled into now. Perhaps I can tell you what went before."

The doctor, a tall, thin, youngish man, filled his pipe from Alec Farnum's jar, and twined his legs together again.

"The sad part of it is," said he, "that it should seem like a last chapter. Sometimes I feel as if the life story of a woman in one of your New England villages had only two chapters: first, childhood; second, marriage or, more often, spinsterhood—prolonged indefinitely."

"Stop calling it *my* New England," cried Alec, "I had nothing to do with it. Go on with your story."

"Well, in this case, there's one of those last chapters consisting of six hundred pages of ditto marks yet to be put down," said the doctor. "Only I feel sure some strange chapters went before. You know the Weir house up on the flats?"

"Oh," said Alec, "The misty mid-regions of Weir, eh? And have you been giving pills to Margaret Weir?"

"Not pills. She doesn't need pills. What she needs, as far as I can make out, is to forget the endless prospect of ditto marks stretching out ahead of her. She lives there alone, with one old servant, in that strange house—it would give anybody neurasthenia. It's the misty mid-region of Weir, all right! The other night I could see the mist creeping up from the river. Brrr, it makes me shiver!"

"Has Margaret got neurasthenia?" asked Alec. "I didn't know her father left her money enough for that."

The doctor smiled in spite of himself. "I don't know if I'd call it by that name," he said. "It was stomach trouble when I first called—but purely a nervous disorganization. I've been afraid of something worse."

"So you've been going often?" asked Alec.

"Oh, every now and then," said the young doctor carelessly.

Alec smiled and stroked his beard.

"Margaret is a nice girl," he remarked. "She plays the violin very well."

"Doesn't she!" cried Tommy Trask with enthusiasm. "I've encouraged her to keep that up."

Again Alec smiled. "So you've heard her? I believe the man she was engaged to was also a musician. We never saw him here. She met him in Paris the winter she studied there."

A frown had gathered on the young doctor's brow. "How long ago was it?" he demanded.

"The day after tomorrow I shall be ready either for the duet or—or death," said Margaret, with a sob in her voice.

"Oh, seven or eight years, I guess. Margaret must be thirty now. Her father died some years ago, and it was before he died that she came home from Paris with a solitaire on her finger and black on the rest of her."

"Eight years!" the doctor exclaimed. "Eight years wearing black, black, black, nothing but black, in a lonely house full of black walnut, with a black row of Norway spruces all around it, and a garden full of weeds, and the mists of the river creeping up! Why wouldn't she have neurasthenia! I have told her so, frankly."

"What did she say?" demanded Alec with aroused curiosity.

"She didn't say anything. She stared at me as if I'd struck her—forgot I was a doctor, I guess—left me suddenly alone in that damnable library of her father's, which looks like a cross between a second-hand bookstore and the morgue. I wish *you'd* see what you can do. People in this town seem to stand for anything from you!"

"No, sir!" roared Alec. "I'll make a sled carriage for Carrie Potter's twins; I'll build a house for Millie Tilton; I'll catch a beau for Ruth—but I'm hanged if I'll treat Doctor Trask's neurasthenic females for him! There are limits!"

The doctor smiled even as he frowned. "Well, tell me what her father was like, anyhow," he said.

"Like? Heavens! What *was* he like? I can't describe him. He was more Balzacian than New Englandish. He always wore an old frock coat rubbed shiny bottle green on the tails, and talked about his poverty when he wasn't spouting Virgil. I've met him out for a walk spouting Virgil many a time, with his pockets bulging with apples he'd picked up under a tree close to the road by raking them to the wall with his cane when the owner wasn't looking. He had been a schoolmaster somewhere in his earlier days, and had written a Latin text-book which was largely used. He was a very learned man — used to write essays on classical subjects for the big bow-wow reviews, and reviewed books by the score for several papers. But a miser, oh, my! In his day that garden around the house was worked. Margaret and her poor mother lived off vegetables. The butcher didn't trouble to turn in at their gate. The only thing he spent any money for was Margaret's music. He had a teacher come here to town once a week, and he made the child practice hours on a stretch. He said if she was going to play she'd got to play well. I suppose you'd call that the artistic conscience in him. I doubt if he had any other kind. When she was twenty-two or thereabouts he let her go to Paris for a winter. She had a relative over there to live with, so it didn't cost him much, but he got tired of paying a housekeeper (Mrs. Weir was dead, killed by work, the town said) so he made Margaret come back. There were those who declared he'd torn his coat and was too stingy to take it to a tailor, so he made the girl come home from Paris to darn it! A couple of years or so later he died, and left behind him—how it must have hurt him!—the house and considerable money. Nobody but Margaret knows how much, but I notice the butcher goes in there every day. There you have the story."

"I don't know whether I have or not," said Tommy Trask, still frowning. "It doesn't explain a lot of things."

"Well, it's all I can give you," said the Bird House Man kindly. "You'll have to get the rest from the patient."

"It's like getting the answer to her riddle from the Sphinx," said the doctor in a tone that made Alec pause in the operation of cleaning his pipe, and look at his young friend sharply.

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

"Why are you so interested in Margaret's story?" he demanded. "You're not in love with her by any chance, are you—you long, lean, lank crane, you!"

"I have asked her to marry me," said Tommy Trask.

Alec Farnum nearly dropped his pipe. He looked at the other man a full moment in astonished silence, and then he burst into a roar of laughter. "The crane went wooing a hermit thrush!" he cried. "And she won't have you?"

"I'm afraid it isn't quite so amusing to me," said the doctor.

Alec sobered down. "Don't lose your sense of humour, my boy," said he, "at least, not for a woman. It's a bad sign when people take my laughter seriously. Well, well, don't tell me any more now. I couldn't digest it. You've given me enough to think over. Go home and sleep. We'll get that story read backward yet—yes, and alter the ending, too!"

He smote the doctor mightily on the back and sent him off down the deserted street of Southmead—it always was deserted when Tommy Trask left the Bird House—with no light in any window save that of the library behind him.

The Bird House Man went back into the library, knocked the ashes from his pipe, blew through the stem into the fireplace, put back the pipe on the mantel, and said slowly, aloud, "Well, I'll be hanged!"

PEOPLE in Southmead were never surprised when Alec Farnum appeared in their backyards with his field glasses slung over his shoulder. He had the run of the town as much as the birds themselves, and was always as welcome. Probably, too, he preferred that way to call. Hating any sort of formality, he caught people off their guard. The afternoon following his talk with Tommy Trask he might have been seen, or so much of him as appeared above the long, rank meadow grasses and weeds, striding along by the river where it curved and twisted through a swampy region known as the Flats. A mile from the village he turned away from the bank and crossed a piece of pasture full of invading hardhack and thorn trees, and alive with bobolinks, and stepped through a broken fence into what had once been a garden. It was choked now with weeds and rank grasses. A grape-vine grew in picturesque abandon over a half-fallen trellis. Several hills of rhubarb thrust their great leaves up above the weeds. The currant bushes had not been trimmed in a long while. Alec shook his head sadly. A neglected garden always hurt him. Beyond the garden stood a house, a strange dwelling with one corner rising into a tower as bare and plain as a wooden block-house of Colonial times. The house was painted a mournful brown, and behind it, screening it from the highway, rose a great double row of spired Norway spruces, incredibly melancholy. The only spot of warm colour in the whole scene was furnished by yellow buttercups growing in the neglected garden, and by a few plants of various sorts close to the door of the dwelling in the single bed which was kept cultivated.

Again Alec shook his head. "Bleak House!" he exclaimed to himself. "What a life for a girl of thirty!"

As he started to walk toward the French door which let out from the hall on this side, he heard sounds coming from within, and paused to listen. Margaret Weir was playing her violin. She was playing something he did not recognize, with a curious, wailing note in it. The sounds came forth from the sad brown dwelling, over the garden of weeds, laden with a luscious beauty—and laden, too, with sadness. The Bird House Man walked slowly up the remnants of a path, and pounded on the door. The playing stopped abruptly.

He heard steps in the hall. The door was opened, slowly and cautiously, and he saw before him a tall woman dressed entirely in black, though the day was warm, with a face oddly like a flower on a slender stalk, but a flower battered and cast down by the rain. She should have been a beautiful woman, Alec reflected. Then, as he continued to look at her, he saw that she still was a beautiful woman. All she needed was a light-green dress to set off her gold hair and gray eyes, and a smile to illuminate her flower-like face.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Alec!" she was saying. "You gave me such a start."

"If you weren't such a hermit, I wouldn't have," he retorted. "Here you are, singing away to the weeds in your garden, when you ought to be performing at my entertainment to raise funds for the Audubon Society. I've come to ask you why you don't play at that worthy charity, and why you don't trim those currant bushes."

"I—I always refuse to play in public, and I—I—I—*hate* the garden!" she answered.

"Well, Margaret, you shouldn't do either," said the Bird House Man, stepping into the dim hall. "And you should get a thirsty old man a cup of tea. Will you?"

"Certainly," she said. "You sit in the library and I'll get it right away."

Alec went into the library. It was a large room, lined to the ceiling with open pine bookstacks painted brown like the house, and filled with musty books, shelf after shelf of calfbound classics being most prominent. Instead of a fireplace there was an old black Franklin grate thrusting out into the room. On the floor were old-fashioned rag rugs, their colours faded. There was a haircloth sofa, a worn leather armchair, and a huge black-walnut library desk on which stood a student's lamp. By the windows was a smaller table bearing a vase of fresh wild flowers—the one bright spot in the room. On a small chair beside it lay Margaret's violin, in its case. Her music was piled two feet high on the big desk.

The man walked over and picked up the instrument, plucking the strings. As the girl came back into the room bearing a tray with tea things on it, he turned toward her. "What a sleeping beauty of music there is in this little box of maple," he said, "only waiting for the right bow to kiss it! I guess that's a pretty bad little pun!"

"It is pretty bad," said the girl, with a smile, as she set down the tray on the desk.

Alec saw the smile, and smiled himself. The end justifies the means, he thought, and smiled again. But he was not sure of his ground. He did not know her so well as he wished he did. He had never known her well, for her father, despite his learning, had repelled him, and since the [Continued on page 40]

"I'm afraid it isn't quite so amusing to me," said the doctor.

Riding the Clouds

By John C. Nelson

Exploring the Skies in Engineless Aircraft, the Latest Thrill of Youth

ON A midsummer's day from the brow of a hill in Sussex a young Austrian airman named Herr Kronfeld took to the air in a weird winged contraption for all the world like a cross between a giant dragon fly and a miniature monoplane.

Scarcely a sound marked the "take off," for his engineless machine was whisked into the air by means of an elastic catapult pulled taut by a few assistants. With the effortless grace of a bird in flight he slid away from the knot of people who had gathered to watch him. Caught for a moment in a rising current of air, which swept up from the valley below he hovered, then rose far above their heads and wheeled away to the North, turning Westward again for a long graceful sweep towards Petersfield. Coming down to within a few feet of the ground he enquired of the astonished villagers the route to Portsmouth, then up again on the wings of the wind and away Southward to his goal 70 miles away.

It was 5.30 in the afternoon when he slid into the air from Ilford Hill in Sussex. He landed at Portsmouth a little after 9; seventy miles in three hours and a half without an engine, a new gliding record for England!

I allude to this remarkable demonstration by Herr Kronfeld simply to bring home to the young gliding enthusiasts of Canada the degree to which this new scientific sport has been developed in Europe. Gliding has been a recognized sport in Germany and Austria for nearly 10 years and Herr Kronfeld, who holds several records and is a leader of the movement, has demonstrated that glides of approximately 100 miles from a fixed point to a prearranged landing field are quite possible, and that by making use of the rising currents of air which are known to exist in the vicinity of certain cloud formations and in areas of rolling hills, man may soar like a bird as high as 10,000 feet above sea level and remain in the the air almost indefinitely in engineless aircraft of the glider type.

Students dragging a glider up a hill preparatory to "taking off."

Those who are unfamiliar with the science of gliding might consider Herr Kronfeld a suitable candidate for the Suicide Club. To the average individual his qualifications would seem perfectly sound, for he spends most of his spare time reeling from cloud to cloud with no other means of remaining aloft than those vouchsafed the birds of heaven; and the higher he goes the better he likes it. Never is he so happy as when he is soaring like a sea gull in the teeth of a storm, and to remain in the air, apparently at the mercy of the elements, for a period of 7½ hours (as he had already done) is for Herr Kronfeld a sheer joy.

That the new sport is far from being an elaborate method of committing Hari Kari has been amply demonstrated during his present series of demonstrations in England, and the apparent ease with which he handles his machine in the air has caught the imagination of the British public A National Gliding Association has already been formed, with the object of fostering the sport in the British Isles, and new clubs are being established almost daily in towns and villages from John o' Groats to Lands End.

The new sport is expected to have its greatest following in Scotland, particularly around Aberdeen, for it opens up a vista, particularly pleasing to Scotsmen, of long and continued flights at very little financial outlay! Indeed, the principal attraction for most people is that gliding brings aviation of a particularly thrilling sort within the reach of everyone. Hitherto flight in powered machines has been the prerogative of the comparatively rich. The initial cost of a powered machine and its cost of upkeep has limited the number of those who can engage in the sport to a very small portion of those who are genuinely interested in aviation. The youth who has been clamouring for a chance to get into the air at the least possible expense, has now his opportunity, for a glider may be purchased at a comparatively low figure and even built by amateurs, provided the builder has a fair share of mechanical aptitude, whilst the cost of upkeep is practically nil.

SUITABLE gliders are now on the market at prices ranging from $250 to $300 and even these can be bought on the system of a "dollar down and the rest when you can get it." And the cost of operation is virtually nothing There is no gas or oil to be purchased, no engines to be overhauled, no tires to blow out and no garage bills. The winds of heaven provide the motive power if one has sufficient skill to utilize them. An occasional crash may involve the glider in a few Doctor's bills and sundry repairs to the machine, but these are few and usually not serious, as the speed of the glider is not very great. The cost of the sport may be still further reduced through the purchase of a single machine on the co-operative basis. In England this practice has generally been adopted by the clubs with good results, training grounds and experienced tutors being secured in a similarly inexpensive way.

When gliding finally attains that position among the sports to which its thrill and practical value entitles it, there will be developed in the Dominion of Canada a new race of air-minded youngsters who will take to the powered machines of the air as readily as the "blue nose" fisher children take to sail on the sea.

The analogy between the soaring type of glider and the sailing ship is very close. The glider depends for progress on the upward rising currents of air, using them to gain height from which to "tack" downwards in the direction in which he wishes to go. Similar tactics are adopted by the sailor, the only difference being that his "tacks" are made on the horizontal plane while glider's are on the vertical.

It would seem from what has already been accomplished in engineless aircraft that man has at last taught himself the nature of true flight. The secret of the sea gull, breasting the storm on motionless wings is his, mainly through the enthusiasm of a few who have had faith in man's ability to get off the ground without the aid of engines.

TO indicate the speed with which the new sport has developed it may be recalled that the first gliding competition in Germany, and perhaps the first in the world, took place at Wasserkuppe in the Rhone ten years ago. On that occasion the world marvelled when a glide lasting 2 minutes 22 seconds and of about 1,830 metres was accomplished. It was a small beginning and the "wise guys" snickered up their sleeves at this latest prank of hare brained school boys. The same wiseacres laughed when the brothers Wright flew for a few brief minutes in their first crude aeroplane!

By 1922 such progress had been made that gliding had developed into the more delicate and exhilirating art of soaring. In that year two German students, carried out the first soaring flights lasting over an hour. One of them, Herr Hentzen, was in the air 3 hours 10 minutes and attained an altitude of 350 metres. By 1928 the duration record had been increased to 7 hours 24 minutes and in 1929 to 14 hours 43 minutes. New distance records were also set up, the 1922 record of 9.5 kilometres being increased to 100 kilometres in 1929.

The evolutions of the experienced glider are not limited to simply gliding and soaring. Provided he is endowed with sufficient nerve and skill, and carries enough life insurance to warrant it, he may also indulge in aerobatics of a more or less complicated nature. Without motors it is obviously impossible to execute the complicated manoevres of the ordinary aeroplane, but by gaining sufficient height and diving steeply sufficient speed may be attained to permit a loop or a roll without undue risk. The towing of gliders behind engined aircraft is also possible, but this is fraught with danger as the glider is not ordinarily built to withstand the stresses to which such treatment would subject it.

HAS gliding any other value than its attractions as a thrilling sport requiring skill, physical fitness and nerve? Those who are engaged in fostering the "air mindedness" of the nation would be the first to acknowledge that in gliding they have one of their greatest allies in the furtherance of their aims. The "air sense" which gliding engenders, particularly in the younger generation, is bound to be of inestimable value to all who hope one day to pilot their own aeroplanes or to become commercial airmen.

The experienced gliders of Europe contend that with a preliminary course in gliding and the study of air lore which it entails, commercial air pilots of the future will be able to turn to their own advantage the very air disturbances which today are their chief concern. This is to some extent demonstrated by the fact that in Germany some of the most noteworthy soaring flights have been made in thunder storms which have forced commercial aircraft to come down.

The student of gliding cannot help but become familiar with the more important aspects of aerodynamics. Just as progress in radio was due in large measure to the experimental bent of the enthusiastic amateur, so might the progress of aviation and the evolution of more efficient air machines be furthered by the efforts of the thousands who

in the next few years will become devotees of the new sport.

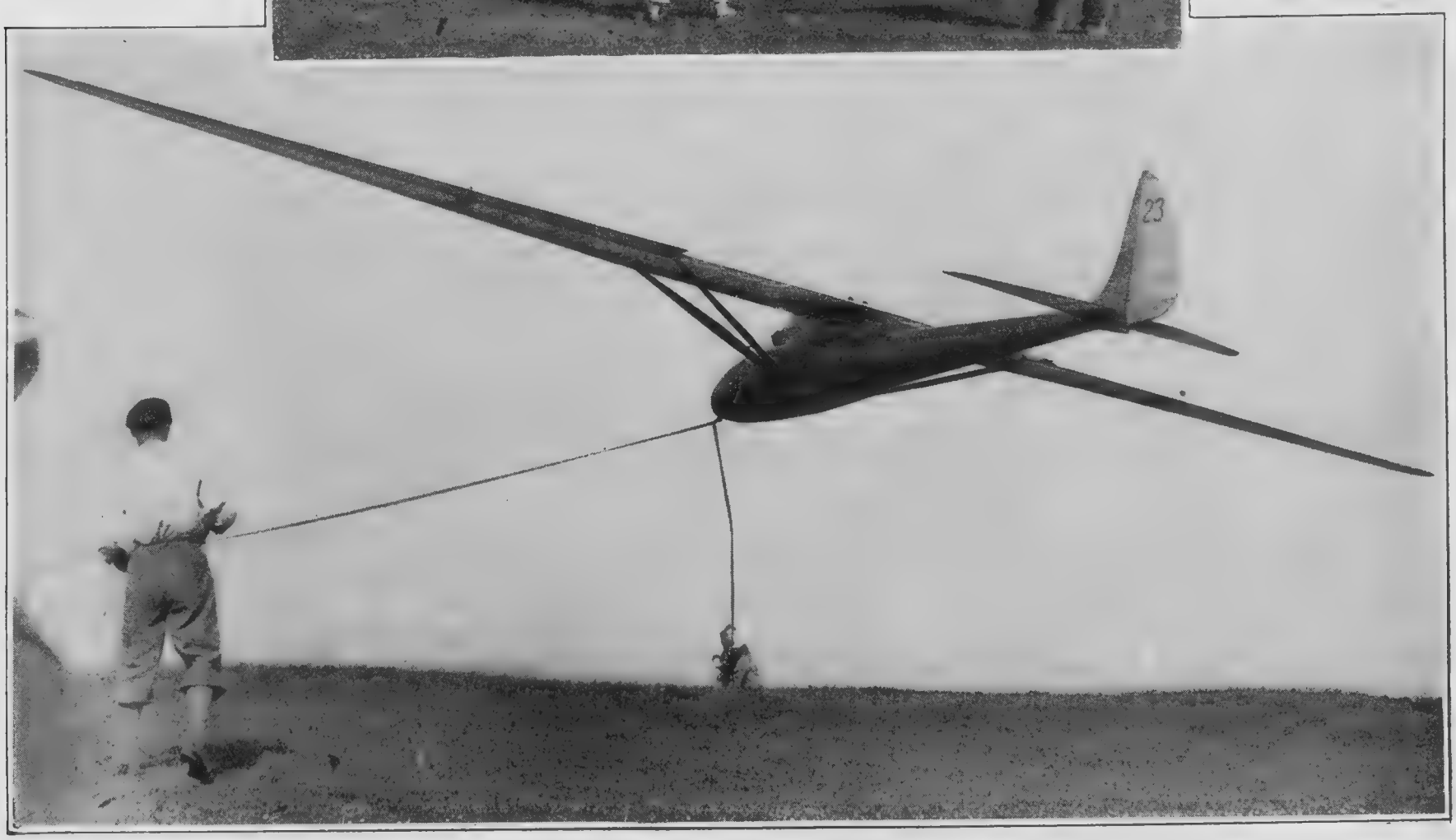
Gliding is in truth a true combination of art and science, particularly in its more recent manifestation in what is known as soaring flight and sailplaining. For its successful accomplishment there is required in the first place a delicately balanced machine, streamlined so as to offer the least possible wind resistance, yet strong enough to withstand the strain of severe bumps when encountered. The pilot must be fully conversant with the lore of the air through a careful study of meteorology both theoretical and practical. Above all he must have a "feeling" for flight in order to make use of the scientific knowledge he had gained through his studies. The art of the efficient glider is the manifestation of this "feeling for flight" which may be developed but which is more often innate in the individual.

From its purely practical value gliding and soaring is not to be ignored. In Germany some of the lighter aeroplanes which can attain a respectable speed on a two cylinder engine have been developed on principles disclosed through experiments with gliders. They have also been put to practical use in Germany in the more mountainous districts, the mails being carried down the mountain side to the nearest post office by gliders which are then packed onto a wagon and hauled to the village again.

There can be no doubt but that those of the younger generation who have taken up gliding as a sport have obtained a wealth of weather wisdom which they could gain in no other way. Just as the master of a steamship is a better navigator for having served his apprenticeship with sail, so the commercial air pilot of the future will be more skilled for having experienced an early training in the sail boats of the air, the glider or soaring machine.

The terms gliding and soaring indicate clearly the essential difference between straight gliding and what is known as soaring flight and sailplaining. In gliding no attempt is made to gain height, the take off usually being made from the slope of a hill and distance being attained through maintaining as long as possible the initial altitude of the starting ground. In soaring flight and sailplaning the pilot makes use of air currents to rise above the starting point, combining the altitude so attained as a point from which to glide towards a given goal, which may, of course, be another area of rising

[Continued on page 38]



Top: Herr Kronfeld giving a demonstration flight in his wonderful glider "Wien."
Bottom: Herr Kronfeld being whisked into the air in his engineless machine by means of an elastic catapult pulled taut by a few assistants.

"It's a man's life," said Upham, coolly, and with that he picked his place and plunged.

"Little Millions"

By Francis Lynde

Author of

'Mellowing Money," "The City of Numbered Days," "Honorable Senator Sage-Bush," Etc.

Illustrated by N. Grandmaison

"NO, Mr. General Manager Dickie Brice, I'm not your man. You'll have to shake the hat one more time and draw another number."

Mr. Gebhart Upham, late assistant engineer in charge of rockmen on the Elk Pass Tunnel, was pacing back and forth behind the new general manager's desk, clothed and in his right mind—for the first time in something over a twelvemonth, as he had just been telling Brice.

"It doesn't appeal to you?" said the general manager.

"Not a bit," denied the honorably discharged borer of tunnels, fishing in the pocket of his English-cut coat for his cigar-case, which he presently extended across the desk-top. "Try one of these 'Superbas'; it will do your heart good, after smoking sage-brush and wire-grass."

But Brice shook his head. "No; I can't afford to acquire a taste for your imported extravagances. Cost you twenty-five dollars a hundred, don't they?"

"Worse than that," laughed Upham. "But what's the odds, as long as you're happy?"

"You're money-spoiled, Gebby."

"That's it; that's just what I've been trying to tell you. Good Lord, Dick, I don't have to work for wages! A year ago you sniped me when I was planning nothing more strenuous than a month's shooting in the Escalante Hills, and bullied me into helping you dig that infernal tunnel of yours. I stuck it out, because I wouldn't turn you down after you had turned me up. But now——"

"Well, go on," said Brice, lighting his own cigar.

"Now you've got your road built; got it erected, by some Wall Street juggler that I don't want to understand, into an independent sovereignty; got yourself elected general manager, with this hole-in-the-desert for your headquarters—and you want me to settle down and become a member of your official family. No, thank you, not if I know it. I'm going back to God's country to help the senior Upham spend some of his accrued interest. It's 'oppressing him cruel,' as McGrath would say."

Brice had pushed his chair back from the desk and was smoking luxuriously.

"Same old dust-thrower, aren't you, Gebby? Takes me back to the tech. school days, when the chancellor was always wanting to know 'why'. As a matter of fact, you're afraid of the job."

Upham was standing in the bay-window, looking down upon the driving activities of the Castle Cliff yard a-building. He spun on his heel at the challenge like a duellist at the signal to fire.

"Think so?" he snapped. "What gave you that notion?"

"The dust-throwing, and other things. But it isn't a notion; it's a settled conviction. You got along well enough up at the tunnel, with only a lot of dagoes to hustle, and with McGrath to do the hustling. But to be the superintendent of a considerable railroad—well, you'd have to meet and handle men, American men, who will measure you up for what is inside of your skin, and altogether without regard to your father's millions—indeed, the millions will be against you. And you are afraid you don't measure."

Upham was a small man with abnormally broad shoulders, and he brought his fist down upon the desk top with a bang that made the little Zuni-pottery god spill the matches from his hollow head.

"By heavens, Dick, if I could think for a moment that you really mean that——"

"You may think it," said Brice imperturbably. "It's a tolerably broad truth, but you know you can't deny it, Gebby."

"Suffering sea-cooks! Have I got to spend another year in this god-forsaken wilderness to nail that lie up by the ears?"

"It looks that way," rejoined the new general manager coolly. "Your office is at the other end of the corridor. You may have little Cranston for chief clerk and Dickson for a telegraph operator. If you need any coaching——"

Upham dropped into a chair and laughed.

"What I need most is a hired assassin to put you out of the game, Dick. What have you got against me?"

"A longish list of grievances—on the part of my fellow-countrymen. You are the product of the time-abhorred of the working world—a rich man's son, with neither the necessity nor the desire to carry your share of the workaday burdens. You've got to make good, here and now."

Upham leaned forward in his chair.

"Tell me one thing, and I'll forgive you the rest: are you digging this stuff out of your own mentality? Or did Kate Hazleton prime you?"

It was Brice's turn to laugh.

"I know Miss Hazleton only as Miss Vanderpoel's cousin. Does she agree with me?"

"As if you had put it up between you. She is daffy on the 'utility' business. That is one thing that made me stick at the tunnel-digging. I never had such letters from her as those I've been getting on top of the range."

"Good—most excellent good! There is also a post office in Castle Cliff. When can you take hold?"

Upham was walking the floor again.

"I can do it, Richard—for all you seem to be so cock-sure I shan't measure up to it. But you've got a tough lot of bullies in the train service here; I've ridden the line enough to know that. Do you back me unconditionally?"

"Of course; that says itself."

"All right; get out your circular, and I'll take hold," was the reluctant rejoinder; and when Rader came at the touch of the general manager's call-bell, the new superintendent went to take possession of his offices at the far end of the corridor.

There was a good-natured horse-laugh to go cachinnating over the entire length of the Dolomite and Utah Pacific Short Line when the circular appointing Mr. Debhart Upham superintendent came out of the train mail.

UPHAM was known to be Brice's man; and Brice was respected by all who had been with him during the fierce construction battle. But now the rank and file asserted that Brice had blundered. All the world, even to the desert edges of it, knew the fame of the Upham copper millions; and that the son of these millions should make an acceptable master of men was food for mirth.

"You mind what I'm saying now," was section-foreman Danny Hoolihay's dictum. "'Tis Mr. Brice who'll be the big boss and the little one, too; and Little Millions, with the gold eye-glasses and the curled moustache will be smoking his good cigars with his pretty little feet in the office window."

Whether Hoolihay originated the nickname, or whether in the eternal fitness of things it sprang spontaneously into being on all lips, may never be known. But it came, it fitted, and it remained. Moreover, Hoolihay voiced, in no uncertain sense, the opinion of the rank and file. It had happened before that some favored son of fortune had been carried as a figure-head on the pay-rolls of a long-suffering railroad, and it was merely happening again. If "Little Millions" was content to remain a figure-head——

But very early in the game the new superintendent began to show most unwelcome signs of animation. On his first trip over the mountain division he found the rear flagman of a stalled freight-train lounging in a short hundred yards in the wake of his train instead of the prescribed three hundred. The following morning the flagman and his conductor got a ten-day vacation without pay.

A little later, Bart Bloodgood, pulling the "Flyer" from the west, being five minutes late, scorched over the branch switches at the mile limit in the Castle Cliff yard, and saved his train from a collision with a yard engine by a scant ten feet. He was hailed up to the superintendent's office before he could get out of his overclothes and took his place "on the carpet" before a mild-mannered, square-shouldered little man who was peacefully manicuring his fingernails.

"Made a yard stop coming in just now, didn't you, Mr. Bloodgood?" said Upham quietly and without looking up.

Bloodgood did not deny it, but he was willing to shift the responsibility.

"The '15 was in the way," he growled, surlily. "I reckon you didn't want me to split her in two."

"Oh, no," said Upham, pleasantly. And then: "How much room was there between your engine and the 1015 when you stopped?"

Bloodgood wanted to lie, but he did not dare to. "I dunno; maybe ten feet 'r so."

"All right; you may take a day for a foot—ten days. Time-card Rule Seven says: 'Not to exceed fifteen miles an hour over junction switches.' You were bettering that speed by at least another fifteen. Good morning."

Bloodgood went out, bursting with bottled wrath. It was not the penalty; it was the manner of its applying. If "Little Millions" had cursed him out — had sworn at him and given him a chance to swear back — but he had not; and the mild manner and the air of serene superiority had been as needles to prick the bubble of Western independence. Bloodgood went forth to talk, and his speech, or the virus of it, presently became epidemic.

Thereupon began one of the unsung wars which, from time immemorial, have raged hotly in the peaceful field of the great industries; the bloodless but no less effective war of the rank and file upon its unfellowshipped commanding officer.

There was no planned conspiracy to break Upham; no organized insubordination on the part of the various trade brotherhoods; no disrespect offered when the official car went over the road and it was known that its occupant was looking for flaws in the service mechanism. None the less, Upham was made to know in a thousand ways that he had been tried and found wanting; that his department was gradually disintegrating under his hand; that *esprit du corps*, which is the fine thread in the otherwise purely utilitarian fabric of the railway service, was fraying to the vanishing-point, and the great loom, with its swift-shuttling trains, was weaving as it could without it.

That was but fecklessly, and with many broken threads. After the first few suspensions and a sharp weeding out of the openly mutinous, there were fewer infractions of the Book of Rules. But things happened, and continued to happen, apparently without human aid or connivance, and Upham was in despair.

Once it was the breaking in two of a train of ore "empties" trailing up the steep grade of the Dolomite branch, an accident resulting in a six-hour block of the main line at the junction switch where the runaway section hurled itself out of the canyon. Again it was the snapping of a rail under the engine of the night express; a mischance which would have figured as a terrible disaster if the 1260 had been steaming well enough to make her schedule time at the moment —as she was not. Yet again it was a box-car wind-blown from the blind siding to the main track at Arreta, and the narrowest possible escape for the east-bound "Flyer," which picked up the derelict just as it was gaining momentum for the race down the Arreta grade.

These were accidents unpreventable—on the face of them, at least—and they happened only at intervals. But for the daily bread of disorder there were engines which would not steam, schedules which could not, or would not, be made, trains late, freight delayed, and a steady stream of complaints from the two branches of the traffic department protesting vigorously against growing unreliability of train service.

"We are simply out of the fight, Mr. Upham," declared Reddick, the general passenger agent, in one of the interviews which had come to be a part of his regular duty. "We can't hope to secure business against the through lines of the Transcontinental unless we can make our connections at terminals. Number Four missed everything at Denver again last night, and Number One was an hour late at Rachab Junction. Can't we get a move?"

Upham was desperate that morning, and he said: "We can try one more expedient, Mr. Reddick, and we'll try it now." And he rose and closed his desk with a slam, meaning to go to Brice with his official head in his hand.

But when he laid hold of the door-knob it was turned nervously from the other side, and Arthur, the general freight agent, came in. "One moment, Mr. Upham," he protested, marking the outgoing purpose in Upham's eye. "We are in trouble again at the Malachite. The mine manager writes me he has been trying ineffectually for a week to get enough ore-empties to keep his force busy; and now the Transcontinental is offering to build a spur-track over to the mine. Must we go out of business at purely local points for the lack of a little enterprise on the part of our operating employees?"

"No," said Upham shortly; and he changed his mind about going to see the general manager.

Instead he took to riding the line, day and night; not in his private car, the movements of which must be heralded by wire orders, but on passenger trains, in cabooses, on the engines.

Some few windows, closed hitherto, were opened by these silent tours of observation. It was not an organized revolt, as he had begun to fear. It was merely a vote of lack of confidence in the executive, less vindictive, perhaps, but not less fatal to the company's interests, than open rebellion. *Laissez faire* had become the watchword of the service; and the self-beheading operation contemplated by Upham on the morning of resolves seemed to be the only remedy.

This was his summing up of the matter in a heart-to-heart talk with Brice at the close of the tour of tours.

"If there were anything at stake more than your loyalty to a friend—even my own bread and butter—I might be tempted to stay on and worry it out, Dick," was his conclusion of the vexed question. "But there isn't; and there is every reason why you should not imperil your own reputation as a business man and manager for a fool notion that it is your mission to make a working man of me."

"But there is something else at stake, Gebby. You are acknowledging defeat."

"Well, what of it? Sha'n't I have to found libraries or hospitals, or something of the sort, to get rid of the copper millions in the end? But no, I won't say that. It *is* a facer; to think I'm not big enough to win the approval of a lot of stubborn, stiff-necked asses who take that way of showing their contempt for my father's money." Brice's smile was rather grim.

"Have you been calling them asses?" he inquired mildly.

"Lord help me—no! I don't dare to say anything less than 'Mister' all the way down the line to the section-bosses!"

"Ah," said Brice. And then, "Did it ever occur to you that that is only another way of calling them asses?"

"Nonsense!" quoth Upham, squaring himself aggressively in his chair.

"It's of consequence only as indicating an attitude," Brice went on. "If I were a section boss, and you didn't swear kindly and companionably at me once in a while——"

"Oh," snorted the defeated one, "if you mean that I should get down and hobnob with 'em."

"Not that, exactly. But there is a golden mean. You say, by the very swing of your shoulders, Gebby, that you are Sevres and they are this" —tapping the little Zuni-pottery god match-safe.

"Oh, damn," said Upham, quite without heat. And he thrust his hands into his pockets.

"Of course, if you don't care," Brice began again.

"But I do care, now; I didn't at first. It grinds me to the bone to confess that this thing is too big for me."

"It isn't. But the men are thinking, not without cause, perhaps, that you consider yourself too big for it."

"Well, it's too late to turn over a new leaf now," said Upham, definitely.

"Is it? Have you written Miss Hazleton that you are about to sit down

[Continued on page 687

"When he ran out of breath I was gaping like a chicken with the pip."

The Sultan's Turret

By Alberta C. Trimble

Illustrated by John Little

Nellie Carpa came one afternoon and, for a consideration, relinquished all claims to the girl

ONE would have thought that the Allinghams, after nineteen years in China, would have made a bee-line for the bright lights of Broadway. New York was Guy's hometown, too. But what were a few extra hundred miles, especially as September was duck hunting season with us? He had written to see if our standing invitation still stood. It did, enthusiastically. So they came—as Riva said later, the murderer returning to the seat of his crime.

There were the four of us at dinner. At the first tinkle of the bell she scorned, Annie came in, removed the soup, put the canvasbacks before Dick, the vegetables before me, the gravy at Guy's left, then stared at Riva whose dark eyes had been appraising her lazily from the moment she entered. Annie prefers to be admired. The men, immersed in ducks, didn't notice it, but all the time she was passing plates the air fairly crackled. As she went back to the kitchen she tossed her arrogant head, leaving us feeling the door had been slammed.

"Venus Aphrodite," said Riva in her throatiest drawl. Riva has a name for everyone; calls Guy "The Sultan" because of his size. Though who ever heard of a blond sultan?

"Pretty high and mighty!" Recalling Riva's corps of obsequious Orientals the month we visited them in Shanghai, I was apologetic. "But we have to pander to her, for good maids are scarce. She's a treasure, if a bit of an egotist."

"Egotism is only a manifestation of an inferiority complex," Guy cut in, his voice booming. I felt more than saw a suggestion of shadow across the brilliant blue eyes which had attracted me when I was a child. "She's mighty good-looking. Your mother's maids——." He broke off abruptly. "Remember the last time I was here, Mab? Nineteen years ago. You were eight—nine. On my way to China," turning to Dick, "I stopped off here to hunt geese. I recall one morning in particular——"

The talk was of geese then. But my mind had slipped back to a night nineteen years ago. I'd been wakened by a stormy rumble in father's den and had crept down, curious. The door was not quite closed. In the crack I could see Nellie, our young foreign girl, weeping, though her sullen black eyes darted fire. After unintelligible preamble, father's sternest voice said, "If you weren't your mother's son, Guy, I'd not allow you in my house again." Mother sobbed. Then I heard Guy's, "I'm sorry, sir; perhaps I'd better be going." A chair scraped so I dashed upstairs. I might have thought I'd dreamed the episode except that there was no jolly guest at breakfast, and no maid. Nellie, I concluded, had tattled about that Sunday shooting trip. Adoring Guy, I hated her. He had gone to China at once, hadn't been in America since till now. Dick and I, honeymooning in Honolulu, had met him and Riva there. Riva was the loveliest thing we'd ever seen, that subtly exotic type. A perfect hostess, as we learned when we went to China the year my parents died. Guy was mad about her. Who wouldn't be? But she hid her feelings, if she had any, behind a gay flippancy.

When Annie came in with the pie, she stared at Riva again, more on the defensive than insolently, I admit; but she beamed on Guy.

"'. . .and strikes the Sultan's Turret with a shaft of Light,'" whispered Riva dramatically the moment the door closed. "Love at first sight. Guy's forty, the dangerous age!—and she's bovinely handsome."

"It's not love," I said in disgust. "She heard what he said, that 'mighty good-looking'."

"Ah!' feigning relief. "If he must have an affair —a servant——"

"Don't worry." Superfluous advice. "She's engaged to a young farmer, Joe Koryznowski. The moment a maid's worth her salt——"

"What!" sitting forward. "That handsome girl marrying a foreigner!"

"Why not? She's one herself. Most of the maids up here are."

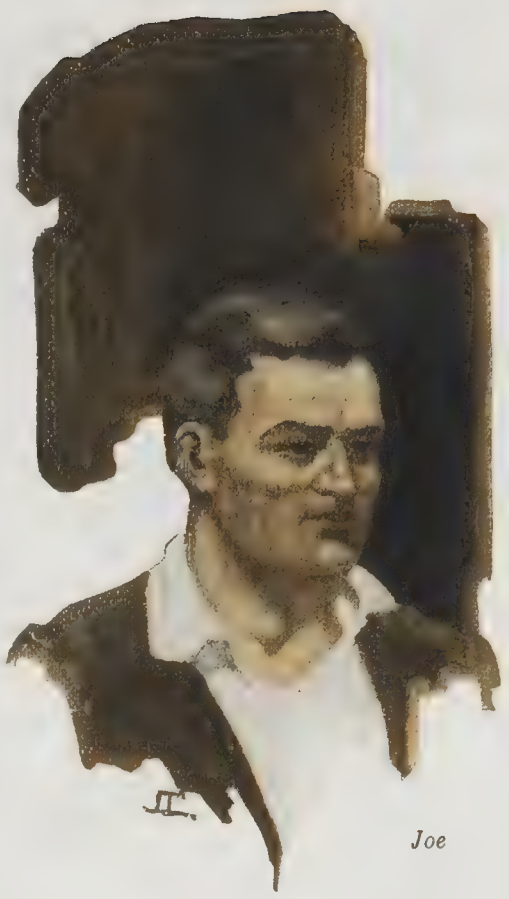
"Heavens! I'd decided she was a young duchess taking a course in democracy. Stunning creature, Mab! That fair hair, those dazzling blue eyes, her magnificient carriage; what I in my next incarnation——'"

"Yes, you will!" teased Guy. "Though by the Lord Harry, she's a fine-looking girl. If," airing his pet theory, "she'd been given a decent home and training as a child, what might she not have become?"

"A good cook," said Dick dryly, passing his plate

for more pie. Dick had theories too.

Guy was launched on his favorite topic. Even as we took our coffee before the fire he would talk of nothing else in spite of our efforts to switch them to their trip. Firelight—warmth. The three whom I could see were extraordinarily good-looking, especially Riva whose dusky hair blended smokily into the shadows behind her. Dick, lithe and slender, was in sharp contrast to Guy who, still the same lazy handsome thing yet not the least gross, overflowed comfortably in the big chair. And every time Guy looked at Riva, or she at him, Dick and I, at opposite ends of the semi-circle, felt a warmth which did not come from the fire.



Joe

THE next morning the men went hunting and Riva stayed in bed. Annie sang with delight when I put on my apron and cap.

"I love company in the kitchen. Mrs. Felton always worked alongside of me. (A batch of cookies? Sure.) I ate at the table there. But in a lawyer's house! (My lemon ones? Sure!) I'd like to marry a lawyer. Joe let me drive his car last night; two miles. All the girls are jealous of me. They're crazy about Joe. They make up awful mean things."

"How old are you?" Mean things wouldn't count against her looks.

"Seventeen, about. I don't know exactly," flashing her perfect teeth as if it were a joke. "Mother never told me. She," petulantly, "never tells me nothing."

"Anything," I corrected. (Too young for matrimony, thank Heaven!)

"Mrs. Stockard," earnestly, "always tell me when I'm wrong. No school hardly, and Mother's so——. I don't want to be called 'dirty foreigner'." She raised her voice above the whirr of the beater. "I'm American."

Studying her critically I assured her that no one would. Annie Pawliski was one of the favored few, such as Riva Allingham, who are born with an air. Sweet-mannered too, when she wished.

"I've learned a lot here, over two years: to set a table, afternoon tea, clothes-hangers, shoe-trees, speaking correctly."

"Soon you'll be marrying Joe, won't you?" (Selfishly I hoped not.)

She didn't answer; proceeded to roll the dough fiercely.

"Lena Nyduk wants to come here when you leave," I persisted. "Are you planning to be married this fall?"

She took up a cookie-cutter and stared at it Suddenly she began to cry, gulpingly, shaking her head to keep the tears off the bake-board.

"Why, what's the matter?" all sorts of ideas going through my head.

She sniffed before she stammered, "I can't marry Joe."

"Why not?" in my surprise forgetting to be properly relieved.

"Because — *sniff-sniff* — I'm married already."

"Good heavens!" dropping a jar of cream on my glass measuring cup.

"I've been—*sniff-sniff*—married three years."

"Good heavens! You were only a child. Not to Joe?"

"Oh, no! to another fellow. An old man. Over forty."

With one final sniff she calmed down It seemed that her mother had found this world a snare and a delusion so had proceeded to marry off her daughter promptly. There had been the usual wedding celebrations but the bride had refused to live with her groom. Strange to relate, the mother had upheld her, had persuaded him to wait till she was older. Soon afterwards he had gone insane and was now in an asylum.

"Perhaps Mr. Stockard—he's a lawyer—could get me out of it."

"He might. Considering your age it ought to be annulled."

"That's what I think," hopefully. "It wasn't my doings. And I do want to marry Joe and have a car of my own, and a house."

"You aren't marrying him just for a car and a house surely?"

"Oh, no! I like Joe. But I don't want to work out all my life. Must be swell to be Mrs. Allingham; travel, wear clothes and diamonds like hers. Style! I tried for an hour last night to do my hair her way.

I was about to say she'd do better to copy her manners when Riva herself, gorgeously kimona-ed, came out with a dress over her arm.

"Mab dear, could I switch on an iron and press this?"

Imagine Riva Allingham operating an iron, or anything else!

Annie'll do it when she finishes her cookies. Won't you, Annie?"

In a totally changed voiced Annie said, "Certainly, Mrs. Stockard."

"Thanks, Annie." Riva's drawl was quite saccharine. She winked covertly at me as she laid the dress down. "Thank you, Annie."

"Please call me Anne, Mrs. Allingham," brightly. "My name's Anne."

I bristled too, not brightly. But I didn't have a chance to say a word to Annie—Anne, if you please! —for Riva stuck like a bur till we went upstairs.

"How she hates me, Mab dear!" she laughed, hugging me. "I've never had the privilege of being so thoroughly hated before. It's priceless."

"She doesn't hate you," I tried to explain. "She spent an hour copying your hair. It's—. I'm so angry I could go down this minute——"

"Spitfire-redhead! I'm enjoying it; immensely. And Anne must stay. She's a treasure I'd feel dreadfully if she left on my account."

YET it was through Riva that we lost her

Dick telephoned from the office a few mornings later suggesting an early lunch and eighteen holes of golf before the afternoon wind got up. It was a sparkling October day, a real outdoor red-and-gold picknicky day, and we stood like children watching him stow the tea-kit in the car.

"Mind bringing a pail of water, Guy?" he asked casually.

I said I'd get it and Guy said I'd do no such thing. We went in together, making fun of each other's size, the long and short of it, he teased. I'm not as short as Riva. But even above our jabber, we could hear Annie scolding as she washed the dishes.

"Now, Mother, tell me when my birthday is, and what my own father was like. You never tell me noth-anything. Lena Nyduk says he was a big Dane prizefighter, her mother knew him. All the girls are——."

Even before I found her as crooked in a bargain as she was reputed to be in her morals, I'd distrusted Nellie Carpa. "Carpa was her last man.) Her beady black eyes called up unpleasant associations. I felt it the first time I saw her. She had moved in from the mountain the fall my parents died. Though her fowl and vegetables were better than any of the other peddlers', I wouldn't buy them. We hesitated to take the daughter of such an unscrupulous old hag. Annie, though mercenary, was honest. Dick, who had his own theories about heredity, said Nellie must have known a better class of men when she was young.

"Tell me what my father was like," the girl demanded.

We were in the doorway. Nellie turned, flashed her greedy eyes on Guy, stared as if at a ghost, then pointed with a trembling hand.

"If you wanta know what your fader is like—dere he is."

Dropping the plate she was wiping, Annie screamed. I may have too. I was trying to shout that she was crazy, but I couldn't manage a sound. Somehow, even before Guy strolled over with his hands in his pockets and stood looking down at her, I knew what he was going to say.

"By the Lord Harry, Nellie! I'd recognize those eyes anywhere."

Spontaneous enough, yet rehearsed, as if he'd been going over it all these years since that night in father's den. The shadow clouding his face deepened, but he drew a long breath. Relief? So that was what had eluded me about Nellie. And Riva? Her pride. This would—. What would it do? She must never know. A bribe, or a threat. No denying it, for Guy's face was confirmation enough. I was scrambling about in my brain, praying for an idea, when, as in melodrama, [Continued on page 76]

Anne, neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring, was left severely alone

Wanted—New Uses for Wheat

By George M. Battey, Jr.

IS IT possible for the agricultural chemist, disguised as a lowly "Moses," to lead "Colonel Wheat" out of the bullrushes? The trench warfare into which the would-be sellers of wheat and the would-be purchasers thereof have settled has resulted in such a stalemate that each side is looking around for new weapons, even as the Central Powers and the Allies cast about during the World War and discovered that the airplane could be of use.

Does the agricultural chemist represent the "reserves of victory?" If so, what are his entitlements, and at what point shall his fire be concentrated?

Down in the States recently, while the writer was proceeding from place to place in the Middle West, getting an earful from farmers, one of them from Iowa said:

"We can't assume that the present conditions will never recur. What we must do is not only limit acreage, but find new uses for wheat."

Into Western Canada I went, and everywhere there was unanimity of opinion that such an unprecedented situation required the most careful thought and courageous action.

Canadian Wheat Pool officials asserted that their chemical laboratories were now working (and had been for some time) on wheat by-products, with the idea of helping such a situation; "but," they added, "we do not anticipate that new uses for wheat, either chemically produced or in the form of breakfast foods, would make any appreciable difference in the consumption of wheat. The business is so immense that new uses would amount to only a drop in the bucket."

That may be sound logic, and it may not. The suggestion of new uses does not guarantee a clear way out, but merely an alternative to those menacing rocks in the channel of the old flow. Whenever you try to assure a stable market (especially at high prices) for any commodity, to do so is legitimate but involves the law of supply and demand, no less; and necessarily any new use for wheat or wheat products comprehends the increase in individual consumption of commodities or an invasion of the domain of some product already established.

Let us discuss a few items before returning to the agricultural chemist and his possible opportunity. In 1914, there was made into flour at flour mills in the United States 545,728,000 bushels of wheat, worth $543,840,000. In 1925, 530,593,000 bushels were milled, worth $904,971,000. In 1927, 544,054,000 bushels were milled, worth $815,958,000. With screenings omitted, that left for all other uses in 1914 wheat products worth $25,506,000, in 1925 $86,987,000 and in 1927 $70,212,000. Presumably, the most of this last item was made up of breakfast foods, a considerable outlay annually.

If the consumption of breakfast foods could be doubled, the question would still remain as to whether the consumption of wheat flour would remain the same, or be more or less. If the new breakfast foods went into the market which consumed the flour, undoubtedly the flour sales would diminish. The problem would be, then, not to let the two products conflict. A better new use, perhaps, would be paper made from wheat, and to that extent the fight would be transferred to the paper market. If wheat were offered as a substitute for meat, the appeal might be generously heeded, yet the farmer also raises cattle, and the demand for his stock would decline.

Consider "Monsieur Peanut," that smart-appearing gentleman whose frowsy, musty get-up once placed him lowest in the scale, next to the artichoke, of the agricultural family. For many years he was shuffled off the farm, jacket and all, at an average of 5 cents a pound. Few farmers ever got rich or lifted a mortgage at that rate. In 1899 the states produced only 99,000,000 pounds of peanuts, worth less than $5,000,000. In 1925 the yield was 695,000,000 pounds, or seven times as much, worth $25,250,000.

What had happened? Various new uses for peanuts, plus increase in population, had been discovered. In 1899 they were selling peanuts with jackets on at 5 cents a bag, parched or unparched. Other uses were very few. By 1925 peanut butter had come to the front in volume; also peanut oil, shelled and parched peanuts in tiny bags and in slot machines; peanuts in all sorts of candy, and peanuts as a substitute for other nuts of much higher price. The farmer may or may not be realizing more on peanuts; certainly the converter or middleman is, for he has found ways to transform a 5-cent-a-pound product into one that yields 20 to 40 cents a pound. Even as a garnishment for peanut brittle, the peanut is hoisted to a level of 20 to 30 cents.

IN 1896 the late Booker T. Washington discovered a promising chemist at the Iowa State College of Agricultural and Mechanic Arts, and brought him to a chair in Tuskegee Institute at Tuskegee, Ala. By 1924 this man had developed 165 new uses for peanuts and 100 for the sweet potato or yam. Dr. George Washington Carver was born in Missouri, the state which produced Henry Wise Wood, vice-president of the Canadian Wheat Pool and president of the United Farmers of Alberta. Like Mr. Wood, Dr. Carver leans heavily upon scripture and divine revelation. If Dr. Carver can make so many useful articles out of peanuts and potatoes, and if he showed the United States Government how to make substitutes for wheat during the World War, can't he do something to help the wheat situation for farmers?

A biographical sketch of Dr. Carver in Who's Who in America records the following facts:

Carver, George Washington, educator; born of slave parents on farm near Diamond Grove, Mo, about 1864; in infancy lost father and was stolen and carried into Arkansas with mother, who was never heard of again; was bought from captors for a race horse worth $300, and returned to former home in Missouri. Worked way through high school, Minneapolis, Kans., and later through college. B.S., agriculture, Iowa State College of Agricultural and Mechanical Arts, 1894; M.S., agriculture, 1896; unmarried. Elected member of faculty, Iowa State College of Agricultural and Mechanical Arts and placed in charge greenhouse, devoting special attention to bacteriological work in systematic botany; teacher Tuskegee Institute since 1896; now Director Department of Agricultural Research. Member Royal Society of Arts, London, 1917; awarded Springarm Medal, 1923. Home: Tuskegee, Ala.

THE Literary Digest of Dec. 13, 1924, noticed Dr. Carver's work as follows:

A NEGRO CHEMIST

Discoveries in the chemical technology of agriculture announced by Dr. George W. Carver, a negro professor of Tuskegee Institute and son of an ex-slave, in a recent address at the Marble Collegiate Church, New York, are said to have astonished the large assembly to which he described them. In a report of the meeting, The New York Times states that Dr. Carver brought exhibitions of his discoveries from the Alabama school, showing how he had produced 100 useful articles from the sweet potato, including rubber, coffee, candy, dyes, paste, paint, starch, vinegar, ink, shoe-blacking and molasses; and 165 products from the humble peanut. As the reporter relates:

"He said that his discoveries were a direct revelation from God, that he had no great mind, and that he had never used even a book in his laboratory. He said the moment God revealed a discovery to him, the method came with the idea. In half an hour after the idea was revealed to him, he said, he produced the yolk of an egg from a Porto Rican sweet potato. It was brought out at the meeting that although Dr. Carver was poorly paid, [Continued on page 70]

Carver Calls Chemistry Salvation of Wheat

"The laboratory rather than the Liverpool market or the Chicago Board of Trade will solve the wheat problem, insuring the farmer a fair price for his products. That is the conclusion of Dr. George Washington Carver, of the Tuskegee Institute, lecturing in Wichita.

"Dr. Carver speaks with authority. He is one of the foremost scientists of the age. He is the man who made 265 different products from the peanut, 118 from the sweet potato, 85 from the pecan.

"Multiply the uses of wheat," he advises. Products from wheat certainly should equal those from the peanut. Bread is the principal article made from wheat today. The possibilities are limitless.

"You can do it," Dr. Carver says. "You have your laboratories in your industrial institutions, in your schools, colleges, and universities.

"Young folk studying chemistry today may be the saviors of the wheat situation tomorrow. The South is solving scientifically the problem of surplus crops, increasing demand, widening markets.

"A million dollars appropriated for scientific research for increasing the uses for wheat might do more than the half-billion-dollar revolving fund appropriated by Congress for the relief of the farmer.

"Science has done more for industry than has the protective tariff. It might do more for the American agriculturist than the theories of the advisers of the farmers at Washington."—Wichita (Kansas) Beacon.

"As regards complexion and features Professor Carver is an absolute Negro; but in the cut of his clothes, the accent of his speech, the soundness of his science, he might be a professor of botany, not at Tuskegee, but at Oxford or Cambridge. Any European botanist of distinction, after ten minutes' conversation with this man, would treat him as a man on a level with himself."—Sir Harry Johnston, eminent British scientist and explorer, in his book, "The Negro in the New World."

Modern machinery, says the economist, is fast replacing the human element and transforming the entire structure of agriculture and industry.

Glory or Florrie or whatever her name is, gives me a parting smile, and says "farewell Egbert."

Brandon Next Station

By Harry H. Croft

Illustrated by Bertram Eldraw

Cadillion Hotel,
Regina, Sask.

Mr. W. H. Baxter,
Shipping Dept.,
Sadler, Smith & Sons, Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man.

DEAR Baldy and everybody:

When the boss says to me, Wallie, you'll have to take a run around the branches and take inventory this year, I says to the boss, gosh Mr. Smith, says I, there aint a thing I'd like better, cause I aint been west of Rosser in ten years, excepting that one trip to Portage two years ago when the firm had their picnic up there, but when you guys says as how as I had to drop you a line from time to time, and I said as how as I would, honest Baldy, I didn't figure as I'd send you as much as a picture postcard.

But here I am in Regina, the Queen City, and it's Sunday night, and it's raining to beat sixty (for the first time in two months, they say) and I haven't met any of the Regina branch crowd yet, and I dont know nobody, so I guess I might as well write a few lines to you, as I sit downstairs and listen to the orthepedic, cause the dame in the dining room what runs it, has gone nuts on a record about what's going to happen when her dreams come true, or else that's the only record they've got, or something.

Well, I might as well tell you all about my trip so far. You see before I leaves the office, the boss, he says to me, says he, we aint cheap guys Wallie, nor nothing like that, but we want you to be as economical as you can, so I figures I could save the co. a couple of bucks or so right at the outset as it were, by riding in the day coach, although the train I'm taking leaves the Peg at 11 P.M. and doesn't get to this burg until about nine or ten the next morning.

Gosh, Baldy, it was sure a good start to a real trip, and I'm the guy what ought to know, believe me.

Just as the con. or someone was yelling "Board," the swellest little damsel breezes into the coach, trips gently up the ile, and parks alongside of the seat where yours truly is ree-posing.

Baldy, old pal, you never seen nothing like her in all your life. Any one of those fourteen females round head office would look like Maggie Jiggs alongside of this one, and that includes the new jane from the head of the lakes, what runs the contometer. The one that all the sheiks think is such a wow, just because she told someone that she once was picked to go to Toronto, as Miss Fort William, in a beauty contest. If that baby was Miss Fort William, then this sheba standing alongside my seat was Miss All Canada.

Why Baldy, she has a figure like what they use for to advertise bathing suits and unshrinkable underwear, a skin you'd love to touch, and a mouth like the movie actress what gets her picture in the magazines, cause she always cleans her teeth with "Tankeroo" or something like that, and never gets the pyherear. You know the kind of mouth Baldy, with lips like cherries and teeth like you see in a ten dollar cupie doll. Honest, Baldy, one glimpse of this fairy would make old Murphy the night watchman throw away his crutch and act foolish.

I was about the only one who had managed to hang onto a couple of seats, figuring like as how as I might rest a little easier.

The little dear doesn't say nothing. She just stands and glances up and down the coach, sort of bothered looking. Right here, Baldy, is where I steps into the limejuice, and I know some of them key thumpers are going to make some wise crack if you read 'em this, cause they've never seen me all dolled up in my good clothes, but this baby, why she'd never seen me in all her life before, and as Bronson had loaned me one of his old sample grips to put my brush and comb and my other shirt and cetras in, I thinks that possibly the sweet young thing must figure I was some high power slick salesman, cause if I do say it myself, Baldy, I,m not hard on the eyes when I'm all pressed up. Well figures I, if she thinks I'm one of them fresh guys, its all off, because them's the birds what all good mothers warn their innocent daughters about.

I gets up and touching cutie's arm very gently, I says to her that the sample grip (before mentioned) belongs to a travelling salesman who has gone into the smoker, and if she cares to take his seat, I would move his grip onto the floor behind the seat.

Did she hesitate—oh boy, I'll say she did—not.

Well when the con. comes along I gathers from the conversation that she's getting off at Brandon, and consequently, seeing as how I'm not likely to see her never no more, I didn't figure as it was at all necessary to tell her that I was stock keeper in a Winnipeg auto accessory wholesale warehouse.

Anyway, we gets along fine, and before we'd passed Poplar Point, she'd told me her name was Gloria Vernon, although her best friends all called her Glory, and that she was on her way home from New York where she'd been studying music. It seemed that Miss Vernon's father owned about half the town of Brandon, and so that she'd feel more like she was associating with her own select class, as it were, I told her my name was Egbert Elliott and that I was just being transferred to Regina to take charge of the new Gen. Motors plant and the reason I was travelling in the day coach, was because I couldn't get a drawing room until after we got to Brandon where a party was vacating one.

Along about Portage, she says it makes her dizzy travelling with her back to the engine so she comes over and sits by me.

Besides it made it so that we didn't have to let everybody on the train hear all we had to talk about, and one naturally becomes more friendly if the wide world aint listening in.

About one A.M. conversation kind of petered out, cause you see Baldy, she'd told me all about New York and I'd told her all I could about Gen. Motors, at least all I knew, and everybody in the

[Continued on page 43]

"I forgot to tell you that someone swiped my watch on the train."

Jean Elizabeth and Romance

By Marie Lysbeth Colman

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

JEAN ELIZABETH was attending Night School. It was the fashion among Roselawn's very young set that fall, and the classes, from plumbing to poetry, from higher mathematics to interior decorating, were crowded.

The course in interior decorating was the most popular with the girls. Rupert St. Denis, the new art teacher at the High School was the instructor—a slim youth whose dark poetic eyes and leonine head haunted the dreams of every Roselawn maid.

Hardly a girl but regretted now her luck in graduating last June. To think of the joy of associating daily with so devastatingly fascinating a personality! (I quote Muriel Bradbury, who was generally conceded to have a gift of expression.) However, as Jean Elizabeth sagely remarked, the graduates had the advantage of age and experience, for it was hardly possible that so sophisticated a man of the world (Muriel again) would take any interest in mere school girls.

All these matters were in Jean Elizabeth's mind as she put the finishing touches on a sketch for the evening's class. She set the paper a little distance away and appraised it with dreamy eyes. It represented a window treatment in the "modern manner," but before the girl's eyes it expanded into a room, a house—ideal in beauty if shadowy in conception. She saw herself moving through those cool rooms, autumn sunshine glinting in her titian tresses—serene of face—dignified of mien—the ideal chatelaine. Another presence moved by her side, a presence tall and slender, crowned with waving hair, dark as a raven's wing. This companion was examining the house, exclaiming over the effects, at once so daring and so artistic, that she had achieved.

She heard a tender murmur, close to her ear: "My beloved, you have indeed created a setting in which an artist-poet may achieve beauty. My work will be your gift to the world." Jean Elizabeth's lips were parted, her eyes shone mistily, her breath came quickly: "Rupert—my own," she murmured.

A hand on the door-knob recalled her to the present. The door opened and Mrs. Harkness, slightly breathless from her climb up the stairs, entered the room.

"Jean! My dear child, what are you doing? Didn't you hear me? I've been calling you for the last ten minutes. I had quite a fright thinking you must be ill, or something . . ."

"I was just thinking . . . no, I didn't hear you . . . but, Mother, I do wish you would try to remember to call me Elizabeth. Surely that isn't very much to ask. You know I just hate 'Jean,' it's perfectly colorless, while 'Elizabeth' expresses my personality. It's my name; I don't see why it can't be used. Goodness knows I don't expect very much from my family."

"I'll try, Je-Elizabeth; but the path of the reformer is thorny, you know."

Elizabeth glanced suspiciously at her mother, but the kindly face was perfectly placid, the clear eyes guiltless of a twinkle.

"Come to the rescue, will you, daughter? I'm afraid supper will be late."

Mother and daughter, alike red-haired and slim, descended arm-in-arm.

"Set the table, please, dear, while I make the salad," directed Mrs. Harkness. "Your father will be here in a minute, but if he just sees the table set he'll be satisfied and not worry that supper's late."

She heard a tender murmur close to her ear: "My beloved."

"Mother," Elizabeth paused, balancing the butter-dish on top of the sugar-bowl in one hand, and a pile of cups and saucers in the other, "Mother, did you ask Dad about re-decorating the house?"

"For pity's sake, put those things down, child. Yes, I did. He says you may do over the parlor, but he can't afford any new furniture this fall, so you'll have

Suddenly she hated the unknown woman, with her new-born child.

to manage for the present, at least, with what we have."

"Mo-ther," the voice struggled through infinite layers of gentle patience, "I do wish you'd remember to call it the living-room."

"Well, my dear," stated Mrs. Harkness calmly as she stirred the mayonnaise, "it isn't a living-room. We use the dining-room in winter because the fireplace is there, and the sun-room the rest of the time. Our parlor is a parlor — a formal room in which we entertain."

"Well, anyway, nobody says 'parlor' nowadays, it dates you absolutely. Why, that word was drowned when Noah built the ark. But really, can't we have a single stick of decent furniture? That old stuff is the absolute limit . . . I'll bet it came over on the Mayflower."

"I think it's rather nice, dear. Those curves are very gracious. And period furniture, you know, is always good."

Elizabeth sighed profoundly; some people are perfectly hopeless.

"Then I'll have to get along with painting it, I suppose, she said, with the resigned look of an early Christian martyr, "a color scheme of orange and black relieved with green would be modern and artistic."

Her mother winced and looked faintly alarmed.

"How would it do to treat the whole affair as a problem in decoration and consult one of your teachers?"

Elizabeth's reply was drowned in the raucous blare of a motor-horn.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed, covering her ears with her hands. "That must be Fred . . . of all the tiresome . . ." The blare continued unrelentingly and in self-defence she was obliged to run to the door.

A tall, fair-haired boy in flannels sat at the wheel of a sporty little car. His face, where it was not covered with freckles, was one wide grin, and he stopped the blare of the horn as he saw Elizabeth, exclaiming:

"Hello, Jean. How d'ye like the bus? Pretty keen, eh what, or words to that effect?"

"I thought I requested you to call me Elizabeth," was the frosty reply. "But," melting in reluctant admiration of the bright beauty of the car, "it sure is a jazz bird."

"Ha, ha! and likewise, ho, ho! I'll say it is. Now, who says your Uncle Fred came down on last night's rain? Eh, what, or any other little thing you may prefer? And how about a ride in this dragon, fair one, even Elizabeth, tonight, while she's still hot from the oven? Just a spin before night school, and just a spin after same?"

"I couldn't do it tonight, Fred; I have a previous engagement."

"That's an animal that's best left to die of neglect. forget it!"

"No, I couldn't possibly, and I mustn't stay any longer, for Mother wants me to help her."

Hastily, lest she repent her resolution, Elizabeth retreated into the house and Fred, crestfallen, drove away.

"Was that Fred?" inquired Mrs. Harkness. "What did he want?"

"Oh, he has a new car, and he wanted me to go driving with him tonight."

"I hope you said no. I'm sure he's a perfectly reckless driver, and I don't like you traipsing about at all hours of the night." Mrs. Harkness was at once the flurried parent.

"Oh, Mother, please don't, please don't! When will you remember that I'm no longer a child? I did refuse, but not for any of the reasons you set forth." Offended dignity sat heavily on Elizabeth's brow.

Her mother sighed inaudibly.

"To return to what we were saying, dear," she continued mildly, "it occurred to me that it might be a good plan to invite one of your teachers over, say Mr. St. Denis, and let him look at the . . . er . . . living-room, and make suggestions. He might have supper with us . . . say next Friday evening."

Elizabeth stood perfectly still, hardly able to breathe.

"Mother!" she gasped, rapture in her low voice, "oh, it would be simply . . ." hurriedly she ran into the dining-room and set the knives and forks on the table before trusting herself to further speech.

His hat hung in the hall, and he was alone in the room with her!

When she returned to the kitchen Mrs. Harkness had a further suggestion.

"We might have Fred, too; he hasn't been here for quite a while."

The look of suffering on Elizabeth's face was so acute that her mother paused. "Why, don't you want him? I thought that you liked him."

"That was when I was quite young. Only older men attract me now, mature men of twenty-five or six. Though Fred *has* a lovely car," she concluded wistfully.

"Very well, then," Mrs. Harkness went on briskly, "we shall have only Mr. St. Denis; he, I take it, is about twenty-five or thereabouts?"

"I believe so," Elizabeth answered somewhat stiffly.

Her mother continued as though she had not really expected an answer: "Let me see . . . we'll have cold ham, lettuce-and-tomato salad; and for dessert jelly with whipped cream and angel cake. We might have coffee instead of tea, what do you think?"

"Couldn't we have dinner, like other people, instead of supper?"

"You know your father would never hear of it, my dear. There he is at the door now, run and let him in. Everything's ready; I'll just dish up."

HURRYING to the school so as to arrive early enough to have her interview with Mr. St. Denis before the other students began to arrive, Elizabeth was plunged in melancholy reflections. It certainly was frightfully hard on a girl, she mused, to have such hopelessly old-fashioned parents, especially if the girl had an artistic temperament, and was modern in her outlook Why, her father actually had porridge and sausages for breakfast every morning of his life! Elizabeth shuddered. Almost she decided not to subject the sensitive Mr. St. Denis to the ordeal of a meal in her home almost, but not quite. She invited him, and to supper, not dinner. No use calling it dinner, when he would see [Continued on page 79]

WHAT A KITCHEN KNIFE CAN TELL YOU ABOUT WASHDAY

A KITCHEN KNIFE and easier washdays! They may seem miles apart. And yet . . .

Unwrap a bar of Fels-Naptha and cut into it. As the blade eases through the big, generous bar, what do you see? . . . from top to bottom a smooth, velvety texture that plainly says, "This is unusually good soap!" But don't stop here, for the best is yet to come.

Hold this soap up to your nose and sniff. Naptha! You can smell it. Plenty of it *all through the bar.* Naptha, you know, is an unusual dirt-loosener. It is combined with the good golden soap by a special process that keeps it there, on the job to the last thin sliver.

So every time you use Fels-Naptha, you get the help of two safe, active cleaners instead of one. Plentiful naptha working hand-in-hand with good golden soap. Briskly, busily, this sturdy pair loosens the most stubborn dirt and washes it away without hard rubbing. And that's why millions say Fels-Naptha is the real washday bargain. It brings you not more bars, but more help. *Extra* help that saves *you!*

Next washday, use Fels-Naptha and have this *extra* help. See how much quicker and easier it makes your washing; how sweetly clean and fresh it gets your clothes. Notice, too, how gentle Fels-Naptha is to the hands. That's because it loosens dirt so quickly that you don't have to keep them in the water long.

Another advantage – there's no fussing, no special directions for you to follow with Fels-Naptha. Use it *your* way. Use it in tub or washing machine. Soak your clothes with it or boil them, just as you wish. Being a soap, Fels-Naptha naturally works best in hot water. But unlike many other soaps, Fels-Naptha will turn out a sparkling wash in lukewarm or even cool water.

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a few bars to-day. Or better still, ask for the convenient 10-bar carton – then you'll have *extra* help aplenty for all your washing and cleaning tasks.

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

© 1930, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. W.H. —10-30

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to help cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

"The Darkest Hour"

By Ronald Tuckwell

(A Hockey Story)

THE door clicked shut behind James Fenn—electrics flooded his private office—and the smile that he had schooled himself into wearing fled; a cynical half-grin replaced it, as he stared at the evidences of the janitor's recent presence there—tidied desk, everything in place.

Suddenly he scowled savagely, snatched at his cigar and ground it under heel. Then his shoulders sagged—head bowed, he slouched to his desk—slumped into his chair.

Other men had been failures! Nothing particularly disgraceful about it, but—. He jerked erect—rose and crossed to a small wall mirror—stood staring.

He was a Fenn! No Fenn ever had come such a cropper! Involuntarily his shoulders straightened, as he stared at the gaunt face reflected there. Then he sagged again, wearily—turned and slouched back to his chair.

What was the use? *Try*—where did *it* get you? Lord—what he had put into this business—sweated blood—only to have things go—.

He straightened; plunged rapidly into desk drawers; drew out stacks of papers and books. For several minutes he pored over these, making rapid calculations on a scribbling pad.

Feverishly he reached for a bank-book; compared its precise entries with figures he had jotted. Then, with a prodigious groan, he brushed books and papers from the desk, placed his arms there, and dropped his head upon them.

As he sat hunched there, great dry sobs wracked him. It was even worse than he had thought—the crash could no longer be averted. When the salary checks, office rent and several other bills were paid tomorrow, his bank balance would be exactly *nil!* In fact, somebody would have to hurry—or there was going to be somebody left, even allowing for his usual overdraft. The business, laboriously built up, a failure due to the cursed methods of slick competitors—.

Suddenly Fenn jerked erect, a wild glare in his eyes. *Why* pay those checks tomorrow? With the few hundred dollars they represented, he could get away somewhere! Plenty of places a man could lose himself in, and start again—.

There was one chance, of course. If the Storm contract came his way, it meant—. But competitors were hot-foot after it—no assurance that he had even an outside chance.

Why fight any longer? Everything was dead against him! Better get out while the getting was as good as it was—.

But—a Fenn—running away, owing money to people who had served him faithfully! The girls—old Johnson, the bookkeeper—Tim, the little office-boy. He groaned again—once more his head sank forward onto his arms.

Realization came, then. He was an out-and-out failure—a flop—all the fight was gone from him. Yes, he'd even run away, owing them—.

He raised his head—stared, dull-eyed, around the office. Old, familiar things. Miss 'em, a bit, but they'd probably sell for enough to pay the staff something. Sign 'em over, anyway—.

He reached into a drawer for paper; his hand groped in the drawer as, mind a jumble of conflicting thoughts, he stared at the far wall. He started momentarily, and a flicker of interest came, as his groping hand encountered an object.

Taking it out, he stared, dull-eyed, at it.

GROUP photograph of the Varsity Hockey Team of '08. Himself, in the centre, holding the massive championship trophy. His eyes flickered—.

Gad—time had been cruel! Scarcely recognized that bright-eyed, eager, handsome young face staring from the group! The squared shoulders, erect carriage, set of head. Twenty years . . . the change!

The fingers of his free hand traced furrows in brow, hollows in cheeks. Twenty years . . .

But, they had been full, those years! Graduating with honors in scholarship—his name revered in sports. Post-courses, with a chair in view. War—its scars and its toll of youth. Returning, feeling like a rudderless ship.

Hard going, right after returning home. Everybody had plenty of good words for you—but *jobs* weren't growing on every bush! Then, a friend's tip—chance to get into business; something new, it was—a likely prospect! His energies thrown wholeheartedly into it—immediate success!

Maybe that was the trouble—success was too soon in coming! Everything coming his way—no competition to speak of—easy!

Not for long, though! Others saw the possibilities, after his successful operations with a new advertising scheme—envied him—put other, similar schemes across—the going became hard.

He fought, grimly enjoying the battle, until things began turning definitely against him. Others increased their efforts as, discouraged, his own fell off. Gradually business dwindled—until, now, his back was to the wall. *Fight?* What was the use? Might as well face it—he was *done?*

Well, he could get away! Easy for him to get a check cashed—write one for the extent of his funds—get Jerry, at the cigar counter, to cash it for him then slip out on the midnight—.

"Second period is just commencing, folks . . . they're lining up out there . . . Score is, Soo Greyhounds, four, Varsity, nothing—."

With a startled gasp Fenn leaped from his chair; grasping a metal ruler, he stood, white-faced and trembling.

Then, chuckling grimly, he crossed the room. "Darn that janitor—left it turned on. In here again, using my outfit; skipped when he heard me coming upstairs." Muttering, Fenn reached to shut off the radio.

"The Soo is all over them, folks . . . looks a cinch . . . no FIGHT in this Varsity team out here tonight—."

Fenn paused, hand on dial. Deaf to the announcer's comment, he pondered a new thought. Varsity and Soo in the final for the Cup! Intended to see that series—business worries had driven all thought of it from his mind.

"No *fight* in a Varsity team?"

Involuntarily his shoulders squared. Hadn't seen a Varsity team in action since before the war. Wonder how the present crop carry the colors? Not like the men of '08—couldn't accuse *them* of lacking fight!

Could, too, at that, until he—.

Suddenly he smote fist against palm. Go and see the rest of this game! Plenty of time, after, to come back and arrange—.

JAMES FENN experienced a thrill as, entering the doors of the big rink, he heard the roaring crowd behind the partition walls. With an eagerness that would not be denied he hurried through the inner doors, handed his ticket to the doorkeeper, then strode through—to thrill again at the spectacle.

Different looking layout to his day! Huge rink—monster crowd—startling speed of the players, six-a-side, travelling like lightning, out there under glaring lights.

Another thrill at sight of the familiar colors on the team defending the nearest goal. Soo team was new to him—not a factor in hockey in his time—never saw jerseys like theirs before. But the old Varsity colors—.

Involuntarily a warning yell burst from him as Varsity players backed in on their goal before a surging Soo attack. They milled and tussled around the net; a Soo forward snared the puck, juggled it on his blade, then slammed it in. Varsity's goalie sprawled grotesquely on the ice; a tiny red light flickered behind his cage. The crowd roared—jeeringly, it seemed to Fenn.

"You're a bunch of QUITTERS, Varsity!" Shrill above the roaring came the disgusted cry. Stiffening, Fenn turned and glared in the direction of the voice.

He tapped the arm of a man beside him. "Pardon me, how's the game going now?"

"Goin'?" came the jeering reply, "Stranger, she's WENT! Score's five-nothing for the Soo—an' prob'bly'll be double 'at, soon! Say, whoever called these Varsity players 'quitters' ain't said the *half!*"

Fenn glared at the man—stiffened—then turned away, as, sharp above the clamor, sounded the timer's bell.

Standing staring at disgusted faces in the crowd—at the sweepers racing against time, and each other, to clear the ice—at those tiny goal cages, yawning so invitingly now that they were unguarded—a curious feeling surged over Fenn.

He stared, then, unseeing. "Four down to Montreal at the half, we were!" he muttered. "Gad, didn't I give them—."

Suddenly he stiffened, head erect, arms thrust backward. Stared toward the opening through which the teams had gone to their rooms for a breathing spell prior to the last period. A moment he stood, undecided—then, with a violent shudder, he slumped into a seat.

Quivering with suppressed emotion he wrestled with the idea that had flashed to mind. Then, surging up, he strode rapidly toward the opening.

The Varsity door was guarded by a burly club official. Fenn muttered something in his ear; the door was opened, and Fenn strode inside.

CURIOUS eyes regarded him. His flushed, distorted face and wild look held attention. He stepped to the centre of the room, hand uplifted.

"Out there," he snarled, "I heard this Varsity team branded as 'quitters.' I'm here to say *that's* just what you are—every damn mother's son of you!"

Instantly several supporters of the team started towards him menacingly. He brushed them aside, glared at the players sitting on the benches, staring listlessly, and grated, "Who's captain?"

A slim youth, bending over an unlaced boot, muttered, "Here, professor!" He jerked upright, startled, as Fenn leaped across and gripped his arm.

"Listen, kid!"—the voice was harsh and menacing—"I'm Fenn, captain of Varsity's team of '08. My blood boiled, out there, when I heard fellows wearing the blue called 'quitters!' You're five goals down, and being outplayed. That looks bad. BUT—the darkest hour always goes before the dawn! Get out there and FIGHT—"

"Yeah—go ahead and make a speech!" muttered the youngster, resentfully. "So," he added, "you're the great Fenn, eh? Well, you never bucked against *this* kind of opposition. The '08 team were all stars—fighters!" He glanced contemptuously around the benches. "I know, see—my Dad told me about *that* team!"

"Your Dad?" snarled Fenn. "What's your name, hey?" Then, at the other's reply, he shouted incredulously, "Brown? *You* old 'Buster's' kid? Well, I'll be . . . say, did you call 'em all fighters? *Fighters?*—huh—*listen*, before the last half of the final game, when we beat Montreal for this old cup you're throwing away tonight, I had to lick your Dad for saying we hadn't a chance. We were four down. I didn't lick him [Continued on page 72]

Gamin

By Clare MacDermot

Autumn enters—feet burned and bare,
Hat on the side and a cocky air;
His ragged shirt is thrown open wide;
He tramps on the plains and the mountain side;
Stoops into wayside pools to gaze;
Scatters brown leaves down the forest ways;
Pauses to peer through a willow's lace;
And to lead some squirrel a merry chase;
Then plucks from his pocket of scarlet stripe,
A purple grape or a walnut ripe,
And with eyes the hue of a wayside thistle,
Blows on the hills with a silver whistle.

Mrs Howard Spreckels

A CALIFORNIA BEAUTY

HER SALON . IN THE FORMAL FRENCH MANNER . IS A FITTING SETTING FOR HER PATRICIAN BEAUTY

THOUSANDS OF MILES from Paris, yet a *salon* as French as if its windows opened on the Champs Elysées . . . its rose and blue and treasure pieces of old French furniture a perfect setting for the patrician beauty of Mrs. Howard Spreckels, in deep blue lace, wearing her sapphires and diamonds.

Mrs. Spreckels is one of the best-known members of this distinguished California family. Widely traveled, she is as much at home in Paris, London and New York as in her native San Francisco. A gifted hostess, she entertains brilliantly at her country estate, with its charming rose gardens, at Burlingame.

Chiseled, *soignée*, her aristocratic beauty has the enchanting coloring of a Quentin de La Tour pastel . . . eyes of gray, hair like a copper beech in sunshine, skin delicate and clear.

Pond's is proud to number Mrs. Spreckels among the beautiful society women who attribute their fresh, clear complexions to use of the four famous preparations.

"East, West," says Mrs. Spreckels, "Pond's is best.

"That wonderful Cold Cream! It cleanses so perfectly, and the exquisite Tissues are the one satisfactory way to remove the cream.

"I like the Freshener for its charming faint perfume and because it counteracts oiliness without unduly drying the skin. The Vanishing Cream is an ideal powder base—it keeps one fresh and trim through the longest day."

Follow these four simple steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent.

(New! Tissues in peach-color—the enchanting hue preferred by Paris—now on sale, as well as white.)

Third—pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse immaculately with the Cold Cream and wipe away with Cleansing Tissues. If your skin is dry, leave on a little fresh cream overnight.

POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD. · Dept. K · **166** Brock Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ Province_____

All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Company of Canada, Ltd.

Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

"Romance"

IN "ANNA CHRISTIE," her first talking picture, Greta Garbo played a waif of the wharves, redeemed by a great love from a life of sin. In "Romance," her second talking picture, Greta has cast off the ragged garments of Anna, the waif, and emerges in curls and crinolines as Madame Cavalini, famous diva of the Victorian era. But Anna and Cavalini "are sisters under their skins," and again we see Miss Garbo in the arduous business of sinning, repenting and being redeemed by another "great, pure love."

Edward Sheldon's play, "Romance," was a favorite in London during the war. Soldiers on leave from playing grim parts in the realistic drama of the front line sought a change in their London theatrical entertainments. The synthetic orient of "Chu Chin Chow," luxurious and exotic, caught their fancy. The warbling brigands of "The Maid of the Mountains" amused them. And for more "serious" drama they chose "Romance," a retrospective love story, sentimentally and theatrically sad.

"Romance" is a combination of "Camille," "Manon Lescaut," and "Thais"—without the originality that made the first two classics interesting in their time, and lacking entirely the spice of irony that gives such a piquant flavor to Anatole France's story. No doubt the extraordinary success of "Romance" was mainly due to the personality of Doris Keane, who played the leading part in the stage play. Miss Keane is not a great actress, but she is talented and possesses much of that attribute so coyly dubbed as "It" by the tabloid-minded Elinor Glyn. Miss Keane's warm, dark beauty was made doubly attractive by the feminine furbelows of the period in which "Romance" is set and her vivid personality was suited to the Latin temperament of Cavalini, the opera singer. "Romance" on the legitimate stage was a one-woman show. "Romance" on the talking screen is still a one-woman show. It is hokum sentiment made bearable by the personality of the star.

Those who saw Doris Keane will find the new Cavalini less vivacious, less Latin. But Miss Garbo is quite fascinating in the part. She replaces Miss Keane's sparkling wit with a slow but charming humour, and her now celebrated "chest tones" are effective in the emotional scenes. I liked her intelligent reading of the lines, particularly in the scene where she promises Van Tyl to give up the young clergyman. Here she got a real and subtle poignancy into the hackneyed situation. I also thought her attractive in the old-fashioned costumes with their hoops and frills and bustles, but two sweet young things who sat just behind me did not approve of their adored Greta with a Victorian fringe obscuring her brow.

The rather difficult part of the clergyman requires a young man with plenty of ingenuous charm to counteract the priggishness inherent in the role. Miss Garbo's leading man, although he reads his lines in a natural enough manner and has a very pleasant voice, is not ideal in the part. But Lewis Stone, sauve and dignified as usual, is excellent as Cornelius Van Tyl.

As I said before, it is a one-woman show and you will only enjoy it if you admire Garbo.

"The Dawn Patrol"

THIS film might perhaps be subtitled the "Journey's End" of the flying corps. Another story of the futility of war, of battle-frayed nerves, of fine comradeship in the face of danger, and young men learning how to die gallantly.

The plot, which is based on John Monk Saunder's story, "The Flight Commander," chiefly concerns three young officers, each in turn forced into the bitter job of a flight commander. At the beginning we find Neil Hamilton in this position, forced to send men out on air raids which he knows will be their doom. Deep in his heart he detests what he must do and knows that he is disliked by the men under him. Soon, however, he is ordered away and the Captain (Richard Barthelmess) is put in command and has to give the same hated orders to his best friend (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.). This brings about the same bitterness between the two men that had been between the Captain and the former commander and, finally, we see the youngest officer (Fairbanks) as the commander. This cycle theme, though not highly original, is effective and the familiar, sentimental story is often really moving.

The tragic ending and absence of a dragged-in-by-the-hair love story shows that really fine stage

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. *Richard Barthelmess* *Neil Hamilton*

The Three Young Officers in "The Dawn Patrol"

plays like "Journey's End" are teaching Hollywood something in the way of good taste.

Richard Barthelmess, the star of the picture, is splendid as the heroic young captain, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives an earnest and very sympathetic portrayal of the young officer. Neil Hamilton as the original Flight Commander is good although he is inclined to overact.

The pictures of aerial warfare are thrilling—— brilliant camera work.

Cyril Maude, the distinguished actor in "Grumpy."

"A Man From Wyoming"

HERE is another war story. One that is very different from "The Dawn Patrol." "A Man from Wyoming" has a heroine who simply haunts the front line and is forever popping up in shell holes. It is all very improbable and silly and Gary Cooper, the personable star of the film, deserves a better vehicle.

"Anybody's War"

EVERYBODY'S war, apparently, for we are kept busy nowadays fighting it through the cinema. This version shows us the colored troops, chief among them Moran and Mack, "The Two Black Crows." After so many serious war pictures I rather looked forward to a comic one. War comedies can be done, as witness "The Better 'Ole," the play inspired by the Bairnsfather cartoons, and "Alf's Button," that hilarious and fantastically funny British picture that was shown in Canada about ten years ago. "Anybody's War," however, fails to click. The comedy is spread pretty thin and Moran and Mack seem to have lost their "first fine careless rapture." Moran's book, upon which the picture is based, had some amusing dialogue, but in film form the absence of dramatic situations is very noticeable and the action lags.

"Raffles"

THE plot of "Raffles" is so well-known through the stories by Hornung, the famous play and the silent screen version that it needs no re-telling. It has long been the classic model for all "gentleman crook" stories. The tale is pure melodrama, climatic and swift moving, and it is excellently played in this new talking picture.

Ronald Colman plays "the amateur cracksman" delightfully. And here let us add that Colman always has that combination rarely found on the screen: good looks, good acting, and the gift of humor. The "Raffles" role suits him perfectly. Kay Francis is a chic and sympathetic heroine, and Alison Skipworth does a very good piece of character acting as Lady Melrose. In fact, the whole cast is satisfactory. "Raffles" is excellent entertainment

"For the Defence"

AS ITS title suggests, the film treats of lawyers and courtrooms. Its chief character is a shyster lawyer, adept at all the tricks and wiles that can protect a criminal from justice. In this role William Powell is at his best. His work is quiet and finished and his diction is unusually fine. Kay Francis as the girl in the story matches Mr. Powell in suavity.

Although this picture takes its place in the very crowded ranks of underworld movies, and has a background of rackets and speakeasies, it is not blatant or noisy. In fact it moves along as quietly as a drawing room comedy. The plot is swift moving and well arranged for the screen.

'The Big House"

ONE of the most successful plays of last season in New York was "The Last Mile," a strong, realistic drama concerned with prison life and revolt. Now the cinema follows this stage play with "The Big House." This film has been hailed by many critics as one of the most distinguished of recent talking pictures. It is, indeed, tense and realistic, although I do not think it has the strength and courage of "The Last Mile." The photography throughout the picture is interesting, particularly that which leads up to the great riot in the prison; the scenes in the prison mess hall, and the sequence in the prison chapel when the prisoners, preparing for their attempt at freedom, pass their guns along as they kneel for the Lord's Prayer. The actual revolt, too, is very thrilling.

The picture is, however, considerably weakened by that great old Hollywood tradition that every film must have a love interest. I had thought that the success of "Journey's End," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "The Dawn Patrol" would have taught directors that a picture would bring very satisfactory commercial returns even if it did not include love scenes in a garden and a softly focussed fade-out of the lovers' embrace. But, alas! the directors of "The Big House" have cluttered their picture with a syrupy romance, illustrated by a series of banal love scenes.

Wallace Beery is very busy again being supremely evil. He is one of my favorite villains. Lewis Stone, whom I also admire, [Continued on page 39]

How Colgate's Penetrating Foam Cleans Teeth Two Ways

It does more than merely polish the surfaces. It washes out the impurities from tiny crevices, not reached by ordinary brushing.

DON'T be content with merely polishing the surface of your teeth . . . any toothpaste can do that. Surface polishing is only half-protection; danger lurks in the tiny crevices These must be cleansed.

Of course, Colgate's polishes tooth surfaces perfectly—but it does *more*. Its penetrating foam surges into the spaces between teeth and into the tiny fissures and washes out decaying particles from these danger spots where ordinary brushing can't reach.

This Colgate foam is unique. Scientific tests prove that it has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading toothpastes. This means highest cleansing power.

Thus, when you use Colgate's you get *double* results: teeth *polished* brilliantly, *plus* teeth *washed* thoroughly . . . a *complete* cleansing which gives *extra* protection. Don't be content with half-protection.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

For those who prefer a powder, Colgate's comes in this form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

* * *

WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot cure pyorrhea; cannot permanently correct acid mouth; cannot firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean* . . . any other claim is false and misleading. Self-medication is always dangerous . . . if you have any fears for the health of your teeth or gums, see your dentist at once!

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

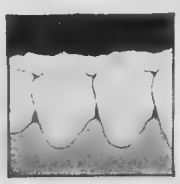
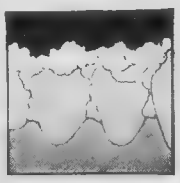


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

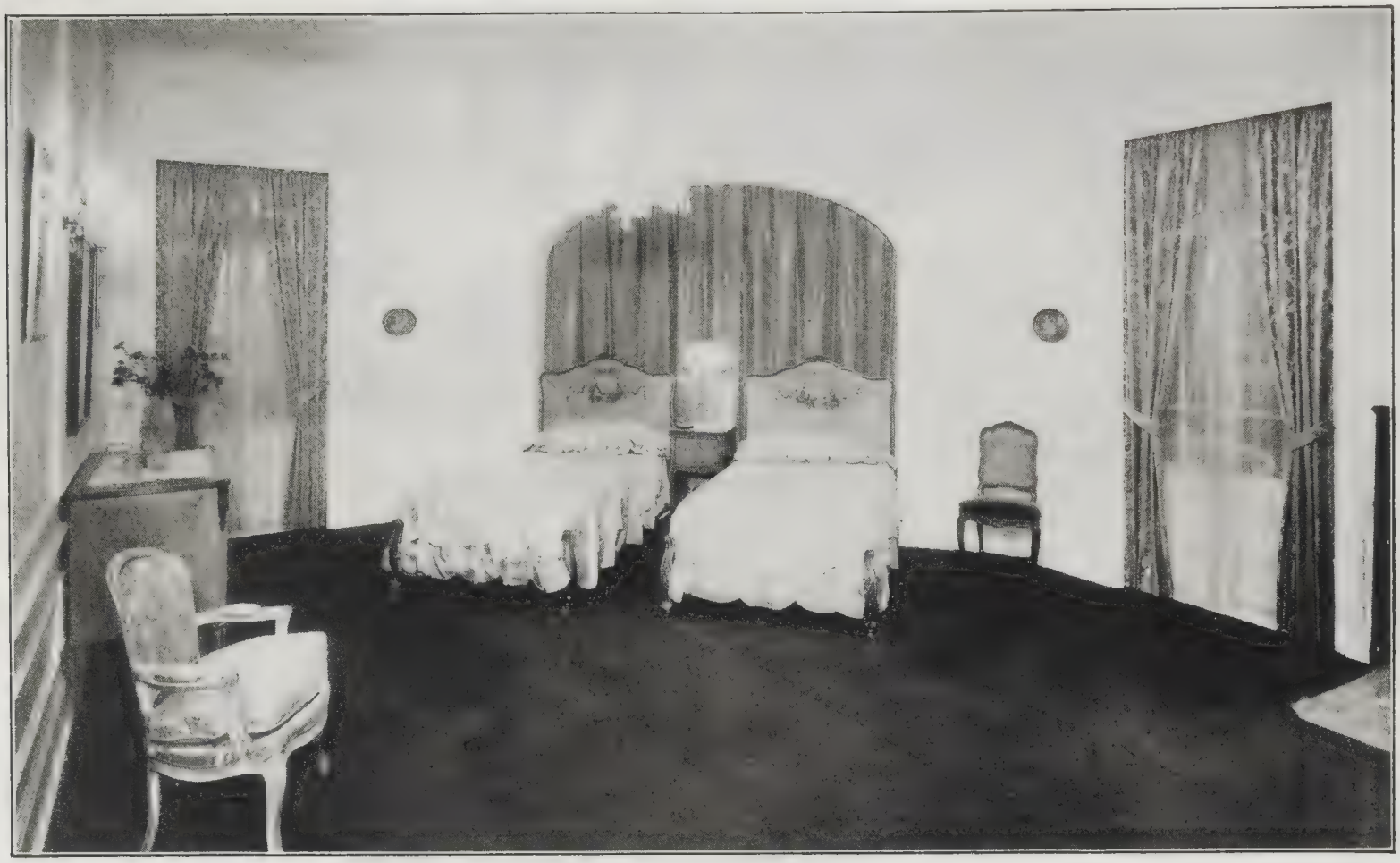


This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface - tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. 2096 , 64 Natalie St., Toronto 8. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name.....

Address.....



Today the dominant note, no matter what the style or cost of the room, is one of restfulness.

Where Rest is Paramount

The Bedroom Extravagant or Modest, Is Simple in Line

By Katherine M. Caldwell

RECENTLY, I have taken every opportunity to observe the newest notes in bedroom furnishing, as demonstrated by anyone who could produce something of interest. My list included the exquisite fancy productions of some truly successful expert decorators and some delightfully worked out rooms that had grown under the hands of their owners and very often showed much of that owner's personal work; I also examined in much detail, the newest bedroom furniture and furnishings that our manufacturers, importers and worth-while stores could show me.

The net result, so far as I personally was concerned, was that I wanted to turn around and furnish a whole house filled with bedrooms! I do not think that in all the history of sleeping under shelter, bedrooms have ever been so beautifully and so truly fitted for their purposes.

Whether it is a lovely thing of silks and satin-finished furniture or a simple whole made up of careful painting, inexpensive fabrics of fine color and design, and furniture of the simplest kind —the successful bedroom today will have these characteristics:

Its walls, whether painted or papered, will be of delicate color and innocent of any design which even a fevered eye could find worrisome.

The fabrics, rugs and even the furniture will blend into a really lovely color scheme — and more frequently than not, it will all be expressed in the tones and shades of a single color, with contrast introduced only in the merest details.

There will be no feeling of overcrowding or of fussiness. The too-frilly all-patternful bedroom, with its clustered (and often cluttered) appearance, has distinctily "gone out." The dominant note, no matter what the style or cost of the room, is today one of restfulness.

All of these points could scarcely be better demonstrated than in the bedroom illustrated at the top of this article, and its little combination dressing-room, which might just as readily be the fourth wall of the bedroom, for these were rooms planned, one might say, without a fourth side for display purposes. They belong to the group of furnished rooms shown by the Robert Simpson Company at the Canadian National Exhibition this year and aroused the enthusiastic admiration of all who crowded to see them (I shall have more to tell you of rooms shown at the Exhibition, for in my estimation there were never before so many exhibits of this kind that were so worthy of real study.)

In the room pictured, one of the favorite notes in recent furnishings is struck by the carpet. You will observe that it is a plain broadloom, carried right to the walls. Two very definite results arise from this treatment, in the room which it suits. One is to increase the apparent size of the room—this will always happen when any breaks in the line and color are avoided. The other is a certain feeling of richness that the allover rug gives.

The walls, outlined in well-balanced panels with a small wood moulding, are painted and are used with the utmost restraint so far as pictures are concerned. Crystal lights with candles flamed in small frosted bulbs.

Just now, there is a strong liking for the use of a full-draped fabric curtain as a background for the bed—varied often by the use of a flatly-hung patterned fabric. In this case, gleaming taffeta, shirred very full, falls at the back of a shallow alcove into which the heads of two beds and the little table between them fit snugly. The beds and the accompanying piece of furniture are enamelled and are decorated in the French manner.

Now I want to draw your attention particularly to the beautiful balance of plain and patterned surfaces in this room. You will observe that the plain surfaces are far in excess of those which show design—in fact, the latter appears only in the dignified long curtains of brocade, the one brocade chair and dressing-table stool; the chaise longue and attractive little arm-chair show a very small motif scattered over the plain silk. For the rest, the furnishings themselves supply the decorative note—their line, design and color. Even lamp-shades are for the most part plain. The result is a room which is undoubtedly very rich in tone, highly developed in treatment—but with all, it retains a certain feeling of simplicity, a cool exquisiteness, that expresses quite the best in bedroom furnishing today.

The details here are very charming, and are capable of wide application, for one could adapt them in many ways.

You will observe that there is a chest of drawers in the bedroom which is about the size of the usual bureau. Above it hangs, quite free, a [Continued on page 58]

The little combination dressing-room, which might just as readily be the fourth wall of the bedroom.

DOMINION INLAID LINOLEUM

Design illustrated is Dominion Marble Tile Inlaid Linoleum No. 7616, available in one other colouring, No. 7615.

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM CO. LIMITED · MONTREAL · MADE IN CANADA

Made in Canada by the makers of the famous Dominion Battleship Linoleum

YOUR Bedroom Beautiful

PLAN it for the many hours you spend in it. Attune it to night and morning moods. Let its dominating note be one of restful cosy comfort . . . with an underlying hint of cheery brightness. Start with the floor . . . choosing from the colourful array of Dominion Inlaid Linoleum designs.

No floor could be more distinguished nor give greater decorative scope.

Permanent because inlaid, wonderfully clean and easy to keep clean, Dominion Inlaid Linoleum with its lovely soft lustre Domolac Finish is an ideal floor for any room. Quick and easy to lay. Odourless. Moderately priced.

OTHER BEAUTIFUL DOMINION FLOORS

Dominion Printed Linoleum and Dominion Linoleum Rugs offer lovely and appropriate designs for every room. Durable, practical, work-saving and sold, of course, at popular prices.

At House Furnishing, Departmental and General Stores

The Same Fine Car Through Every Season

The New Three-window Fordor Sedan

At this season of the year, as autumn prepares to bid adieu, it is good to know that the new Ford is fully prepared to meet the sterner needs of winter driving. . . . Cold weather emphasizes the value of its simplicity of design and its trustworthy performance under all conditions. There is an enduring quality, too, in its exterior finish. « « « « « « « « « «

The pyroxylin lacquer is not affected by cold, or the usual hazards of snow or water. The Rustless Steel used for the radiator shell, hub caps, cowl finish strip, and other exterior metal parts is an additional assurance of permanent beauty. . . . With reasonable care the new Ford will maintain its original sheen and brilliance for a long period. Mechanically it has been made to give you many thousands of miles of comfortable, satisfactory motoring at a very low cost per mile. « « « « « « « «

Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited

"The Canadian Car"

Banff Highland Gathering

By Leodhasach

Chief Lone Walker of the Stony Indian tribe compares the pipes with his favorite tom-tom, while Pipe-Major Gillies of Vancouver looks on.

Willie Campbell, for ten years piper to Queen Victoria, carries off the first Pibaireachd honors.

Lieutenant Governor Bruce of British Columbia, a great Scottish sports enthusiast, is accompanied by his niece, Miss Edith Mackenzie of Edinburgh.

THERE is something of romantic justice in the mere fact that upwards of fifteen thousand enthusiastic folk from all parts of the Dominion, the land south of the Forty-ninth parallel, and the islands beyond the sea, foregathered once again in the most picturesque spot in the Canadian Rockies, to demonstrate by song and terpsichore and feats of personal prowess the unquenchable patriotism, inherent poetry and spiritual vigor of the Scottish race.

Poetically fitting, one might add, that the colorful spectacle of this gathering of the clans should have unfolded amidst those mountains whose austere grandeur so oppresses little souls but inspires the adventurous and the visionary; fitting truly, for who that loves this land can forget the Scotsman's contribution or doubt that only a people tempered to read a deified message in the harsh contours of their native hills had braved the rigors of the early Canadian wilderness and wooed it to the common weal. And, for all the wide contrast between this gay holiday conclave and the solemn assemblies of the hill-worshiping Covenanters of old, one felt that here, too, a challenge was sounded to all that is best and treasurable in human achievement. One felt it in the haunting sweetness of old folk-songs, in the gestures of ancient dances, the fire of olden sport — it literally overwhelmed one in the sounding of the pipes!

Significant surely this spontaneous rallying to the old arts, the soft Gaelic speech and the ancient traditions. And no less pertinent to the growing manhood of Canada were the games reminiscent of Olympian sportsmanship where high-heartedness and good will rather than mercenary speculation spurred on the competitors. It is safe to say that never a dull moment darkened the athletic field and best to admit forthwith that any description of such a bewildering number of contests must be foredoomed to failure. What with trying to visualize the Tug-of-war (without cleats), the quoiting, tossing the caber—which it would seem is a pastime descended from giants — and the heavyweight events, such as putting the shot, throwing the hammer, an alarming fanfare making one think that the Thor of the Hebrideans was back to earth tormenting the mountain echoes; the racing and jumping and pole-vaulting — all must terminate in the cheerful conviction that to enumerate were folly since it must rob the incredulous of breath and the envious of all future peace!

To go on: How then shall one proceed to describe the seventy pipers contesting their skill in rendering Scotland's national music — the Piobaireachd, the Strathspeys and Reels; how convey even faintly the haunting grandeur of the Regimental Marches re-echoing through the mountain-girded valley of the Bow? Certainly no one will ever forget the parades of the massed Pipers, so replete with the splendors of a more dignified age. And, as if to further cement past and present, the homeland and the Dominion, there were the visiting pipers of Edinburgh representing the Royal Scots Regiment, which historic body enacted so many dramatic roles on the stage of past history. Not always satisfied with the restricted opportunities of their beloved glens, it is true, preferring on occasion to invest their roving energies in a land fabled for fruits and wines and other given sweeter treasures! And speaking of treasures (may the gentleman forgive the frivolous sequence) reminds one of that master of Piobaireachd art, Willie Campbell, who for ten years was piper to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and whose kindly reminiscences are so full of exalted memories of that good Queen, always appreciative of bagpipe music. Mr. Campbell demonstrated to perfection what skill, sentiment and delicacy of execution can wring from the pipes.

But to go on tabulating all the artists and personages who distinguished this unique gathering would entail a lengthy catalogue. Inadequate though it be one must bridge the difficulty by merely stressing the obvious interest and sympathetic support evinced by the governors of the Western Provinces, dignitaries of church and state, leaders in industry and education, not forgetting the journalist and author or the thousand artisans whose love of Scotland is the compelling force in life.

How rich and abundant that life is, becomes clear in trying to recapture even a fraction of the diversified talents displayed. In terpsichore and song, in dramatic art and athletic feats—what you will—everything was spontaneous and indigenous to Scottish culture. Even the little dancers doing honors to the native heath though generations removed in all but spirit!

Lieutenant Governor Egbert of Alberta presenting Pipe-Major Stephen Mackinnon, of the Canadian National Pipe Band, Montreal, with the military cup.

ONE comes, then, as in orderly sequence, through this mention of a surviving bond of spiritual contacts to the music festival itself. Surely no one doubts the specific part folk-songs play in keeping hearts tender and true and attuned to essential principles. Or, if such doubt existed, it must have perished quickly under the magic spell of the delightful programmes rendered with such delicacy and perfection under the able supervision of Mr. Eustace Key. And inspired, we like to believe, by the quiet enthusiasm and genuine ability of the self-effacing gentleman who made these festivals possible, Mr. Murray Gibbon.

All four evening concerts must live on in the memories of those who were privileged to attend them and more especially the Scottish and Gaelic musical selections adjudicated over by Mr. J. Campbell [Continued on page 59]

The Whole when Poisons Collect

Dr. Georges Rosenthal

RIGHT

The celebrated president of the Société Thérapeutique of Paris explains how poisons form in the intestines when contaminating food wastes are allowed to accumulate there. These poisons circulate throughout the entire body. Health and vigor are seriously impaired.

"Keep the digestive and intestinal tract clean with fresh yeast," Dr. Rosenthal says, "and your health will improve."

Dr. Maurice Delort

LEFT

Considered Europe's greatest stomach and intestinal specialist, Dr. Delort is the famous author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."

"It is through the digestive tract," he says, "that many infections find their way into the system.

"Yeast," he explains, "stimulates the stomach and intestines . . . acts as a body cleanser and a tonic."

Read what they say about a simple food that keeps intestines active, clean!

Are you worried about your health? About the way you feel?

Do you tire easily, sleep poorly? Are you subject to headaches, skin eruptions, indigestion?

Then nine chances out of ten, doctors say, you are suffering from one of the commonest troubles of modern life . . . "intestinal fatigue."

This condition is dangerous. For your body draws its nourishment from the intestinal tract. When intestines become sluggish, poisons collect. Your blood is polluted. Health fades. You are half-well—*half-sick!*

Wouldn't you like to be rid of this condition . . . free to enjoy life at its richest and best?

Then read what two of Europe's greatest physicians advise . . . two men who have spent a large part of their lives in the study of this very trouble.

Tell how Yeast Purifies the System

One of them is Dr. Rosenthal, of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, a Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of France and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

"Poisons that form in the intestines," Dr. Rosenthal says, "penetrate into the blood and affect the whole body . . . Fresh yeast cleanses the intestinal tract . . . corrects constipation and indigestion . . . tones up the whole system.

"Coated tongue, bad breath . . . headaches, pimples, etc., clear up when yeast is used."

Now listen to another great French authority—Dr. Delort, of the St. Michel Hospital. He says:

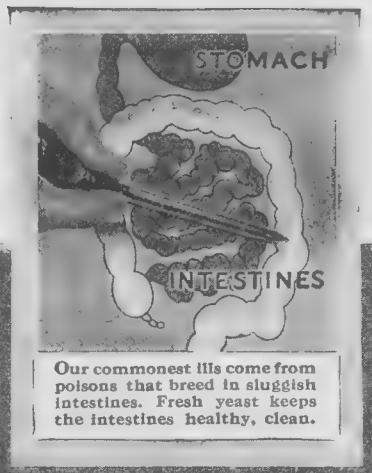
"Yeast stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the movements of both stomach and intestines. It is effective, harmless."

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, is just a fresh, pure product of Nature—a *food*, which softens accumulated body wastes and actually tones up the "tired" intestinal muscles.

Naturally, when contaminating poisons are cleared away, normal digestion sets in. Appetite picks up. Skin eruptions vanish. You face life

Not a "Cure-all". . . Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is a Health Food that thousands eat three

System Suffers Here_



Our commonest ills come from poisons that breed in sluggish intestines. Fresh yeast keeps the intestines healthy, clean.

explain these noted Paris Specialists

with new energy, new confidence . . . and a smile!

Don't you owe it to yourself to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial? Just eat 3 cakes a day, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (hot or cold), or any way you like. Every cake is rich in the indispensable vitamins B, G and D. Get a supply today! At grocers', restaurants, drug stores and soda fountains.

For free booklet on Yeast for Health write Standard Brands Ltd., Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

WHAT OTHER GREAT DOCTORS SAY:—

Prof. Dr. Martin Mendelsohn, of Berlin, physician to many famous personages, declares: "Constipation undermines the whole system. Fresh yeast corrects constipation by stimulating the wave-like motions of the intestines."

Dr. Paul Gerber, specialist in internal medicine of Vienna's great Rainer Hospital, explains: "Fresh yeast keeps the whole intestinal tract active and clean . . . checks the formation and spread of poisons . . . helps renew energy."

times every day . . . . regularly

Their Experiences Illustrate What Great Doctors Say

(*Below*) "I had been overworking," *writes* Mr. Albert Rogell *of Los Angeles.* "My health gave way and I developed indigestion. I used to go home armed with bottles and pills. One day my mother suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. It relieved the indigestion and helped me sleep. Today I'm in perfect condition."

(*Below*) "My appetite was practically gone and I was bothered with indigestion," *writes* Mrs. Maebelle Thompson *of Winnipeg, Man.* "My skin was in poor condition, too. My doctor suggested Fleischmann's Yeast to clear up my system. Soon I was looking and feeling better. My energy and appetite returned.

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada by Canadians

world leadership due to better performance of

Champion

the better spark plug

Champion Spark Plugs have for years enjoyed the proud privilege of world leadership. This is evidenced by the fact that they excel and outsell wherever spark plugs are used.

A universal preference for any product can only be built upon unmistakable superiority. The universal acceptance accorded Champions is due to one thing, and *one thing only*—the better performance which Champions bring to every engine.

This better performance, in turn, is the result of superiorities in materials, design and construction that cannot be duplicated, and which Champion maintains by keeping always in advance of engineering demands.

Every day in the year, every facility of the Champion plants, and the entire energies of its personnel, are wholly devoted to producing the finest spark plugs that ingenuity and money can build.

Once you have enjoyed Champions' better performance, nothing less will satisfy you. To install a new set at least every year—though they will function indefinitely—is the economic way to better the performance of cars, trucks, tractors and stationary engines, alike.

All engine manufacturers recommend this. Millions of farm owners also have learned its efficacy, for they know that the new Champions more than save their cost in less gas and oil alone.

You can rely on Champions. Their better performance has won them world leadership. Dealers everywhere to serve you.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
WINDSOR ONTARIO

A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT

Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Work Your Plan

PLANNING and studying are very necessary, but after the planning and after the studying must follow the work. The picture of the impractical student is clearly drawn by Arnold Bennett who, in the following passages, shows that study is not an end but a means.

A certain man, having bought a large, elaborate and complete manual of carpentry, studied it daily with much diligence and regularity. Now there were no cupboards in his house; his dining-table consisted of an arrangement of orange boxes, and he had scarcely a chair that was not a menace to the existence of the person who sat upon it. When asked why he did not set to work and, by applying the principles of his manual, endeavor to improve the conditions of his life and the lives of his wife and children, he replied that he was a student, and he plunged more deeply than ever into the manual of carpentry

. . .

Study is not an end but a means. I should blush to write down such a platitude, did I not know by experience that the majority of readers constantly ignore it. The man who pores over a manual of carpentry and does naught else is a fool. But every book is a manual of carpentry, and every man who pores over any book whatever, and does naught else with it, is deserving of an abusive epithet.

What is the object of reading unless something definite comes of it? You would be better advised to play billiards. Where is the sense of reading history if you do not obtain from it a clearer insight into actual politics and render yourself less liable to be duped by the rhetoric of party propaganda? Where is the sense of reading morals unless your own are improved? Where is the sense of reading biography unless it is going to affect what people will say about you after your funeral? Where is the sense of reading poetry and fiction unless you see more beauty, more passion, more scope for your sympathy, than you saw before.

The Higher Life

LEADERS of Bible classes who are planning new courses on their return from the holidays, will be interested in some of the latest publications of Messrs. Pickering & Inglis, 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, Scotland. These books are suitable for both junior and senior branches. In the junior groups will be found a variety of titles, including some very delightful and wholesome stories for young people. For the senior groups, recent titles of interest are The Gospel of the Bible, by W. E. Vine, M.A., The Inspiration and Accuracy of the Holy Scriptures, by John Urquhart, a well known Bible scholar, and Twenty-one Difficult Texts in the Bible, by Ernest Barker. Class leaders who communicate with the publishers will no doubt be able to find ample class material from their extensive lists. Leaders will also find current instruction materials in the weekly and monthly publications of the publishers.

School or Work?

CORRESPONDENCE in recent issues has been in relation to the question of leaving school to search for work, but the letter that follows deals with the question of a youth who has actually had a position offered to him and is undecided in the matter:

My dear Nephew:

Your mother writes me that you have finished your grammar school course and that you are now undecided whether to take a high school course or to accept a position in the bank. It is not often that I advise people what to do, but I feel that I ought to let you know just what I think about this matter.

If I were you, I would continue with my school work by all means. As a rule, it pays a young man to get all the education possible, and if you accept a position now it is likely that you will never take up school work again. I am well aware that many uneducated people succeed in business, but you must remember that mere business success is not all there is to life. I believe that a well educated person gets much more real enjoyment out of life than does a person who has little or no education.

A good education opens up many fields to you, both as regards happiness and as regards success in business; and, if you stop now, I am afraid you will regret it in after years. I often hear people say they wish they had more education, but I do not remember of having heard anyone say that he wished he had less.

Remember, you have all your life to work and make money, but now is the only time that you can get an education. I trust I shall hear that you have decided to take my advice.

Your affectionate uncle.

Two Sides

IF YOU have not yet realized that there are at least two sides to any question, the following paragraphs prepared in connection with a debate will put the situation clearly:

(a) Examinations in the high schools should be abolished. Examinations are not a test of real ability but are a few selected questions of which anyone might not be able to answer enough to reach the required per cent, and yet have a good general knowledge of the subject. Examinations rack the nerves and thus cause physical distress to pupils which prevents them from doing as good work as they are ordinarily able to accomplish. It is possibe to collect enough information just before an examination to pass it and this does not seem just to the pupil who has conscientiously prepared his work day by day.

(b) Examinations in the high schools should not be abolished. Examinations are a good test of the ability of the student. There is no other way of finding out definitely whether the pupil has completed the work assigned or not. The examination is an effective way of allowing the pupil to see for himself whether he is deficient or not, and wherein that deficiency lies. The examination also shows the teacher what part of the teaching needs reinforcement, wherein there has been failure to make suitable impressions, and how mistakes in both may be corrected.

Vocational Analysis

KNOWLEDGE about a vocation is important, but knowledge about oneself is equally important. The one kind of information is not of very great value without the other. Before it is possible to select a vocation wisely it is necessary to know what the nature of the work is, conditions under which workers have to perform their duties, income, kind of special abilities required, advantages and disadvantages. Also it is very important to know our physical and mental abilities, our special interests and aptitudes, character traits, and other assets and handicaps, in order to estimate whether the vocation in which we are most interested will give us a chance to apply ourselves to the best advantage.

To be interested in something is to think of it as so worth-while that we would enjoy examining it, handling it, or working with it. We are much more likely to excel in activities in which we are interested than in activities to which we are more or less indifferent. That is why it is necessary for us to think of the kinds of things and the types of activity in which we are especially interested, when we are trying to select a vocation.—W. M. Proctor.

"When women use the wrong soap my work is doubly difficult . . . *I certainly recommend Palmolive*"

says

DR. N. G. PAYOT

Parisian Beauty Expert

Graduate of the University of Lausanne

"Beware of soaps that harm the skin. Beware of free alkali, caustic soda, harmful irritants in soap. Ordinary soaps may irritate your skin. You can use Palmolive without risk because it is an absolutely pure soap."

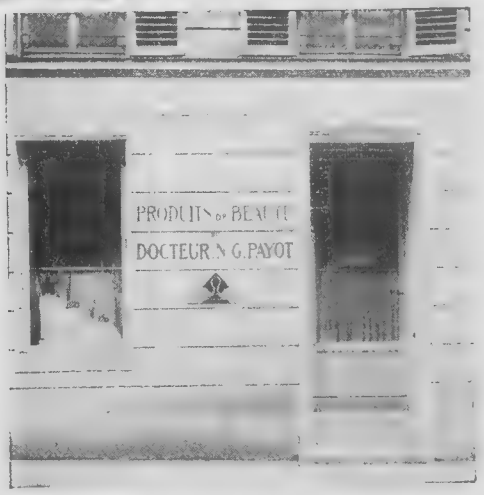
Dr. N. G. Payot

12 Rue Richepanse, Paris

Mme. N. G. Payot finds that Palmolive Soap complements her own "physical culture of the face" and her good preparations in keeping skin lovely.

"WHEN women use the wrong kind of soap, my work as a beauty expert is doubly difficult. The woman who wants to help her beautician must use a soap which offers every guarantee of purity. I can certainly recommend Palmolive Soap because it is one of the purest," says Dr. N. G. Payot, Parisian beauty specialist to the elite.

"Vegetable oils have a most delightful effect on the skin. It is the palm and olive oils in Palmolive Soap which, blended artfully, give a smooth, rich lather, which is most beneficial."



Dr. Payot's booklet, "Physical Culture of the Face," tells how to use her Cream No. 1, Lotion No. 1 and Lotion No. 2 in the special Payot exercises for which she is so famous.

You have probably heard of Mme. N. G. Payot

Certainly, if you have been to Paris, you know the smart salon of Mme. N. G. Payot. And in this country you no doubt know her reputation as a beauty expert.

Many of our own specialists have studied with her abroad and they, too, recommend Palmolive Soap to combat the countless dangers that threaten complexion beauty. There are more than 23,720 specialists who advise daily treatments with this vegetable oil soap.

This is the twice-a-day home treatment advised by thousands of celebrated beauty shops: make an abundant lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage this gently into the skin of face and throat. As you rinse it off you can feel the impurities being carried away. Finish with an ice-cold rinse in the morning. Get into the habit of using Palmolive for the bath, too. Millions already do, on expert advice.

No dye, no heavily perfumed soap

Palmolive is a pure soap . . . made of vegetable oils. Its color is the natural color of palm and olive oils. Its natural odor requires the addition of no heavy perfumes.

A soap that touches your face *must be pure.* Use Palmolive, on experts' advice, and feel safe, feel sure you are using the best protection against skin irritation.

5197 A

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m Central time; 7:30 to 8:30p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

When Dull Film Covers Teeth

Smiles lose fascination

Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.

CONSTANTLY new theories are advanced as to the cause of tooth decay. Some authorities say it's germs. Others believe it's faulty diet. And the rest hold it a combination of the two.

But one thing is positively known: wherever trouble and decay appear, *germs are always present*. Thus ridding teeth and gums of germs is the first thing one must do to keep teeth strong and healthy.

Germs live in film

Your teeth are covered by a stubborn, clinging film. In it—tightly glued in contact with the teeth—are the germs that cause decay and other troubles. Your protection lies in never failing to remove that film from teeth each day.

Film ruins the appearance of the teeth by absorbing stains from food and smoking . . . how many times have you noted these dark discolorations on enamel?

The sure way to remove this dangerous film is with Pepsodent, as that is the sole purpose for which Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Have lovely, sparkling teeth! Be safe! Use Pepsodent, for no other way can equal its effectiveness.

* * *

Amos 'n' Andy The most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:30 p. m., Mountain time. 8:30 p. m., Pacific time.

Do These 3 Things
to have strong, healthy teeth

1. Follow this diet daily:
one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. 1 qt. of milk and other food to suit the taste.

2. Use Pepsodent twice every day.

3. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent —the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program.

Beyond the Law

Continued from page 9

one place, fifty yards farther down — where the same footprints had tried to scramble up a high bank of snow and slipped back to the level ice again. And here, where the snow was softer, there were two sets of prints, one of which was set in webs. Of this he was certain, though Johnson had made no note of it.

By this time it was snowing heavily, and though he finally found the spot where the careful retreat over the ice had become flight, he lost the trail in soft new drifts. However, it was not difficult to reconstruct the rest of it. A dog-train must have been waiting somewhere near; and the usual trail for such teams was scarcely twenty yards from the place where he finally lost the tracks. The person, woman or boy, who had made the smaller prints in the snow, must have had help near at hand, help that came over the ice of the river. No one but a Cree would have had the hardihood to face alone and afoot the wilderness that lay between this place and the nearest settlement.

"If Nicky Creuse seems to be the only suspect, bring him in."

O'Hara smiled grimly. He turned back now upon his tracks. The wind, which had been rising steadily for the last hour, was blowing a gale from the northeast, and the snow drove in his face, almost blinding him. Farther search would be fruitless. It was lucky that he had saved Gharian's cabin until the last, for he could take shelter there now and pursue investigations at his leisure.

Strong as he was, he had to battle with the tempest as he turned in the direction of the cabin, guided more by instinct than by sight. He was in a white world that was turning gray; it was all gray, and full of fantastic shadows and piercing, terrible cold, when he stumbled up the last drift and saw suddenly a thing that brought him to a stand in sheer amazement. A light shone keenly in the gathering gloom, the eternal twilight of the Arctic winter—a light in Gharian's deserted cabin!

O'Hara stood staring at it. Until now —save for one moment when he recalled the sensation of premonition—he had believed himself alone in the wilderness; yet someone must have been before him, and, in the storm, found shelter in the house. A thin curtain was drawn across the window.

Through its filmy folds he could see a lamp on the table. There is a strange fatality that draws a murderer back to the scene of his crime, and O'Hara knew it. Something keen and merciless leaped up in his stern eyes, he felt quickly for the holster of his pistol, loosened it, and strode through the driving snow up to the closed door of the cabin. The howling wind must have made his first summons a puny sound, but he put his shoulder against the door and, using his full strength, broke the feeble fastenings. It banged open.

At first the sudden rush of light blinded his eyes. Then he saw a face, white and startled, wide eyes, a tremulous mouth. The woman he had seen sitting apart from the fiddlers at French Pete's!

FOR a long moment they stared thus at each other, and he saw her trembling hands clasped close against her bosom as if to still a tumultuous beating of her heart; but she uttered no sound, and, after that first start of terror, did not blench. O'Hara turned and shut the door, finding a rusty bolt which, after some fumbling, held against the wind. A moment later he had divested himself of the heavy coat which hid his uniform, shaken off the snow and ice, and stood before the primitive stone fireplace that Gharian had built when the cabin was new. A few logs were burning there now under a smother of charred papers. The sergeant stooped, picked up the tongs and tried to rescue one half-burnt piece, but the flame was too quick for him and licked it up. He straightened up, facing the woman. All this while she had neither moved nor spoken, and her eyes met his steadily.

"You've been burning papers here!" he accused harshly. "You had no right to burn anything in this house!"

She caught her breath and her white face glowed with a sudden flush that made it beautiful. "I had a right, M'sieur Police," she replied in a low voice. "I'm Gharian's wife."

O'Hara nodded. He felt a strange tightening in his throat, but his words were sharp. "I know. You took the train north that night—after Gharian and Ninon Creuse were buried at the post."

She started at that, but met his eyes bravely. "I was at my husband's funeral, m'sieur."

"You were aware your husband loved the nurse, and yet you came—a long way just to attend his funeral, Mrs. Gharian?" His tone was grave now, though it held an edge of disbelief.

She raised her head proudly. "You're wrong, M'sieur Police. I came north to visit my child's grave!" As she spoke she lifted one hand with a poignant gesture toward the window. Even in the whirl of snow it seemed to O'Hara that he saw the little black cross which he knew was there. But the woman's eyes were clear now as she added coldly: "Of my husband—I will not talk of him; he is dead!"

There was a thrill in her voice, passion in it; for an instant she lost her marvellous self-control and her face quivered in a new, unguarded loveliness. O'Hara, indefatigable tracker of the barrens, man called efficient, deadly and soulless, experienced the surge of a curiously foreign impulse to spare her, to shield her even from herself! But the merciless instinct of his kind made him thrust his hand into his pocket and draw out a blood-stained paper.

"There's his last letter to Ninon Creuse, the girl who lost her life because of coming through this frozen wilderness to nurse him in his fever."

Laure Gharian turned deathly pale. She scarcely seemed to breathe, and her profile was like a white cameo against the flamelight of the hearth. For the briefest moment she faltered and shrank away from the blood-stained letter. Then she seemed to nerve herself for the ordeal, put out an unsteady hand, took the paper and, moving to the fire, averted her face from O'Hara while she read it.

O'Hara could only see the perfect arch of her brow and hair, its rich tints and the supple grace of her slender figure—the figure of a girl rather than a woman. But he could see that her emotion was shaking her now from head to foot. Involuntarily he turned away and glanced about the room that he had never seen before.

It was a bare place, devoid of any womanly touch except the curtain across the window. An old violin lay on a bench in the corner, and the sergeant suddenly remembered that he had once heard the dead man play wonderfully well, with a touch that only love of music gives. There were a few worn books, well thumbed, on the shelf, and a woman's coat and furs lay on the heavy chair that helped barricade the door into the only other room, the bedroom of the cabin. It was closed, and against it were piled all the miscellaneous articles in the place. The door opened toward them and was bolted, the fastening being reinforced by this strange barricade.

O'Hara stared at it in amazement. That a woman might shrink from the cabin where her murdered husband had spent his last hours was not unnatural, but that she should come there alone, in this terrible weather, face the hardships and horror of it, to barricade one room against herself, was a new and strange development. He still was staring at it when he heard her voice again, tremulous and sweet.

"The letter is a little pitiful—but it's not like him!"

"You claim, then, that your husband never wrote it?"

Beyond the Law

Continued from page 34

She turned and faced him, her eyes dark with feeling. "He wrote it, but he never meant it! He—ah, how he could write, m'sieur! But this girl——?"

As she spoke she turned to fling the letter into the fire but O'Hara caught her hand and recovered it. Brought into contact thus, her face flushing with sudden anger against the man who had wronged her, and her warm wrist quivering in the sergeant's grip, he all but lost his head. Words rushed to his lips, foolish words of sympathy, which would have left him disarmed against this woman. Then he snatched the paper from her and retreated across the room, furious. Was he going to let this Circe be his ruin?

He turned on her cruelly. "You've no need to blame the girl; the fault was Gharian's. He'd made love to her; he admits it."

She faced him defiantly, her face still flushed and that wonderful light in her eyes. "Oh, the fault never is altogether the man's, m'sieur! You see, even in the grip of fever, he remembered how he had treated his wife."

"The cry of a guilty conscience, madame," O'Hara flashed back at her. "He had pursued this girl so openly that her brother shot him. She was a trained nurse, doing her best to help the sick, and didn't know he was married until she heard it from him. He never spoke of a wife!"

She faced him, proudly still, but the color ran out of her face and left it white. "He forgot me, m'sieur; that was easy! But—" she turned with that poignant gesture and pointed again toward the window. "There's a little black cross out there—alone and desolate. How could he forget that? Oh, mon Dieu, that I can't forgive!" Her voice broke. She hid her face in her hands.

O'Hara felt again that inexplicable dangerous rush of sympathy, but he held himself in hand. It was his business to try her, to probe the wound until he got the truth. "He was to blame, madame, I admit it; but the girl, the nurse, her end was pitiful, unjustified. You know that; she was innocent."

"Innocent?" she cried, all woman in her anger against the other woman, her voice rising with sudden penetrating passion. "No, no, m'sieur, she knew when she came here to care for him! She knew it all! She saw that little cross! I, Jean Gharian's wife, am not afraid to tell the truth; she knew what he was!"

Suddenly a sound sharper than the wind shook the little cabin. The door of the inner room rocked under the rain of blows upon it. The sergeant turned quickly on the woman, "Whom have you there?"

"I found a young man here, m'sieur, searching my dead husband's room. I locked him in. There's no window, so he's safe unless he breaks down the door."

"Do you know who he is?"

She shook her head. "No, but I am certain he has no right here."

Again the pounding shook the door and a voice called upon the police for help. O'Hara flung aside the barricade, undid the bolt and the door fell open. A youth, blinded by the sudden flood of light after the darkness of his prison, almost staggered into the room, straightened himself, and stared furiously at his liberator and the woman. He wore the rough dress of the voyageur, his shirt was open at the throat, his disheveled black hair hanging down over his wild eyes, and his face distorted with passionate anger.

"You, you she-devil!" he cried, panting, his gaze fixed on Laure Gharian.

But it was the sergeant who answered him, cold of voice. "So, you're here, Nicky Creuse. I don't have to search for you."

As he spoke Laure caught his arm with a shaking hand. "Is that Creuse—her brother?" she whispered.

The young man heard, and stretching out his hand, he shook his finger in her face. "Yes!" he cried huskily. "I'm Nicky Creuse, the brother of the girl you've dared to malign tonight! You murdered her, you! O'Hara," he panted, catching his breath, "I accuse this woman of the murder of my sister and Gharian!"

INVOLUNTARILY Laure shrank toward O'Hara. There was mute appeal in the hand that caught at his sleeve and held it. Yet it was she who answered Nicky's accusation. "You don't know me," she said in her low voice. "You've never seen me in your life before! How dare you make this awful charge?"

"I know you. I heard you tell O'Hara. You're Gharian's wife!" Nicky grated fiercely, his accusing finger still pursuing her. "No one in the world but a jealous woman would have killed my sister. You're the kind to be mad with jealousy. You did it!"

Laure Gharian shrank farther back, using the sergeant as a shield, her trembling hands busy with his sleeve. "He's mad," she whispered with white lips, "quite mad! Take him away; he'll kill me!"

The young man answered with derisive laughter. "Mad? I'm not mad. She's guilty! Look at her, O'Hara; she's guilty!"

"Stand back, Creuse," said the sergeant sharply, "and leave Mrs. Gharian to me. You've something to answer for, yourself. How did you come here? What are you doing here in Gharian's house? Why were you absent from your sister's funeral—to be here?"

Young Creuse drew back, panting, fury in his eyes. "She's got you and she'll break you!" he sneered. "Oh, she's beautiful, she's the kind to plead off and let an innocent man hang for her!"

Laure's trembling hands still held O'Hara's sleeve.

"He'll kill me," she whispered. "I can see it in his eyes. Don't let him kill me!"

Creuse heard her and gave her a scornful look. "So, you're afraid you'll get your just deserts, are you?"

O'Hara made an impatient movement, his hand dropping involuntarily on the holster of his pistol. "Answer me, Creuse," he demanded sharply. "What brought you here?"

The young man lowered his head, casting another fierce glance at the woman from under scowling brows. "I came here to find a clue to my sister's death, to hunt down her murderer. I knew I'd find something here!" he cried bitterly. "And I did; I found her! Do your duty, O'Hara, arrest her. I charge her with my sister's death."

"On the contrary, I have my orders to arrest you, Nicky Creuse," the sergeant replied cooly. "You're charged with the murder of Gharian and your sister."

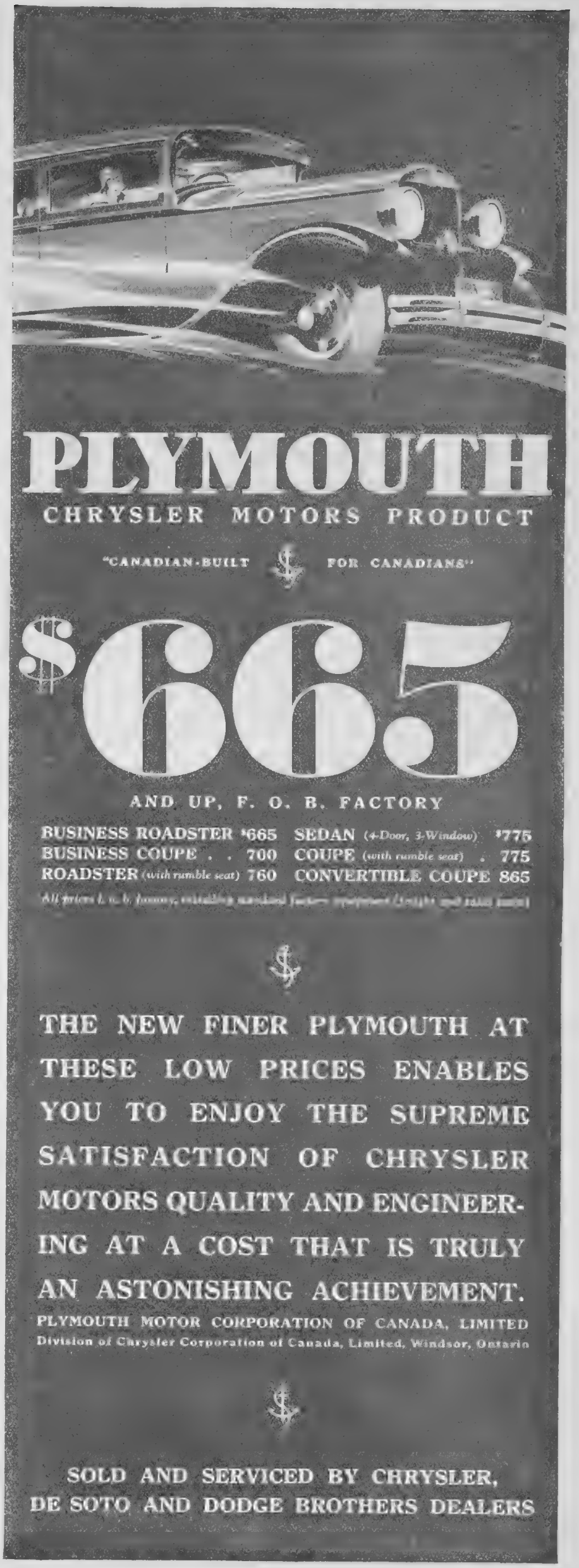
"I, charged with their murder?" Nicky cried furiously. "Bosh and claptrap! It's a foul invention of yours to shield this woman!" As he spoke he took a step backward, facing Laure, and his hand went to his hip.

Instantly, O'Hara's pistol was at his breast. "Up with your hands! None of that!" he said sharply.

"Oh, you'll find two guns!" Nicky sneered as the sergeant's free hand searched quickly.

O'Hara put the big one in his pocket, the smaller one he held in his hand, examining it, then he looked up at the younger man and laughed harshly. "The twenty-five automatic that did the deed, two chambers empty! A clumsy piece of work to get caught with the goods on you, Creuse."

Nicky drew back scornfully, measuring his accuser from head to foot with flashing eyes, his French blood boiling in rage. "You're a great detective! I found that gun here when I came—just where she'd hidden it!" [Con. on page 36]



Small wonder that sister claps her hands—that Dad and Jimmy grin when Mother brings in the stew.

For OXO adds a new meaning—a savoury relish to this inexpensive, old-fashioned delicacy.

Meaty richness—nourishment—real prime beef flavour that is concentrated in every Oxo Cube add zest to stews, gravies, soups and "left-overs"—give economy a happy meaning for the whole family.

126

OXO CUBES

Beyond the Law

Continued from page 35

Again his accusing finger was shaken in Laure's face, but she said nothing, only her beautiful eyes were fixed on the pistol with horror in their look.

O'Hara pocketed the weapon. "You'd better be quiet, Creuse. You're under arrest; I wouldn't advise you to talk. We can't start in this storm tonight, Mrs. Gharian, so we must trespass upon your hospitality. Tomorrow, if it holds up, my Cree will be here with the dogs. Tonight——" He glanced about him, wondering if there was any food except the rations he carried swung across his shoulders.

She seemed instantly to understand the thought in his mind. "There's food here. I'll get you some supper, but there's hardly a place for you to rest ——" She hesitated, eyes still on the young man who had accused her so furiously.

Nicky Creuse had fallen silent. He was leaning back against the log wall of the cabin, with hands thrust into his empty pockets and his sullen eyes fixed moodily on the floor.

O'Hara smiled grimly. "I'm on duty. Creuse and I will bunk in here. I hope the inner room has some comfort for you."

A shudder ran through her, she put her hand to her throat with a gesture of suffocation, and he saw again that look of wide-eyed terror that he had seen first at French Pete's. Suddenly he realized all it must mean to this woman; in that room her husband had suffered from his wounds, and the girl, Ninon Creuse, with her Cree, had nursed him. From this house the two, Gharian and the girl, had gone out mysteriously to meet their tragic end.

O'Hara understood and, for an instant, thought she swayed. Her eyes almost closed. Then she rallied, and lifted her head bravely. "Thanks, m'sieur," she said simply. "And now I'll make you a supper here.

He swung the food pack from his shoulder and spread out its contents, offering to help her; but she refused aid, moving about quickly, composed and deft. In a little while the cabin was filled with the fragrance of hot tea and the sizzle of bacon. She spread the table and set out Gharian's stock of china with steady hands. In some way, this intimate view of her, this aspect of the woman in the common tasks of home, stirred O'Hara's pulses with a new and puzzling emotion. She was a lovely creature, of course, and she was friendless here, in the room with a man who had just accused her of murder and who stood now, glowering at her, hatred in his glance. Still, that far from explained the difficulty O'Hara experienced in snatching his glance from her.

Unconsciously, he moved between them, hiding her behind his broad shoulders. "Better sit down, Creuse, and take it easy. You'll have to eat and sleep just the same, until this thing's settled."

"I'll eat nothing she's touched!" the young man answered chokingly. "I've got a pack; it'll do for me. If you've a mind to eat with a murderess!" he shrugged, flinging himself upon a stool and undoing his pack with hands that shook with anger.

O'Hara saw to it that he had no weapon concealed there, nor would he allow him a knife. Creuse fell upon his food and ate ravenously, much as a hungry dog might tear it apart, his back turned sullenly upon the woman.

Meanwhile, Laure was pouring out the hot tea and setting the crisp bacon on a little table near her stove. "Your supper's ready, m'sieur," she said in her low voice, and turned toward them for the first time.

O'Hara was almost startled by her radiance; her pale face had grown flushed with the heat of the fire, and her deep eyes glowed in the flame light. She had rolled up her sleeves and he saw the perfect symmetry of white arms; she seemed, at that moment, made for the presiding goddess of a home, and he thought with wonder and mystification of Gharian's treatment of her. Could the man have been insane?

"He must have loved her at one time, anyway!" he thought. "What man could help it?"

But he came grimly to the table. He held the scales of justice balanced between these two, and he could not quite forget the object which lay hidden in his pocket; the thing that might yet damn one of them—or both. They ate in silence; he was hungry and the food was well cooked and daintily served. He noticed, too, that she tried to eat; at French Pete's food had choked her. Here she made a pretence of tasting it, lifting the cup of hot tea to her lips and trying to force it down her throat.

The heat flush faded from her cheeks and left her ivory pale. He saw she avoided looking at Creuse; but once her eyes turned in his direction with a flash of horror, and her hands shook so she had to lay down her knife and fork and give up her play at eating. It flashed upon O'Hara once that she was hiding something; that she looked as women do who dread discovery. But there was no crevice where she could have hidden anything. The bare log walls of the hut defied concealment; there were but two rooms and Nicky already had searched them.

THE storm had been increasing steadily. Now the wind seized the little cabin and rocked it; snow drove in through the crevices about the windows. One gust nearly extinguished the lamp upon the table, and the cold grew so intense that they shivered even in the small, heated room. Then came a sound so sudden and so uncanny in that place that it made even O'Hara start; low at first it rose shrill and penetrating, like the cry of a little child in deadly pain or fear!

The woman started to her feet, her trembling hands pressed close against her breast. "Oh, God!" she cried. "What's that?"

O'Hara tried to quiet her. "It's nothing—the wind howling over the snow barrens north of us; we're in a wilderness."

"No!" she cried. "No, it's like the voice of a little child!" Suddenly she covered her face with her hands and sank down, weeping bitterly. "My little child died here!" she sobbed.

She was all woman now, lovely and distraught, a mother. O'Hara, his jaw jutting grim, rose involuntarily and thrust his big figure between her and the sneering, implacable Creuse. It was not fitting that her enemy should see her thus disarmed.

But he had no need to think of Creuse as dangerous at that moment. The young man, all in a moment, had staggered to his feet. His teeth were chattering. "My God, did you hear that?" he gasped thickly. "It was Ninon's voice! O'Hara, if you don't get me out of this accursed place, I'll go mad!"

O'Hara looked coldly at him, dispassionately, shielding the weeping woman. "So!" It haunts you, Nicky?" he remarked deliberately.

"Yes," he cried bitterly, "just as it haunts her!"

The sergeant seized him by the shoulder and almost shook him. "Sit down!" he thundered. "Hold your vile tongue and mind your business; you're my prisoner, Creuse!"

But Creuse fought to break away. "Listen!" he cried hoarsely. "Listen, I've got a right to defend myself. She was here before I came! I found her foot-prints at the door and came in to search. I'd stumbled on her pistol, hidden there—under her pack—when she caught me and locked me in the inner room."

"A likely tale; save it for evidence, Creuse," O'Hara gibed.

"Mon Dieu, listen!" the young man took an unsteady step toward the table where the weeping woman sat. "Look

up, Laure Gharian, and answer me! Dare to say again, to my face, that I was here first!"

O'Hara waited; for an instant he stood silent, expectant, looking at Laure, waiting for her answer to Nicky's passionate challenge. There was a terrible pause, broken only by the shrill wailing of wind across the frozen wastes, the rattling of the door and windows, the rocking of the tiny house.

Then she lifted her white face and her beautiful, tear drenched eyes and looked at them both for one long moment; she rose to her feet and faced them, quivering from head to foot. "You're both my enemies!" she whispered, white-lipped, "but the good God is my judge!" And she turned, went quickly into the little inner room and shut the door.

Nicky laughed bitterly, mirthlessly. "You see, m'sieur? She's guilty."

"Sit down," O'Hara commanded sternly, "you gain nothing by accusing her. It's an old trick, Creuse, for a guilty man caught with the goods to try to fasten his crime on another. I've been down over the trail. Why did you take to the ice in the creek and then leave tracks in the snow beyond? A bad bit of evidence against you, that!"

The young man stared at him, his face whitening suddenly. "You're trumping up a charge against me, O'Hara, and it's false, false as hell! I did go down on the creek, but I went today, before snow fell, and I tried to track the prints there, her foot-prints! I was just too late to see the dog team that fetched her here; it was going back beyond the creek."

O'Hara's involuntary start made Creuse turn sharply on him. "You know there was a team there, must have been! No one could cross that wilderness on foot. It took her here the day of the murder; you find that team and the man who drove it, and you'll see!"

The sergeant smiled cruelly. "You shouldn't admit that you went down that creek, Nicky, and had a dog team waiting!"

Young Creuse swore below his breath. "You'll hang me yet to save her!" he cried bitterly. "I've nothing more to say."

Nor would he speak again; he flung himself upon a bench in the farthest corner, hid his face on his arms and feigned sleep, though the fury of the wind made sleep well nigh impossible.

O'Hara took what ease he could in a big chair by the fire. He had fallen into a reverie, his busy mind threshing over the queer angles of the case, when he was startled by the abrupt opening of the inner door. It was fairly flung open and Laure stood a moment leaning against it, white and haggard. Then, meeting his eyes, she came unsteadily forward and stretched her shaking hands out to the fire.

"I'm so cold," she whispered to O'Hara with shaking lips. "I—I'm going to stay here, m'sieur!"

The sergeant long ago had extinguished the lamp and the flame light lifted her face out of the semi-gloom and gave it an almost unearthly beauty.

He rose. "Isn't there a stove in there? Let me make you a fire, and bring in those furs from the wall." He pointed at some skins that Gharian must have cured for the fur trade.

But she recoiled, shuddering. "No, no! Mon Dieu, I can't stay in there!"

He said no more, thinking he understood. He made her sit down in the chair he just had vacated, spread one of the skins over her knees and made a pillow of a smaller one, aware that Nicky watched them furiously from under the arm he had flung across his face. He was waiting eagerly for a word, a sign, that would show an understanding between these two; and O'Hara knew it. It filled him with a cold fury toward the younger man. He had no need to fear self-betrayal from her. She did not speak again. As silent as Creuse himself, she sat there, staring at the fire, and only once did her tremulous lips utter something like a groan. That was when a sudden abating of the wind made O'Hara stir the fire and the leaping flames reflected on a little faded photograph in the corner, the likeness of a tiny child. He glanced at her and saw her eyes fixed on it; but she made no other sound, and as the strange night dragged to its close, another gray Arctic day came to them.

Again she cooked for him, and again Creuse refused to eat her food, choking down his hardtack with a dry throat. The meal was more difficult than supper, though she was calm, but once when O'Hara accidentally touched her hand she flushed and her eyes fell.

Although the storm had spent itself in the night it was noon before O'Hara's Cree came with the dogs. Then he ordered Nicky Creuse to ride on the sled, while he stooped to gather up his own pack and make ready to accompany them.

The Cree and the prisoner were almost fifty yards away when he went back to the cabin door and called to the woman.

"You can't mean to stay here alone? When are your friends coming for you, madame?"

She was standing by the table, her face in the shadow that was made deeper by the snow glare outside. At his words she looked up, startled. It seemed to him that she was actually frightened; her lips trembled and her hands, but she controlled herself.

"Friends? I've no friends here, m'sieur; how should I?" She affirmed it hotly. "Nothing but this house; it's near my baby's grave. I'll stay here."

O'Hara wanted to assure her that he suspected strongly that she owned a far more potent reason. But he did not. He spoke gravely. "You can't, it's horrible in this cold. You're a woman and afraid; I saw terror in your eyes last night."

She lifted her glance steadily now. "I must stay," she insisted. There was finality in the words.

For a full moment they looked at each other. He could not fathom her, so he turned away. In the distance, grey veiled with mist, he saw the dogs and the sled. The figure of the Cree loomed ghostly, as he mushed along, urging his team. They had ascended a little rise and were disappearing over its edge. O'Hara had no time to lose if he meant to overtake them, yet he scarcely had taken a dozen steps when he heard her voice behind him and suddenly felt her hand upon his sleeve.

"You're taking him—to prison?" she choked, her eyes following the track of the sled runners in the snow.

O'Hara stood still, looking down at her. Even in that Arctic light her beauty was radiant, she was so near he could feel her warm breath on his cheek. Suddenly she lifted her deep eyes to his with a new and pitiful appeal. "The evidence you have against him, m'sieur; it—it's circumstantial?"

"Entirely! Must be in a case like this, Mrs. Gharian. It is sufficient, though."

"Oh, Mon Dieu!" she cried, catching at his sleeve, "don't do it, don't let him suffer on that! He might—might be innocent!"

O'Hara smiled grimly. "He'll have a chance to prove that at the trial."

Her hand fell from his arm and she shrank back, dumb. If she had a secret she meant to keep it. O'Hara drew a glove from his breast and held it out to her.

"Yours?" he asked quietly.

She took it and the color leaped into her face. "You — you found this, m'sieur?"

"At French Pete's, where you dropped it under the table the other night."

She was startled. She flushed, staring at the glove, then suddenly, she hid her face upon it and, breaking down in sudden and violent weeping, fled from him into the cabin.

(To Be Concluded Next Month)

In treating
COLDS
protect your child's
VITALITY

ALL colds have a tendency to rob the body of its precious vitality. Constantly *"dosing"* these colds with internal medicine often upsets children's delicate digestions and further reduces body strength. This paves the way for even more colds and serious complications.

Treat Externally

Wise mothers prefer the modern *external* treatment, Vicks VapoRub, because it checks colds 2 ways at once *without* "dosing." Just rubbed on throat and chest, Vicks acts through the skin like a plaster and, at the same time, gives off medicated vapors which are inhaled *direct* to the air-passages.

Follow Medical Practice

This better method of treating colds externally is in keeping with modern medical practice, which is steadily away from needless "dosing." As there is nothing to swallow, Vicks can be used freely, and as often as needed, *even on the youngest child.*

For Adults, Too

Used at first largely for children's colds, *adults* have found by actual use that Vicks is just as effective for their colds, *too.* Now a family standby for colds in over 70 countries.

VICKS VAPORUB

26 27 17 OVER MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

A Priceless BEAUTY SECRET for Modern Furniture...

Make sure the furniture you choose for your home has received this *Beauty Treatment*

THERE is an old, old saying that "beauty is, as beauty does." In adapting this phrase for furniture you might say, "Beauty is, as beauty *wears!*"

In selecting a piece of furniture you are influenced by the graceful rhythm of its design . . . the rich beauty of its finish. You have a right to know . . . you should *insist* upon knowing . . . how long it will retain its beauty in your home.

DUCO Finish is famous for its beauty, of course. Yet it is even more famous for the protection it gives fine furniture against the wear and tear of daily use. Your furniture dealer who offers you DUCO Finished Furniture deserves your confidence and goodwill . . . he gives you beauty *assurance* with the furniture you choose!

And don't forget . . . there is clear DUCO for more conservative furniture, as well as coloured DUCO for gay breakfast sets and porch furniture. Clear DUCO enhances the innate loveliness of natural wood, and forms a protective surface that prevents marring and scratching.

When you select furniture, select lasting beauty, too . . . furniture that has received the DUCO beauty treatment!

DUCO is a registered trade name.
Only one Canadian company can legally make DUCO.
Only articles finished in C-I-L DUCO can be legally described as "Duco Finish."

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED
PAINT & VARNISH DIVISION

Factories: TORONTO - REGINA
Branches: HALIFAX - MONTREAL - WINNIPEG - CALGARY - VANCOUVER

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES CIL DUCO LIMITED

FD 3

Riding the Clouds

Continued from page 13

air currents where again he soars for a further glide, and so on.

The machine used for soaring must, of course, be of more finished construction than the ordinary glider, in that air resistance must be cut to a minimum by streamlining, and the pilot protected as much as possible by an enclosed cockpit. In the ordinary glider struts are usually exposed and the pilot is without any protection against the elements whatever for the pilot is rarely exposed for any great length of time and rises but a comparatively short distance off the ground.

The upward rising currents of air on which the soaring machine depends are caused by every irregularity in the earth's surface—by hills, knolls, woods, even the waves of the sea. By the correct manipulation of the machine's controls the pilot, having reached such an air current, may gain height at a fairly rapid rate. He must lay his course according to the prevailing wind and lie of the land and must fly on sound topographical and meteorological information if he hopes to accomplish a successful flight.

Recent experiments have demonstrated that soaring flights may be accomplished even over flat country, provided there is a prevailing wind of varying intensity. In a carefully constructed glider an experienced pilot may make use of such variations in the wind's velocity to gain height, the machine rising as the wind increases in strength and dropping as the wind drops.

The sailing flight of birds over flat country also tells the airman that there are to be found, even under these conditions, the upward rising currents of air for which he seeks. It has long been known, for instance, that where there are cumulus clouds there will be found such currents. Pilots of powered machines have given a further demonstration of this, having actually glided for as long as 10 minutes under cumulus clouds without loss of height. Under such conditions the glider may ignore the ground and set his course to the motion of the clouds, literally flying from cloud to cloud like a bird.

The machines used in gliding and soaring are built on the same general lines as the powered aeroplane, although the wing span in proportion to the weight of the machine is greater than in a powered machine. They are controlled by the same methods used in ordinary flying, but a greater delicacy of touch is required.

ANYONE may qualify as a glider in a comparatively short space of time, provided he is endowed with a reasonable physique and a moderate amount of nerve. The method of training at the Wasserkuppe school in Germany have proved admirably adapted to their purpose and may well become a pattern for similar schools in other countries.

At this school as many as 250 students have been handled in a seven months course. During the 1929 session the actual numbers were 269, of whom 139 passed their A test, 121 their B test and 30 their C or most advanced test. The A test requires that the student shall complete a glide lasting at least 30 seconds from a given point after 12 previous glides. The B test is slightly more difficult, requiring a glide of at least a minute with a right and left turn. C test, which is really a soaring test, requires that the student remain in the air five minutes with a landing at a point at least as high as the starting point. In completing this test heights of from 200 to 300 metres are not uncommon.

At Wasserkuppe the complete course lasts four weeks and concludes with a B test. Those pupils who show the greatest aptitude as gliders are then permitted to take a further, more advanced course to qualify for their C or soaring certificates.

All gliding is done "solo" from the first hop. Before taking his first ride, the novice is shown the conditions of steady flight, how the controls are worked and the mistakes most frequently made, such as stalling and sudden or abrupt manoeuvres. He is advised to hold the controls firmly and without any movement whatever during the first glide. The gliders used by the novices are so constructed that they cannot rise to any great height off the ground in order to minimize the chance of accident. They are sturdy and difficult to damage. The sensation of flight having been obtained by the first short hop, the student is taken to a point higher on the hillsides and a more ambitious glide permitted, the point of take-off being gradually increased and incidentally the length of the glide, in subsequent glides.

The actual take-off is accomplished by means of an elastic rope which is pulled taut by other pupils while the tail of the machine is held until all is ready. At the word, the tail is released and those on the end of the rope rush forward, at the same time jerking the machine into the air.

A somewhat similar system of training will no doubt be adopted by the British Gliding Association, whose first president, Air Marshall Sir Sefton Brancker, K.C.B., A.F.C., is one of its most enthusiastic supporters. In addition to organizing on a national basis the numerous gliding clubs already established, it is the purpose of the association to gain for the new sport the official recognition which it deserves. This has already been accomplished and the officials, working in close co-operation with the Royal Aero Club and the Air Ministry, have devised rules on which glider pilot certificates may be awarded, just as pilot's certificates are awarded today to those who take to the air in powered machines.

Certificates of airworthiness and tests for the same purpose will also be arranged by the Association whose engineers are also ready to investigate and pass upon new designs and to advise members on the suitability or otherwise of machines they may be contemplating using. The idea back of such arrangements and regulations is the avoidance of accidents which would be inevitable if members were allowed to take to the air without sufficient training and in inefficient and weak machines.

Italy, France, Russia, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, as well as Canada and the United States now have their gliding clubs and there can be no doubt but that the undoubted popularity of the Flying Club movement will have a strong competitor for public favor in the Gliding Club movement.

Perhaps the word "competitor" is ill advised in this connection, for both movements have as their common object the cultivation among the public at large a real "feeling" for the air which even today, with the commercial possibilities of aircraft amply demonstrated, is still in need of encouragement.

In a large sense gliding and ordinary flying appeal to different sections of the population. The growth of the gliding club movement has, therefore, the undoubted value that it will tend to foster in a section of the public, hitherto uninterested in aeronautics, a practical interest in flying.

The British Gliding Association hopes to be but the nucleus of a larger body which one day will embrace the clubs of all parts of the Empire. Field day competitions, including the offer by one of the national newspapers of £1,000 for the first man or woman to glide across the channel, have already been arranged in England. If this "channel glide" succeeds in nothing else than providing a counter attraction to the efforts of the muscular young ladies who annually attempt the channel crossing by the water route, the flying club movement will have amply justified itself.

Happy the Empire in Her Doctors

Continued from page 4

the extreme cold of winter and the great contrast of summer at its height.

"No," he laughed. "One man's meat is another's poison here or in the South Seas. Prairie people, as individuals, should eat what they find agrees with them, and, of course, as much as they can of what they like. Experience is the only satisfactory test while a man has ordinary health."

And then Lord Dawson, physician to the King and all, actually said that he disliked putting people on food they did not fancy, even when they had colon trouble. He had a warning about overdoing exercise, and told business men to take a day or half a day in bed every week.

So the business man in the West, between freedom to eat what he likes and to take Sundays in bed, should see the day of his domestic emancipation dawning. He certainly owes a debt to this convention. All the doctors in their utterances at public addresses or in their clinics, the men and women of them, evinced a real anxiety that their incomes should be reduced through the better health of the people. Don't worry about your health unless you have reason—that may sum up their attitude, and if that advice is followed it will not be good for business.

TO TOUCH upon the more spectacular aspects of the great gathering is all that space permits. The procession to the Cenotaph in the brilliant robes of the Empire's universities; that remarkable gathering of leading scientists on the platform of the Winter Club on the night of the convention opening, the earnest crowd hurrying to their clinics in the club every morning for the rest of the week; the attention given the views exchanged in a common cause, and the tolerance with which men differed; the wonderful exhibition of mechanical accessories to the doctor's craft; the colorful gathering of Crees from Saskatchewan and the initiation of Lord Dawson as the Big Medicine Man to the Great White Chief by time-honored ceremonial! That last night in the crowded auditorium when Lord Moynihan of Leeds, 65-year-old illustrious doctor and first baron, told of the discovery of antiseptic surgery and of another great British doctor, Dr. Lister, who was born 100 years ago, and all that it had meant and would mean for suffering humanity—told it in a noble diction that thrilled his audience to realize anew that "peace hath her victories not less renowned than war"; those occasions when envoys from the outflung posts of the Empire, India, Australia and Canada, unfolded their special problems and conveyed in modest phrases an enduring impression of the unselfish devotion that is slowly winning the battle in the cause of humanity; those social events, like the annual meeting of the association, when men whose names shine in the medical annals of all countries, dealt with the wider topics of Empire and their relation to the world—shall we in the West who are of this generation, ever experience the like again?

Probably not, but we shall carry through our lives a lasting memory that will ever do much to buoy us should clouds darken the Anglo-Saxon sky. No decadent race could produce such healers as these men; no race that had failed to set a high standard of truth and duty could have evolved them through the decades of struggle and victory. There may be countries where medical research has progressed farther than in the British Commonwealth of Nations, but—judged on this convention alone—there is surely no country where the profession is less hampered by humbug and where the willing service of sound and kindly men and women is more readily at the people's service. Happy is the British Empire in her doctors.

THE effect of the convention upon the future of Canadian medicine cannot fail to be far-reaching and deep. Election of Dr. Harvey Smith, of Winnipeg, as B.M.A. president for the current year, is one of its results that must bring the younger Canadian doctors more closely into touch with an institution that has always stood for the best in their profession. To them, and especially for those hundreds who had the privilege of meeting the greatest of their calling face to face and of drawing something from their wisdom and experience, the B.M.A. will never again be something that will be merely an organization to which they belong in an indirect way. Now they will feel themselves part of a vital body that is always seeking and always achieving—and from such sources springs inspiration.

And for the public at large there has been given a lesson in the detection of humbug that should do much to encourage faith in their doctors. And faith is always half the battle for the man in the doctor's hands. A convention that did good to all—a tonic that will have lasting effects.

Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

Continued from page 24

is miscast, and hence not at his best, in the role of the warden.

"Manslaughter"

AND while we are on the subject of law-courts, crimes and prisons, we might just as well mention "Manslaughter," the new talking version of the story by Alice Duer Miller. "Manslaughter" was done in a silent movie some years ago, with Thomas Meighan in the leading role of the prosecuting attorney, and Leatrice Joy, I believe, as the heroine. The talking version has Claudette Colbert and Frederic March in these roles.

The plot deals with a girl spoiled by wealth, who believes that money ought to buy her freedom from punishment when her love of speed and heedlessness cause her to run over and kill a man. I admit that the theme and the story of the girl's regeneration has an admirable moral, but I found many of the scenes, intended to illustrate the girl's change of heart, downright silly.

Miss Colbert is beautiful and plays her part unusually well.

"Grumpy"

AND now for a pleasant change, let me call your attention to a charming picture that is not about war or prison, although its plot is enlivened by a diamond robbery. The chief interest in "Grumpy" is not, however, the robbery. It is the character who gives the play its title—a crafty and pleasantly grumpy, old man. Although this famous stage play was done some years ago in the silent movies with the late Theodore Roberts in the leading role, it is known all over the English-speaking world as the most celebrated vehicle of Cyril Maude, the distinguished English actor. And it is Maude who now plays Grumpy in the talking version. Many Canadian theatre-lovers will remember Mr. Maude in this part, for he played it a few years ago when he toured throughout this country. The talking version is pleasant because it adheres strictly to the original play and provides delightful entertainment for the whole family.

Jerome Carver

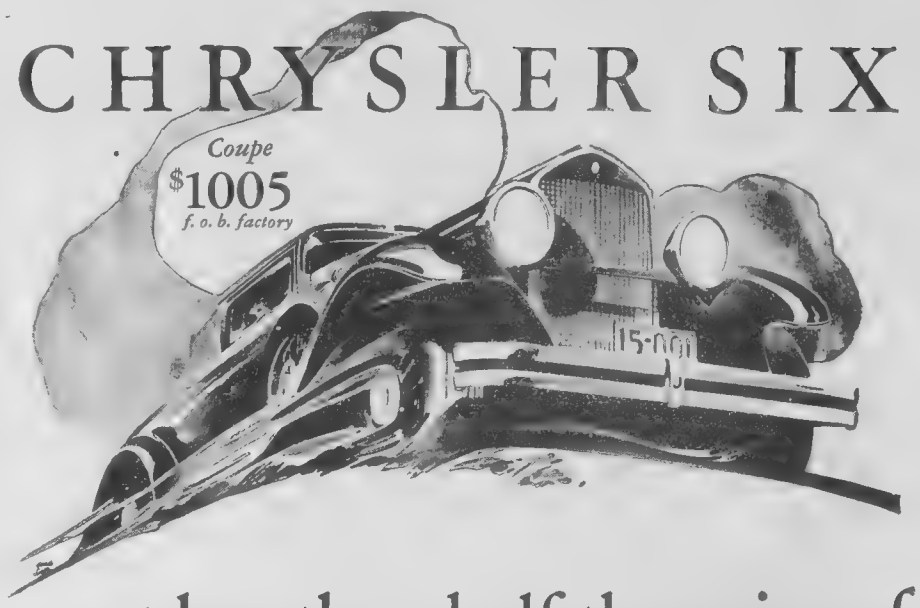
Must Have Been Potent

"Did you get home all right last night, sir?" asked the street-car conductor.

"Of course—why not?" came back the passenger.

"Well, when you got up to give your seat to that lady last night, you were the only two people in the car."—Powerfax.

CHRYSLER SIX



" at less than half the price of the original Chrysler Six

TODAY'S Chrysler Six—by six years a better car than that first famous Chrysler Six which changed the whole pace of six-cylinder development—now offers the advantages of six years' progress *at less than half the price of the original Chrysler Six!*

Chrysler from the first has been the very fountainhead of outstanding six-cylinder development. In six years, Chrysler has pioneered and popularized more engineering advancements than any other manufacturer in the industry—and today's Chrysler Six is the direct heir of the great discoveries of those years. *At less than half the price* of that illustrious Chrysler that first made Chrysler famous, today's Chrysler Six is a finer car by the tremendous margin of six years of progress—six years more beautiful; six years more advanced in engineering; six years abler in performance—a value in this price class without precedent or parallel. CHRYSLER SIX PRICES: *Coupe, $1005; Roadster, $1055; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1055; 4-Door, 3-Window Sedan, $1070. F. O. B. Factory, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra). For six wire wheels, two extra tires and covers, and trunk rack, add $115 to retail list price.*

"CANADIAN-BUILT FOR CANADIANS"

NEW CHRYSLER STRAIGHT EIGHTS

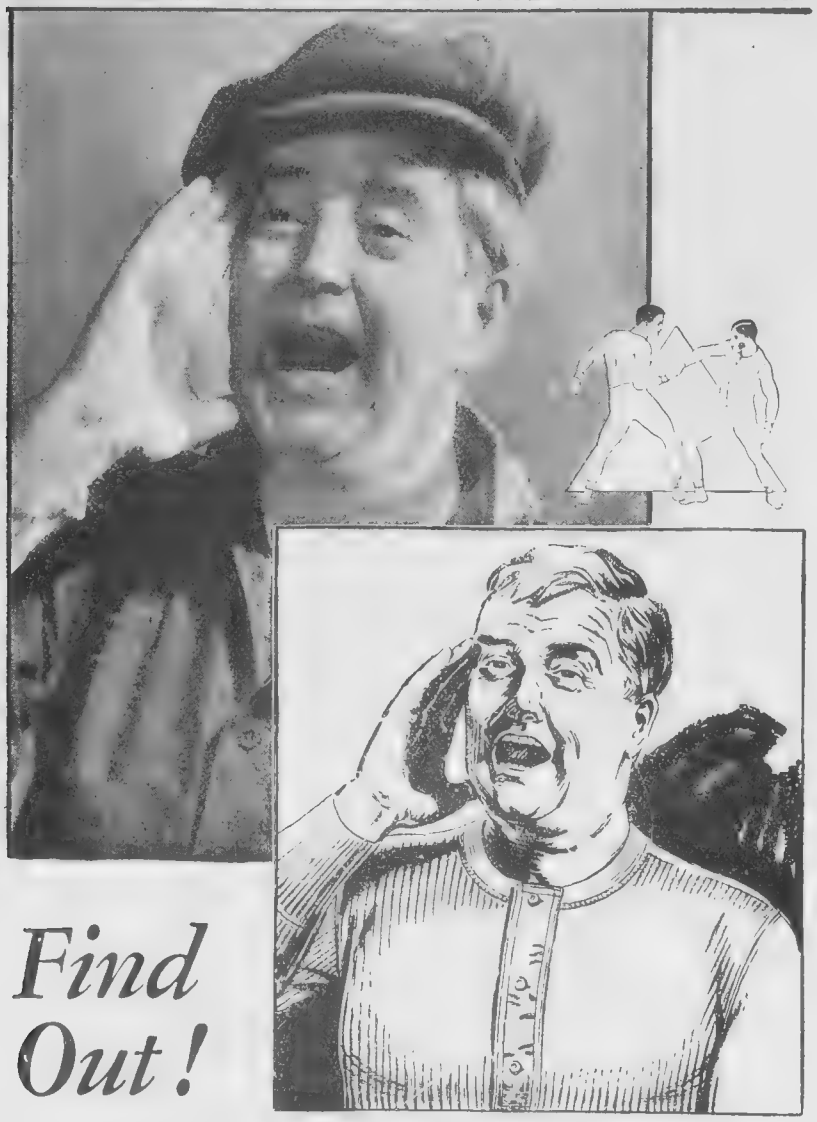
Two new Chrysler Straight Eights have won among eights that same leadership that Chrysler has so long possessed among sixes.

CHRYSLER EIGHT: *Standard Models—Roadster $1915; Coupe $1915; Sedan $1950; Special Coupe $1960; Special Sedan $1995; Convertible Coupe $2130; Sport Roadster (including six wire wheels and tires, two fender wells, trunk rack and top boot) $2130. F. O. B. Factory, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).*

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT: *Body styles: Seven-Passenger Sedan, Sedan-Limousine, Five-Passenger Sedan, Close-Coupled Five-Passenger Sedan.*

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Hi there! Find out about Comfort-Fit!



Find Out!

—that's the way to know

DON'T merely take our word for it—make us *prove* what we say! Make us come right out and in the garment itself *show you* that Stanfield's is the best underwear value ever offered.

Make your storekeeper show you *why!* Be hard to convince. Ask about the five points of superiority. Feel the soft warmth of the garment itself—before you spend a penny.

Make us take the risk — make us prove our claims.

Then when we've done that, get yourself into Stanfield's and for the first time in your life know what underwear value and comfort really is.

There's a style and weight to meet every need—and every price.

5 POINTS OF STANFIELD'S SUPERIORITY

1. Accurate measurements . . superb tailoring . . perfect fit.
2. Exclusive easy-fitting closed crotch.
3. Non-rip cuff seams . . . smooth and elastic.
4. Always soft . . . always warm . . . outwears them all.
5. Buttons that won't pull off.

STANFIELD'S Unshrinkable UNDERWEAR

SOFT-WARM-DURABLE

A QUALITY TO MEET EVERY NEED
THE BEST VALUE AT EVERY PRICE
Guaranteed to fit.—$2.00 to $10.00

20

The Hermit

Continued from page 11

father's death Margaret had lived almost like a hermit. Yet, as he looked at her now, with her odd, flowerlike face above the sombre black of her dress, in this strange, dingy old room, and thought of his friend Tommy Trask in love with that face, struggling vainly to win her from her gloomy retreat, to read the closed chapters in her life history which forbade him, Alec was filled with determination. Here was a more interesting human problem than he had guessed.

"What was that you were playing as I came through the garden?" he asked.

"A Russian thing," she answered. "I adapted it myself from a folk song. It somehow fits the view from that window."

"It does!" said Alec, with conviction. "Your fiance was Russian, wasn't he?"

The girl's cup, he noticed, trembled in her hand. "Yes," she answered in a low tone.

"He was a musician too?"

"Yes"—still lower—"he—he was studying the 'cello."

"Do you think," said Alec abruptly, "that he would want you to hide your light forever under a bushel? Don't you think you are rather selfish, too, in this life you live? An artist especially has a duty to others—at any rate, a good artist has."

The hand that held the cup trembled so now that she set the cup down on the desk with a little clatter.

"I—I can't play in public," she said. "I—I never could."

Alec ignored this. "There's a tablet down in the church which you may recall," he said. "It reads, 'In loving memory of Sarah Rollins, for many years a member of this church and a teacher in the Sunday school.' I used to think that poor Sarah's life history was meagre enough; but you don't even teach in the Sunday school. Why, Sarah was a riotous agitator and mighty philanthropist compared to you! And you only twenty-nine, with a face like a flower and the gift of God in your fingers!"

"You—you are very brutal," said the girl, averting her face, and evidently near to tears.

"Yes sir-ee, and I meant to be!" the Bird Man exclaimed. "You, only twenty-nine—"

"I'm thirty!" she half whispered, but with surprising vehemence. "I'll be thirty-one in a few months!"

"Thirty! What's that? I'm fifty-four, and making trouble all the time! See here, I want you to play at my Audubon show week after next. Anybody that can play in private as you play, can perform in public. Ruth—you know Ruth Barnes, who just married a young painter named Eliot, fine chap, too—is going to sing. You might at least play an obligato for her. Come, will you?"

"Oh, I couldn't — I couldn't," she answered. "I never played in public—not since I was little, I mean, and couldn't help it."

"Never?" he asked.

She looked at him in spite of herself, for his kindly eyes were upon her face, and suddenly exclaimed: "It's a lie! I *did* play in public—in Paris—not once, often, night after night—in a cafe. I shall never forget it! I can see them—the people—the men—staring at me yet! I *won't* do it again!"

Alec veiled his surprise by setting down his teacup. "Tell me about it," he said gently. "Did you have to raise money? Wasn't your father sending you enough?"

The girl was sitting on the black hair-cloth sofa, her black gown almost indistinguishable against it, twisting and untwisting a white handkerchief with nervous fingers. Her hands and the bit of linen were startling distinct. She did not look up, but nodded her head affirmatively.

"That was hard," said the Bird House Man. "But it was, also, a long time ago, in Paris. This is in Southmead among all your friends."

"Friends!" she cried. "What friends have I?"

"Well," he replied, "there's at least an eccentric old chap who chases birds with field glasses, and a youngish doctor who's much concerned over the state of your stomach—"

Alec saw the slip of handkerchief wrapped suddenly and convulsively about her fingers.

"He—he's been talking to you?" she cried out, like one hurt.

"A little," said Alec. 'He wanted to know how to get the hermit out of her solitariness, for solitariness is bad for the nerves, and the nerves are bad for the stomach."

"Stomach!" said Margaret, almost bitterly.

"The stomach is not to be scorned," the man retorted. "A cup of coffee at the right moment, as William James said, can alter a man's whole philosophy of life. Also, it can alter his wife's."

"The trouble with my stomach is, I didn't have meat enough when I was little," Margaret answered. "You can tell Doctor Trask that, if he really wants to know!"

"You are a little unfair to both of us," said the Bird House Man gently. "I don't matter; but Tommy is in love with you, and you ought to think of that."

The woman on the couch raised her eyes to his face and yanked her handkerchief loose. "Don't you believe I think of it?" she cried. "Don't you believe I think of it day and night? Oh, if there were some way—some way—I think I shall go mad!"

"No, you won't go mad," the man answered, leaning forward and taking the wisp of white from her fingers. He laid it on the seat beside her and patted her hand lightly. "You'll tell me, instead. You remember how, when you were a little girl, you came once and tossed bread to my swans, and fell in the pond, and had to have your clothes dried in my kitchen, and I told you stories? Come, you tell me a story now—your story. That will help, won't it?"

She raised her tortured face to his and met his kindly gaze. For a long moment she hesitated, and then she cried out sharply: "I lied again to you, just now! I didn't play in the cafe because father didn't send me enough allowance! I played to get money to buy this!"

She held out her hand, where the diamond glistened on the third finger. "This, this, this!" she reiterated, suddenly tearing off the ring and letting it fall on the floor. Then she turned abruptly away, and her head sank down against the couch, as if what she had done had taken all her strength.

ALEC FARNUM was too astounded at first to make any reply. He saw the ring glistening on the faded rag rug at her feet, he saw her bowed, heaving, black-clad shoulders. An irrelevant song sparrow was singing just outside the window, gayly, full throated. Somewhere off in the house a big clock was sleepily ticking the seconds. So he let her sob for a long moment, dry and soundless sobs; and then he touched her shoulder.

"But I do not understand," he said. "You *bought* the ring? Your lover, was he so poor?"

"Poor?" She raised her head. "You don't understand? *There was no lover!* I was never engaged. It was all a lie, lie, lie! I've been living a lie for eight years! I've been living a lie till sometimes I almost thought it was the truth. And now it's caught me, caught me in a trap, like a rat, like a prisoner behind bars—for life, life, life! Oh, why did he come?"

Alec moved to her side on the couch, and took her hand. "Margaret," he said firmly, "I am your friend, and Tommy Trask's friend. I want you to fix that firmly in your mind: *You are not in a prison.* Nobody is ever in a prison who has the will to escape, and good friends on the outside. Now, you are going to be calm, very calm, and tell me all about it. Begin quite at the beginning. That will be easiest. Tell me everything. Then you'll feel better, and we'll see the way out."

She sat up and clasped his fingers shyly, timidly, like a child unused to kindness.

"It's so hard to tell," she said. "I've never told things. I've never had anybody to tell them to."

"You have now," said Alec. "You will always have now!"

Margaret raised wet eyes to his, and seemed to find comfort. "You remember father," she began, "you knew—everybody knew—how strange he was. But you can't know what my life, and mother's life, was like. I can't tell you. We were

afraid of him, I think, and yet he had some power to hold us. He was so full of contradictions! I've seen him weep when I played to him, and then let mother or me shovel coal on the furnace five minutes later. Poor, poor mother! Yet she never seemed to question, and I didn't learn to, either. It just seemed inevitable—we *had* to do what father said. It was our duty, our fate."

"Duty! Fate!" Alec exclaimed, with a half laugh that hid the savagery of his tone.

The girl did not smile. "Mother died when I was eighteen, you may remember. I *had* to stay then, to keep house for father. He had nobody else, and besides, I thought he was as poor as he said. I did so want to go to college! But father didn't believe in educating women—only men. He wouldn't hear of it. He said if I played the violin that was enough. Then I asked him to let me go somewhere and study to be a concert player, so I could earn money; but he wouldn't let me do that either. He—he—oh, he just kept me a prisoner here for three years!

"But that wasn't the worst. One day he looked at me funnily, and said—I can hear them yet, his words, and feel how they sank down my cold spine!—'Well, daughter, you are grown up now. We must find a husband for you! Then you can take your poor old father to live with you in comfort.' I knew, somehow, I can't tell you how, that he had selected somebody. He had. It was a man in Southmead—never mind who—I won't tell you—but when father brought him home to dinner that night I thought I should die of rage and shame and—and horror. He—he tried to—"

She paused, with a shiver, and Alec patted her hand in silence.

"I had a flare up, for once," she went on. "I told father I'd run away before I'd marry that man. I said if he'd let me go away and study for the concert stage, I'd promise to support him, to give him half my earnings. My teacher told him I could probably make a success. He let me go—to Paris. That was eight years ago. Paris! Dear, gay, beautiful Paris! It was all a new world to me. I lived with some distant cousins of mother's, the Thompsons. Mr. Thompson was French agent for an American sewing machine. I studied hard, oh, so hard, and I heard operas and concerts and plays. That heaven lasted four months. Then father began to write for me to come back. He said his work wasn't selling well, and he couldn't afford to pay the housekeeper. He talked of my duty to him, said he was sick—oh, you can guess. I—I felt I had to go. I don't know whether I should feel so now. All I thought of then was the fact that he was my father. But I knew what would happen after I got home again, and one day the idea came to me—the idea of a lie! There was a Russian student who had just died. He and I had been to some concerts together. Poor fellow, he had no lungs, and his whole soul was always shining out of his great eyes above his hollow cheeks. He had given me his picture. He had been, even, to my cousin's house to see me. If he had any relatives of his own they were far away in Russia. I wrote to father that I was engaged to him! I told my cousins so, too. I borrowed from another student enough money to buy the ring, and then I played in a cafe to pay it back. My cousin helped me get my mourning outfit. Nobody ever knew, ever guessed, the truth. When I'd paid the money back I came home—in mourning, with that poor, lying ring on my finger!"

She looked down to the floor, and kicked the diamond farther away from her.

"Well," she went on presently, "father respected my black for a while, and life went on as before. I hadn't progressed far enough to try concert work, even if I could have broken into the field and lived in Southmead at the same time. Besides, every time I thought of my only public appearances, my whole soul was filled with rage and a kind of hatred of life and fate. I wouldn't have played, I believe, if we had been starving. After two or three years, though, father began to talk about marriage again, just by hints at first, and then more and more openly. Finally I began to dread to come down to the table for breakfast. He said I should respect his gray hairs, he said I should be making a home for him, he said I shouldn't let his line perish from the earth—oh, I don't know what he said! Finally he began to reproach me for still wearing black, and he began to invite men to the house again, and made me play, and talked about my cooking, and—and—it was as if I were being offered to them! Sometimes I could have killed them, and killed myself! And don't you see, all this time, my ring and my black were my only protection? But if any man had come who wasn't—wasn't repellent, who could have taken me away, I'd have gone with him then, I believe. Only there were none like that to come. You know, that kind doesn't stay in Southmead. They go away to college and never come back."

"Poor child!" said Alec Farnum. "Poor child! This grim old bogey again of our 'duty' to our parents! But now the right man *has* come, hasn't he?"

The woman put her hands before her face. "Yes," she whispered. "Yes! That is the terrible part of it. Perhaps if I'd dropped my mourning after father died, it would be easier now. But I didn't. I'd got used to it. It was still a protection, too. The rumour got about that father had left a lot of money, and these same men came, like vultures, still. I had to show them the door somehow. They don't come now! But mostly I'd got used to it. I—I was broken. I was too old to begin a life of my own then. There wasn't much money, really—not enough to travel with very far, even if I'd wanted to travel. I just wanted to rest awhile in peace. So I stayed here, and wore my ring and my black, and rested, and pretended it was true—yes, I did. I pretended I'd been in love and had that much of the life that comes to happy women!"

"The sooner you get the silly old New England notion out of your head that a woman who isn't married when she's twenty-five has no love life left, the better off you'll be," said Alec briskly. "Come, come, Margaret, brace up! What you need is a big dose of modern feminism, *and* a bright green dress, *and* Tommy Trask's society!"

He laughed with his big brass chuckle. But she only raised her eyes to him in wonder, saying: "What do you mean? What life have I now but just to go on?"

"What life have you, you poor, silly female? Why, the merry, carefree, luxurious life of a struggling country general practitioner's helpmate, to be sure!" said the Bird House Man.

Still she regarded him without comprehension. "*But the lie*," she said. "I couldn't go to him after the lie. He would never forgive me. He is so honest, so direct, so intolerant of weakness, too. He would hate me if he knew, and I couldn't go to him if he *didn't* know."

"I understand exactly how you feel," the man answered gently. "Of course, you would feel that way. If you didn't I'd be ashamed of you. But just remember this: Tommy fell in love with you before he knew. So now, when you tell him, you can never reproach yourself with the fact that it was pity made him love you."

"What do you mean?" she asked, still groping. "Pity me? He'll hate me, despise me!"

"I guess you don't know Tommy Trask very well yet," Alec replied. "Do I hate you? Not much! I pity you from the bottom of my heart, and, if you want to know the full truth, I also rather admire you for putting over a pretty clever bluff for eight years! Do you think Tommy won't pity you, too, and just hold out his arms to you? No—he won't—he'll grab you, willy-nilly."

"If—if I tell him, he'll *forgive* me, he won't despise me?" she whispered, incredulous.

"Child, child, there's nothing to forgive, I tell you!" Alec cried. "There's only a state of conscience imposed on the world by Calvinism and convention, to grind one's teeth at. The only thing he, or I couldn't forgive you would be the failure of your will to meet this chance. You've taken off that ring, your lie is on the floor there, in the dust. The inforgivable thing in this life is the lack of will to tread down our weaknesses and sins and disasters and mount from them to happiness or a fuller life. Come, tell me to pick up the ring, and pawn it, and give the money to—to—what shall we say? The visiting nurse fund?"

"No," said Margaret. "Give it to the birds, *your* birds, for their protection."

"Thank you," said the Bird House Man. He stooped, picked up the diamond, and dropped it into his pocket. "There!" he cried. "The symbol of your lie has

[Continued on page 42]

Guard your gums protect your teeth

from the damage done by your diet!

NEXT time you sit down to a meal, take note of the dishes one by one. See how many contain any roughage—any coarse, fibrous material that "rubs" or stimulates the gums.

Very likely not a one! For the present generation demands—and gets—soft and creamy foods, delicately prepared, daintily served.

Yet the greatest enemy of our gums, any dentist will tell you, is this same delicious fare. For it gives gums no work, no exercise. The blood within their walls circulates slowly. The tissues become soft and tender. "Pink tooth brush" warns that worse troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or, perhaps, even pyorrhea—may be just around the corner.

It's impractical, if not impossible, to change your diet. But it's unnecessary to try—for there is a simple, effective means to offset the lack in your diet.

Use a light gum massage with Ipana Tooth Paste. Perform it with the brush each time you clean your teeth—or, if you prefer, with the fingers after the regular cleaning. You speed the rich, fresh blood through the gum walls! You flush out the tiny capillaries. You tone and strengthen the depleted tissues, and counteract the damage done by your food. Ipana's special virtue in massage is its content of ziratol, a stimulating antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by dental specialists. And it is this ziratol content, plus Ipana's splendid cleaning power, that has won for it the strong professional support it enjoys today.

* * *

The coupon offers you a 10-day tube of Ipana, gladly sent. But the full-size tube makes a fairer test. So get a regular tube—enough for 100 brushings—from the nearest druggist. A full month's use of this delicious tooth paste will show you the start of firmer, healthier gums as well as whiter, brighter teeth.

IPANA
TOOTH
PASTE
Made in Canada

BRISTOL-MYERS CO. C-O-5
1241 Benoit St., Montreal, P. Q.

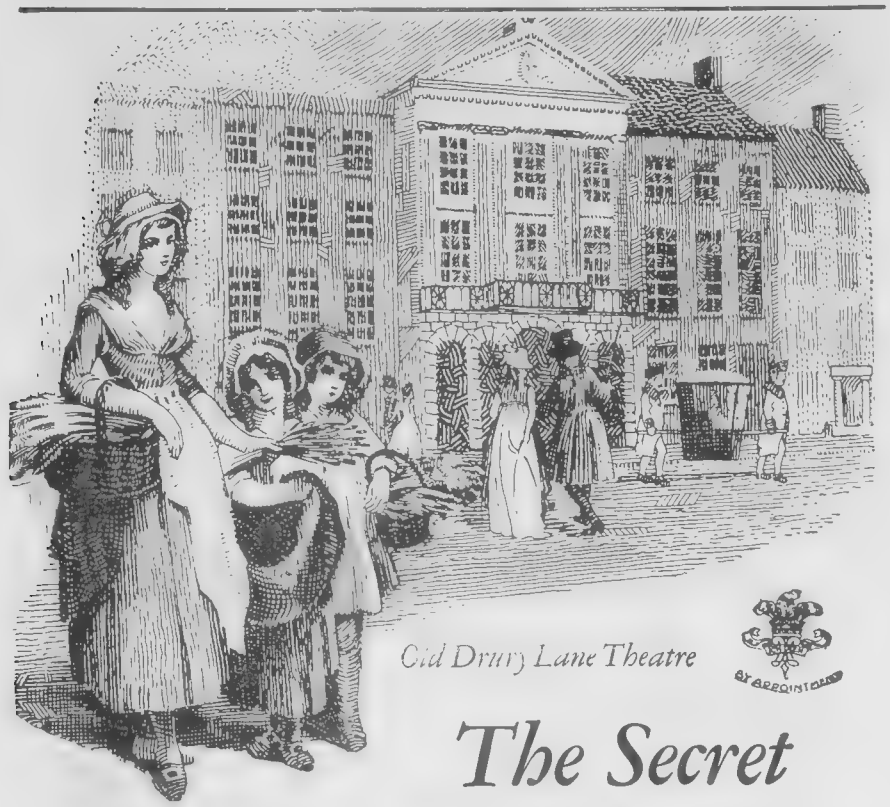
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *Prov.* .....

LOVABLE THEN — LOVABLE NOW



Old Drury Lane Theatre

BY APPOINTMENT

The Secret of Winsome Charm

Winsome charm is not a mystery. Pretty women found its secret long ago . . . in the whispering sweetness of the Yardley Lavender. And now the wistful breath of the Lovable Fragrance is known wherever pretty women forgather . . . and never was it better loved. Never has there been another perfume so cleanly sweet . . . so wistfully, tenderly caressing . . . so constantly, so widely treasured — as the Yardley Lavender is to-day.

The Yardley Lavender Series includes the Perfume in bottles, plain and fancy, from 65 cents to $15, 'The Luxury Soap of the World' $1 a box of three tablets, Face Powder 85 cents, Compacts $1 and $1.50, Face Cream 75 cents, Talcum Powder 35 cents, Bath Salts $1, etc., etc.

YARDLEY

LAVENDER

The Lovable Fragrance

Of all good drug and departmental stores

161

YARDLEY 8 New Bond Street LONDON

CANADA: 358-362 Adelaide Street West, Toronto

U.S.A.: 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York

The Hermit

Continued from page 41

already gone to brighten the world with bird song and wing flash! Now, one promise more. Will you put on a coloured dress tomorrow, before Tommy comes to see you?"

"I—I haven't got one," she said, "or only old things in a trunk."

"Just as good—he'll never know," said Alec. "Sit up all night and sew 'em into new styles, if you have to. When you get on a green dress you'll tell him easier."

"Tell him!" she gasped. "Oh, I can't do that! No, no, I can't. You—you tell him."

Alec shook his head. "You know better than that," he said. "Don't you?"

"I can't," she whispered.

"Don't you? Don't you know that you must tell him—just what you've told me? That you'll never be happy till you have told him? That life will never be right? That all the joyous future you thought was denied you depends on it?"

"But I dread it so! *Will* he feel the way you say?"

"Never mind how he feels! You owe it to him. He loves you. The only sin you can commit now is the sin of silence. Put that in your conscience and smoke it," Alec cried.

"It's my duty to tell him—yes—I see that now," she said slowly.

"Your duty, put it that way," he answered. "But some joyous day we'll abolish the damn word from the dictionary."

"You shouldn't swear," said Margaret, with the faint hint of a smile.

The Bird House Man clapped his hands merrily on his knees, and rose to his feet, a big, burly figure above the black figure on the couch. "Swear?" he said. "I'm going out now and curse the weeds in your garden till they wither at the roots! But day after tomorrow I return with Ruth to practise that duet—and don't forget it, either!"

"Day after tomorrow I shall be ready either for the duet or—or death," said Margaret Weir, with a sob in her voice.

Alec took both her ice-cold hands and held them a second. "Nonsense!" said he. "You'll be ready for the dressmaker."

He strode out of the door, and through the garden, waist high in the goldenrod and hardhack and milkweed by the river bank, whistling as he went, and pounded fifteen minutes later on Doctor Trask's door.

"Thomas," said he, "I've read the book, from the first chapter to the present. It's not half through yet!"

The doctor's face sobered, and then grew strangely joyous as he saw the elation in his friend's counnance.

"Tell me, tell me!" he cried.

"No, you go there tomorrow afternoon and read it for yourself. Mind you, not till tomorrow afternoon! If Mrs. King thinks she's going to die, let her. If all the town takes sick, let 'em perish. You go to Bleak House and read that book. It's a strange, strange story, Tommy, stranger than I knew. You may weep before you come to the present chapter—but the ending is up to you."

He went out abruptly. striding down the street.

THE Bird House Man did not see Dr. Thomas Trask the following evening He called him up, but a voice answered that the doctor had gone out that afternoon and had not returned. Alec Farnum grinned as he hung up the receiver. On the next afternoon he and Ruth Eliot tramped up the road, through the dark spruces, and pounded the knocker on the door of that gloomy dwelling. The ancient maid admitted them. They went into the library. There were four vases of flowers in the room! It was almost ten minutes before Margaret Weir entered, and Ruth stared at her in amazement, for she was wearing a white dress with a bright green sash of ancient pattern. Her colour was high, her face like a freshened flower on a tall, slender stalk.

"Excuse me for keeping you waiting, she said, "but I was having a dress tried on."

Alec whispered to her while Ruth was unpacking the music.

"You had a supper party in this house last night!" he said. "Highly improper, I call it!"

"I hope it was!" she whispered back. "Oh, dear Mr. Alec, we had so much to say! And after it all we spoke of you, again and again!"

"Nonsense!" said the Bird House Man. "You talked about the last chapter."

"The last chapter? I don't understand."

"Good, you don't need to. Come, Ruth, are you ready?"

Five minutes later Ruth's clear, fresh, girlish soprano was floating out over the weed-tangled garden, buoyed up on the deep-voiced melody of the violin, and the Bird House Man sat on the haircloth sofa and smiled. The aria was from Mozart.

Nursing the Calf

As told by Bateese Trudeau

By W. S. Newman

By warm wood fire on winter night,
It often mak' me laugh
To t'ink of tam' Rober' Janou
Set up an' nurse de calf.

Before hees weddin' Rober' lak'
Two drink moch more dan one;
But w'en Jeannette tak' charge of heem—
Dat foolishness is done.

One winter, deir fine yearling calf—
Blue Ribbon won dat fall
At district fair, is taken seek,
Won' eat or drink at all.

Frank Duclos, who know animal
Jus' lak' one doctor man,
Look wise an' say, "Dat's colic, sure,
Get w'iskey fas' you can.

"An' ev'ry hour until she cure
Geev tablespoon or more."
Rober' seem tak' more interest now
Dan w'at he done before.

But do de very bes' he can,
For it's long way to town,
W'en he get back wit' w'iskey blanc
De sun she jus' go down.

He give de calf one primier dose,
Eat supper, do de chore,
Den say, "Jeannette, I nurse heem now
You need not worry more."

Dat girl is tired an' sleep so soun'
De sun is in de sky
A nodder winter morning, w'en
She wak' up wit' a cry.

De house she freeze. Rober' not back,
Dark t'oughts come in her brain,
Half dress, she hurry to de barn
An' fling door wide again.

She see in one stall lay dead calf,
De worse she now expec's
Den she hear snore an' see Rober'
Lay dead drunk in de nex'.

Brandon--Next Station

Continued from page 19

coach was either snoring, or else eating oranges to keep awake.

The man on the seat across the ile had taken off his shoes and had wrapped his face up with his handkerchief, and had evidently retired for the night in the usual fashion of the regular day-coach traveller.

At 1.20 Gloria's voice was fading out and at 1.35 she had taken the count and was sawing wood with the rest of them. Her head drooped slowly towards my shoulder, and my arm which had been resting along the back of the seat, had now quite unbeknown to me, fallen around her, so that to anyone not knowing the correct circumstances it might have looked like I had put my arm there intentional like, which you, Baldy, knowing me as you do, will know was not the case.

With my left hand I managed with some difficulty to open up the timetable and found we would arrive in Brandon about three. Only about one more hour and Glory would be gone. I knew she was asleep, although I had a feeling once or twice that she was looking at me, but it must have been imagination on my part, because she began talking like she was dreaming, and though there was too much static in her voice for me to hear just what she was talking about, I distinctly heard her say, "Egbert, darling," more than once.

Gee, Baldy, I felt pretty bad about everything and how mean it was for me to have told her my name was Egbert, and all that other stuff about being the big noise at Gen. Motors, and how rotten it was for me to have fooled a little girl who was practically a child that wasn't wise to the world and its wickedness like I was, except music and stuff like that what she had learned at New York.

The old train rambled right along. Nobody in the coach was caring how they looked. Some of 'em were coiled up on their seats like sleeping pups, while others were stretched out full length, looking as comfortable as if they were on the operation table.

Glory, fast asleep, and of course not knowing what she was doing had snuggled herself coyly in my arm, while I tried to figure out what she'd think about me if she knew just who I was.

I had just decided to come clean Baldy and tell her as soon as she awakened that I had just been fooling, when the brakie comes rushing through the coach yelling, "Brannanextation."

Of course he wakens everybody from their peaceful slumbers except old Rip Van Winkle across the ile with his handkerchief over his face. (From the way that gink slept, I began to think that maybe there was chloroform on his handkerchief.)

Well along with the rest, Glory begins to regain consciousness slowly. She turns her face towards mine, then opening her big blue eyes she looks tenderly into mine, and acts like she didn't really know where she was, or how she came to be laid in my arm. It took her quite five minutes to come to, as it were, and then she sits up and starts like she is going to apologize, when who do you think should come staggering up the coach, carrying a club bag and evidently preparing to get off at Brandon, but Eddie Taylor, the little fat salesman who has just taken over the Brandon territory for us. You know the guy, Baldy. He used to cover that territory for Jones & James Ltd., and was hanging around our warehouse all last week getting a line on our stock.

He looks like he's been having a celebration, but he sees me alright for by this time I'm standing up helping Glory on with her coat. Up he comes and—oh well, I might as well tell you the rest Baldy, for if I don't, I guess he will. He drops his bag and grabs my hand, and just then Glory turns towards him, and blessed if Eddie doesn't smile so friendly at her, that he nearly drops a dead cigar stub that he's chewing.

Of course, I figures that Eddie must have met Glory in Brandon at the Rotarians Ball or something like that, before she went to New York to learn her music stuff and all that, so Baldy you can guess how sinking I feels when he calls her Florrie and asks her if she's going back to her old job at the Sunshine Cafe, cause all the fellows round the old dump had been saying that she'd gone to Winnipeg for good to work in the five and ten, but the kid who took her job was a dumb dora and wouldn't let a fellow put his arm around her waist nor nothing, and business was sure falling off at the Sunshine and all that, and then the blinking idiot turns to me and says as how he pretty near didn't recognize me cause he'd never seen me except in my overalls, the sap.

Just then, the train stops and Eddie starts towards the door. Glory or Florrie or whatever her name is, gives me a parting smile, grasps my hand and says "farewell, Egbert." "Bye-Bye, Glory," says I and she follows Eddie down the ile and the two of 'em gets off the train together, while I moseys forward to the smoker and puts in the rest of the night there.

Well, she's a cute little wench any way, Baldy, and if the firm ever puts a branch in Brandon, I'm going to ask the boss to let me go up there to open up the stock room. I sort of fancy that the Sunshine Cafe wouldn't be a bad place to eat at, and if that brakie had not yelled "Brandon next station," so blamed loud, things might have turned out differently.

So-long, Baldy, I'm feeling a bit blue, so I'll ring off.

Remember me to all the gang.

Your old friend,

Wallie Wiggins.

P.S.—I don't think an awful lot to that new guy Eddie Taylor, he gets on my nerves.

P.P.S.—I forgot to tell you that someone swiped my watch on the train. I had it when I was looking at the timetable about an hour before we got to Brandon, but it was gone when I got to Regina. Some son-of-a-gun must have caught me napping in the smoker for I don't think I ever dozed off for a minute in the day coach, although I may have done so. On second thoughts it couldn't have been in the day coach because Glory would have awakened for she was quite close to my watch pocket.

W. W.

A Beauty Spot in Western Canada

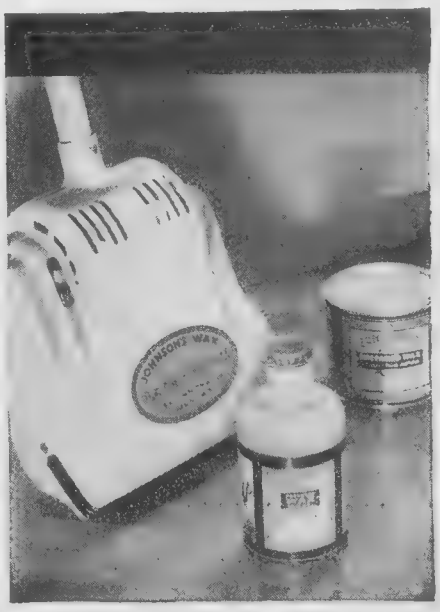
Because if you are, you know ALL about dirt on the floors and are anxious for this remedy.

To seal over the thousand little cracks and "pockets" where dirt lodges in every floor, do this: Wash the floor first. (You'll never have to do it again.)

Then spread a thin coat of Johnson's Wax with the Wax Applier or soft cloth—your hands won't be soiled in either case—and let it dry a few minutes. The wax will dry *hard*, filling every crack.

Take the new Johnson Electric Floor Polisher—every home should have one, but if yours has not your dealer around the corner rents it by the day for very little—and polish the floor until it glistens—with no glare, but with the rich subdued satiny lustre of electrically waxed floors.

The wax finish, then, is so dry that dirt simply can't stick to it. So smooth you can whisk the dust off. And so hard that traffic can't mar the varnish or shellac or lacquer beneath. S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Brantford, Canada.



Wax your floors without effort with the new Johnson Household Polisher. Plugs into any light socket—A. C. or D. C. Your dealer will rent the machine, deliver it, and call for it—for $2 a day. ■ Price with complete floor maintenance outfit—Wax Applier, Floor Duster, Liquid and Paste Wax—$42.50.

To try this polish on your floor—

S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Dept. W-110 Brantford, Can.

Gentlemen: Send 25c can of Johnson's Wax. Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) to defray part of cost and postage.

Name_____

Address _____

The Free Press Prairie Farmer

——FOR ONE YEAR——

and

The Western Home Monthly

——FOR ONE YEAR——

and

A Stamped Apron

ALL FOR $1.50

So many requests for a repetition of last year's popular clubbing offer, that we comply very readily This time, however, the apron is stamped on plain unbleached material and the new design, we think, is even daintier than the other one

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

I enclose $1.50 for which please send me The Free Press Prairie farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year and Stamped Apron.

Name.....

Address.....

"Bottled Sunlight"

By L. Garden

EVERYONE knows of the delectable qualities of the Newfoundland cod, and most people could indicate fishing as the main industry of that country. But it is not yet generally known that the industry is playing a great and increasingly important part in the war being so constantly waged upon the ravages of disease. Among the many interestingly informative exhibits in the commercial section during the British Medical Association convention at Winnipeg was one that was introduced for the first time, even to many members of the medical fraternity, as well as the general public, gave evidence of the indirect part that the Newfoundland fisherman is taking in that war as he goes humbly about his calling.

When the sun pours down day after day off the coasts of Newfoundland, for a large part of the year, it is doing more than gladden the hearts of the mainlanders. Not only humans are enjoying its rays, but the myriads of fish upon which the islanders base their main source of income are disporting themselves in the shallows and benefiting therefrom just as humans do. That, so the theory goes, is among the reasons why the oil from Newfoundland cod livers is found to contain, on the average, a considerably higher percentage of vitamins than the livers of cod caught at ocean points less frequently visited by the sun. Cod liver oil—"bottled sunlight."

So much is written about vitamins—those alphabetically listed food elements—these days, that the general public possess a pretty fair conception of the important part they play in the proper nourishment of the body, especially in the case of children. And, when there is a food found that contains some of the principal vitamins in a high degree a ready interest in it is taken by those with the welfare of the race at heart. Which explains why the display made by a well known firm of Montreal, was the centre of so much attention at the B.M.A. convention.

This firm had an exhibit that apparently aimed at, in the first place, establishing the merits of cod liver oil, and, secondly, of showing that oil made from the Newfoundland cod has a merit all its own. Co-operation of the Newfoundland department of fisheries was in evidence in the several fine samples of cod on view.

One feature of this striking exhibit that immediately attracted the attention, consisted of a number of cages containing white rats, some of them suffering from rickets and others from blindness. Just the earlier results of a lack of the vitamins D and A respectively. Put vitamin A in the diet of the blind rats and they would have their sight again in a few days we were assured. It was soothing to our sympathetic selves to be told that they each would have the missing vitamin at breakfast very soon. Just as a contrast there was a cage of rats—fighting, jumping, vigorous fellows—who had had all the vitamins nature intended. There was nothing wrong with their bones or eyes, it was readily seen. There was quite a moral for humanity in the respective physical conditions of those three cages full of young rats.

WHERE cod liver oil comes in to offset deficient diet is mainly in the provision of those vital vitamins A and D. Absence of the former results in eye and kidney trouble, and that of the latter may cause rickets and other manifestations of faulty bone structure. So those Newfoundland fishermen are doing a big work for the children of Canada and the world. While the great virtues of cod liver oil have been known even as early as the close of the 15th Century, when John Cabot made the climaxing discovery of Newfoundland, it is only of comparatively recent years that the use of it has come to be recognized by the public and medical profession as invaluable as a body builder and disease preventive for children, and as a medicine of high therapeutic and anti-infective potency for adults. Discovery of the important part played by vitamins in the body's health—a discovery of very recent times—is bringing cod liver oil more to the forefront every day.

Many processes of extracting the oil from the liver have been tried during the centuries until today D. James Davies, government analyst for Newfoundland, claims that the pinnacle of perfection has been apparently reached. And there are very many other authorities who believe that in both its supply of cod and their quality as well as in the methods of extracting the oil and making it fit for the market, Newfoundland is leading the world. No one can deny that the little country has a wonderful advantage in the quality of the cod caught in its waters. The period of greatest activity in the industry is from the middle of July to the end of September. During that time the cod fish is exceptionally well fed. The teeming millions of caplin that invade the coastal waters and the great quantities of squid that visits the shores in August and September—both these fish are alive with the vigor that only plenty of sunlight gives—are the cod's food. It is little wonder that, following weeks of feasting upon such luscious delicacies, he should also become plump and well upholstered, and that his all-important liver should be large and healthy. This is significant as it has been proved by experiment, that oil from plump fish has three times the vitamin potency of oil from lean and emaciated fish.

Great care is taken in the preparation of the oil, the Newfoundland regulations as to cleanliness, etc., being very stringent, while in the laboratories every drop of oil is tested before it goes on the market, with the result that all the output is up to a certain standard. The tests are based upon the responsiveness of rats that have been deficiently dieted.

The exhibit of this Montreal firm left the writer with the firm conviction that cod liver oil is an exceedingly important factor in this vitamin age, and that Newfoundland oil would seem to be in the van of importance.

Longing

By Edna Plunkett

There's a sobbing in the wind's song
There's sighing from the sky,
Just a little whispering murmur
And each seems echoing my cry.

There's sorrow in the cloud tears
Falling gently from the sky,
While all nature is weeping with me,
Sadly echoing my cry.

There's an emptiness about me
While the sun's not in the sky,
Even birds are softly mourning,
Soft repeating my sigh.

Where are you wandering my dear one?
You have been gone so long,
All about me seems amourning,
My voice has hushed its song.

Seems like all the world is dreary,
All my happiness is gone,
I am waiting, longing for you,
Wanting none, but you, alone.

If I could but hear you whisper,
Or even see you smile—
All my prayers would be answered,
Life would seem, once more, worthwhile.

When My Lady Goes Hunting

By Edna A. Baker

Jean Cameron

IF leaders of international "feminist" societies should ever wish to prove by a concrete example their contention that it is possible for a woman to do any work that a man can do, within the limits of her physical strength, and yet retain all her sweet femininity they have only to turn to Northern Alberta to find one, for here, on the shores of Shining Bank Lake, about one hundred and fifty miles North-East of Jasper Park lives Jean Cameron, pretty, twenty-one year old girl who has been trapping and hunting very successfully for over eleven years and who now has a trap line extending for ten miles from her home.

Trapping in these northern woods and fields cannot, by any stretch of imagination, be called sport, for it means rising early on the coldest mornings of winter, breaking tracks through deep snow, setting, moving and taking up traps and last, but certainly not least, killing the animals, removing them from the traps, skinning and preparing the furs for market.

Jean Cameron is fearless, in a quiet way, and it is well that she is for when the snow is deep and the cold penetrates bone and marrow, the timber wolves, driven by hunger, come down to the settlements, and in the Spring and Autumn moose are very common in her district. Then, too, she never knows what she may find when she rides up to a trap. Often the animal is caught by one toe and in its terror at the approach of pony and rider it is apt to wrench itself free and escape and then —well, according to Jean—you are either left feeling disappointed because you have lost a good fur or you are thankful that you do not need to make a closer acquaintance with it.

Not long ago she caught a big wildcat.

"I thought when I first saw him that it was a great-horned owl for he was crouching in the snow and I could just see the tufts on his ears. I did not attempt to kill him with a quick blow as I do some animals for I was afraid he might get loose and come at me. I shot him from horseback," she said.

One day last Autumn, just after the first snow-fall, Jean was riding along her trap line setting out traps when suddenly she came face to face with moose; a big bull and three cows.

"What did you do?" I asked her.

"I don't think I did anything at first," she said quietly, "I just stood and looked at them. Finally they turned and ran up the hill but the bull evidently changed his mind for he stopped, turned around and came straight for me. I shot as quickly as I could and he dropped about 20 yards from me. I shot him through the lungs."

"Yes, I felt pretty shivery all right but I knew I was safe for I had my gun. I felt certain I would be all right as soon as I shot."

"You must be a good shot," I suggested.

"Yes, pretty good unless I get excited."

Timber wolves do "excite" her. "They make me nervous," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Two years ago they came down very close to our farm, and after I saw those big tracks I was timid, for I never knew when I might meet one on my trap line."

There is no question that Jean Cameron has succeeded in an occupation that is generally regarded as a man's work and there is also no question as to whether or not she has retained her "sweet femininity" for, even in her khaki breeches, blouse, socks and moccasins she is daintier and more feminine than many girls I have seen in the ball-room dressed in silks and laces and all the other equipment of the modern flapper. She is a sweet, womanly girl, full of life and animation yet very quiet and modest in her manner. She is interested in her work but she does not discuss it unless you ask her to.

As I listened to her story I found myself wondering how this slender, blue-eyed bit of a girl ever came to take up work which seems naturally to belong to a man but as she told me her story I saw that it was a case of giving "to the world the best you have" under all circumstances, and Jean Cameron is the sort of woman who would do it. She began snaring rabbits on their homestead when she was eight years old to help in providing meat for the family.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, with four children, came to Canada from England when Jean was four years old. They remained for two or three years in Edmonton and then came war and hard times. Mr. Cameron is a member of a titled British family, but Britain's titled families suffered their full share of hardships and privations in the war, and, determined to stand on his own feet, he decided to take up a homestead in the Haddock district, fourteen miles north of Peers on the C.N.R.

The Cameron family's story is the true story of the pioneer; a tale of hardships and struggles to wrench from the land of an unbroken, uncleared country a living for a family, but there was wonderful loyalty and energy in this little family, and while the father and brother cut and shaped the logs for the house, Jean, eight years old and a sister, two years older, furnished the power for the windlass which pulled the logs out of the swamp to a knoll.

During the first winter life was not easy and even had there been plenty of money it would have been difficult to obtain supplies, for the nearest store was miles away, so Jean and her sister set to work snaring rabbits and provided meat for the family all through the winter The rabbit skins they used to make moccasins.

"We children did not mind it much but I think it must have been hard for my mother," Jean told me. "she had never lived outside of a city. She had taught school in England and there was always 'help' in her family so she did not know what hard physical work meant, but she was quite willing to go with Daddy on homestead on one condition. That was that they should take some music with them, so they bought a second-hand piano and a gramophone."

[Continued on page 46]

Before pyorrhea thins those lips with "age"— adopt this protection

YOU know the sunken cheeks, the hard thin lips that change pretty faces to a premature middle age. Pyorrhea is one of the greatest reasons It attacks the gums—first with sponginess—later with tenderness and bleeding It loosens sound teeth if neglected.

Adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice now If you brush your teeth, and of course you do, it will make them beautifully gleaming. At the same time it tones up the gums—helps to keep them firm and healthy. Originated by R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., a specialist in pyorrhea Full directions with every tube. Invest 35c or 60c now in this protection. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

PYORRHEA ATTACKS 4 OUT OF 5 OVER 40

Forhan's

for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Do men admire natural color?
JUST ASK ONE!

TANGEE
Like Nature's Own Glow
Greaseless! Permanent!

Men admire youthful healthy color. Certainly! They want your lips to look natural . . . not a greasy smear of glaring, flashy color!

Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it to your lips. It is like a glow from within . . . a blush so natural that it seems a part of the lips. And Tangee never rubs off or looks artificial.

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, no matter what your individual complexion.

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1.25. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, $1.00 . . . *Crême Rouge*, $1.25. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, 75c and $1.25. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1.25. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1.25. *Cosmetic*, e new "mascara," will not smart, $1.25.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

PALMERS LIMITED, DEPT. W.M. 10
750 Vitre St., West Montreal, Canada

Name.....

Address.....

Are We Friendly?

By Ethel Kendal

THE necessity of accepting new neighbors, be it a pleasure or a pain, is of frequent enough occurrence in this Canada of ours to deserve some extra thought and perhaps some revision of manner.

There are organizations for meeting arrivals from other countries, to make them welcome, to give assistance and advice. There are societies who volunteer aid of every description to the needy, clothing, food, shelter, money, medicine. Is that enough? Or is there a crying need for friendship that is being denied? Is the new neighbor who asks for bread being treated to a stone?

Very often, yes. Not through unkindness. The hunger of the lonely heart is unperceived. Friendship is withheld for various reasons. Those most popular in a neighborhood have already a large list of friends. They are too busy with their social obligations to add to that list. Others, having made an unwise choice of friends in the past, play safe by holding themselves aloof. Some, victims of an inferiority complex, fear to proffer friendship. And the newcomer is left strictly alone.

The newcomer, ignored, is of course lonely. That, however, is not the worst that results from the aloofness of neighbors. Usually she (for the woman is the chief sufferer) at last concludes that she is not considered good enough to be associated with. Very likely she becomes bitter. And harm that a few friendly contacts would have prevented has been done.

"Narrow minded" someone declares. Not necessarily. Though those too should be considered. Minds have every degree of power from the weakest to the strongest. But this conclusion was not arrived at suddenly. The stranger had arrived full of eagerness and friendliness. She (the men are not included in the isolation that falls to the lot of the women who are not invited into some of the inner circles) settled in a house, in town or on a farm, and set to work to make it as attractive as possible with little means to work with. The "means" are to come later, in Canada. Then she waited, dressed each afternoon in clean dress and her best shoes, for someone to call. Many little things she wanted to discuss with a woman. No one thought of calling Some were too busy. Some had friends enough. Some had other reasons. All were thoughtless.

Why hurry through the work then, to dress up? Why dress up at all? She is one lone being. What matters?

Many such cases have come to my notice. Some women are utterly ruined by being ignored. One woman with whom I have talked, sits at home hating everybody. "I hate them. What do I care how much they suffer?" she said. "Have they cared about me?" If this is being narrow-minded it must be remembered that it requires outside contacts to broaden the mind. More interests than a new home in a strange land can afford. Have not established residents a solemn duty towards the stranger? Must they not answer the question, "Am I my sister's keeper?"

Are there among us a few timid souls who fear that the new arrival is not socially eligible? What better way to find out than by getting acquainted? Certainly the easier way is to play safe and remain aloof. But choosing easy paths is not building character for one's self. That position in society that can be maintained only by having poorer neighbors as contrast is not a safe one to hold in this country. One must strive to be worthy within one's self. It includes being kind at all times. One of the greatest of unkind acts is to ignore the new arrival because it implants bitterness and hatred in hearts that were meant to be loving and kind.

We sometimes meet, it is true, those who appear undeserving of our friendship. Our judgment can not be depended on. In some cases, a difference in viewpoint, this difference derived from early environment or influences unknown to us, contributes toward causing gulf's between humans, while each in his own way is as good as the other. We find it hard to tolerate differences. The safe rule is to treat others in a friendly manner, to offer the stranger friendship, a helping hand, and sympathy. That is, the stranger who has come to dwell in our neighborhood. As long as a guard is kept over our own secrets we cannot be harmed by bestowing friendship.

And many are the lonely hearts in Canada longing for a friendly voice, and a sympathetic ear.

When My Lady Goes a Hunting

Continued from page 45

"How did you feel when you first began to trap?" I asked her, and in reply to my question she told me a story which proved that she has never lacked courage and resourcefulness.

"I was only seven so it was so long ago I scarcely remember how I felt but I do remember what happened. It was when we were living in Edmonton."

Among her playmates at that time was a little boy, three or four years her senior who it seems, decided to earn a little money for himself and set a trap in a near-by slough Next day he and Jean visited the trap and found it had caught something. With the superior diplomacy of eleven he induced her to take off her shoes and stockings and wade in because her shoes "were easier to take off" than his.

The little girl waded into the slough up to her knees but just as she arrived, their catch, a muskrat, dived and seeing only the tail floating she thought it was a snake and ran screaming back to shore. The young man assured her that it was not a snake; "likely just a rat," and giving her a tin can he bade her wade in again and push it over the animal's head while he directed operations from the shore. The same thing happened again but this time, on instructions from her companion, she pulled the trap chain till she brought the animal to the surface when she promptly pushed the can over it and waded ashore. Her part in the adventure did not end here, however, for the boy refused to touch the rat, telling her if she would skin him they could get ten cents for the skin and she could have half to buy candy, so she carried the muskrat home.

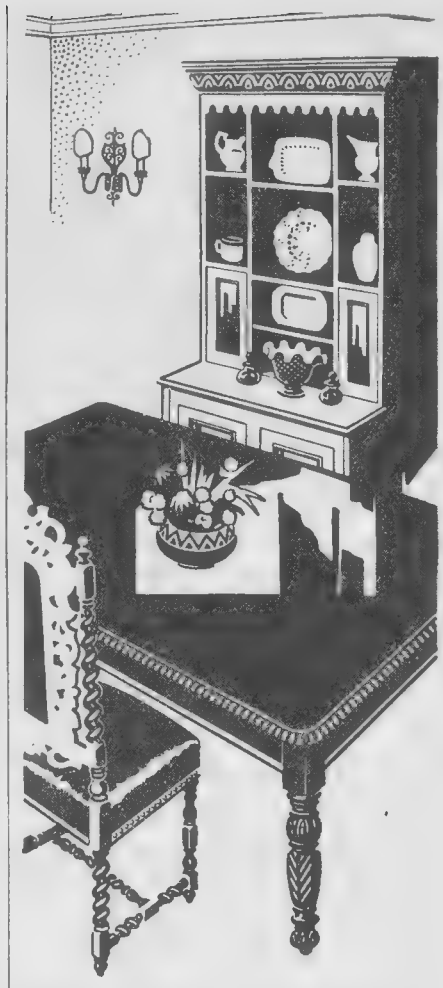
"I asked Daddy how to skin it," she said laughingly, "but he didn't know how. He told me to go ahead and pull it off someway, so I did. I put it on a piece of fire-wood, but I guess the cat ate it, for I know I never got my five cents."

During a recent visit to Edmonton with the Women's Institute Girls' Clubs, she was induced by a friend to accept a position which offers excellent pay and, almost reluctantly, I thought, she accepted.

Speaking of it I suggested that it would be a nice change and give her extra money for the pretty clothes and other dainty things every girl loves.

She looked very serious. "It isn't the clothes, I'm thinking about," she told me, and then she confided a happy bit of news. There is, as one would expect, a favored lad in Northern Alberta who is also interested in trapping and farming. "I expect we shall be married some day and I should like, very much, to earn some money to help in building a home. I love farm life, and I hope someday we shall be able to have some good land for mixed farming and a fur farm on the side."

One does not need to be a prophet to guess that Jean Cameron's dreams will come true, for this pretty, slender, little trapper, with the blue-blood of England in her veins, has a full measure of the indomitable spirit and courage which have sent members of her race pioneering into every quarter of the globe, and beside that she has all the charm and sweet womanly tenderness that make home—even a home in the wilderness—a place of beauty, peace and contentment.



Winnipeg's finest homes are beautified with BERRYCRAFT Finishes

Winnipeg—busy, modern and progressive—specifies Berrycraft Finishes for unequalled beauty and durability. Made by Berry Brothers, for 72 years manufacturers of fine finishes for every purpose—Berrycraft products are noted for their unchanging high quality. Throughout the world they are the choice of master painters and decorators.

Bring new beauty and protection to *your* home with Berrycraft Finishes. Let the judgment of qualified experts in every corner of the Dominion guide you. Renew floors and woodwork with Liquid Granite—the million step-test varnish. On furniture and woodwork, etc., have the enduring color of Berrycraft Quick-Drying Enamel. For exteriors use Berrycraft House Paint—a revolutionary new product made with wood-preserving, rust-preventing Lionoil.

Whatever you want to refinish, insist on Berrycraft. Get superior quality and rare beauty at an actual saving.

BERRY BROTHERS

Varnishes Enamels Lacquers Paints
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Labelled--At Last

By Verna Loveday Harden

ANOTHER thing which our grandmothers predicted has come to pass. Wedding rings for men!

When you come to think of it, it seems strange that the twentieth century woman has not insisted on this before now. How often has the already uneven course of love been made worse complicated by the intrusion of a married man who pretended he wasn't? Forty out of fifty married women couldn't conceal the fact if they tried—but how about their husbands? Is it fair that a married man, no matter how young and handsome, should allow a girl to fall in love with him? It must be terribly humiliating to a modern young woman, after proposing to a man, to be told that he already has a wife and family. Especially if she has confided in her girl friends that she is going to marry him.

Of course, girls, you won't find it easy to persuade your particular Cause for Worry to wear one of these tags. The few presumably intelligent men I have consulted on the subject considered the idea an imposition, an outrage, and other unprintable things. When they would finally listen to reason I explained that we were treating them leniently. Why, I had been thinking for some time that a good-sized ring worn through the nose would make a fitting marker for married men.

One particularly violent objector swore that married men could be recognized anywhere. He referred touchingly to the slump of their shoulders, the furrows in their foreheads, the hunted look in their eyes.

But I was not convinced. I said: "Take, for instance, that youth of forty summers tripping around the corner. Notice his boyish figure, the modish cut of his clothes, the saucy angle at which he wears his hat, his tantalizing smile, the shiek-like flame in his eyes. Would you take him to be a married, or an unmarried man?"

My opponent paused. He suspected I was trying to trap him. "Well," he admitted, "he looks to me to be single."

"Single!" I snorted. "Single! He's responsible for two sets of twins—and his wife's at home minding them."

"Oh well," retorted my companion, trying to look nonchalant, "he's an exception."

Exception! Indeed! I was about to mention another point but he sneaked away.

That's typical of the way men defend one another. All the more reason why we women should insist on a few reforms such as masculine Wedding Rings.

The next time I can get a man to listen to me I'm going to ask him to consider this and see if he has any argument to offer. In a recent class in ball room dancing there were about thirty pupils, evenly divided as to sex, between the ages of eighteen and forty. About six of the girls were married, and before the end of the first lesson everybody knew which ones these were. But the men—that was where the unfairness came in. It was impossible to detect them. As you hopped across the floor in the arms of a married man, anxiously jerking your feet out of danger of his, did he whisper to you of his precious little wife? Certainly not. He told you what a smart dancer you were going to be, and asked whether you had anybody to take you to dances when you finished the lessons.

Now, to a number of the single girls in that class, dancing was a secondary consideration; the class had been recommended to them as a sure place to meet eligible men. Imagine, for a moment, the consternation which rent their bosoms as they gazed on that array of dashing males, and asked each other: "Which, Oh, which are the single ones?"

When the course of six lessons was completed, only one girl had been successful in making a definite date with (let us hope) a single man. How many heartaches, how many misunderstandings, would have been avoided, if the married men had been labelled as such!

Girls, this deception has gone too far. Our opportunity has come at last, and we must make the most of it. But how?

You happy brides-to-be, yours is the easier way. You can simply point out to the blushing groom that you would not consider yourself decently married to him unless he, too, wore an emblem of your sacred union.

You who are already married, and find that your opinion has less weight than it used to have, be not discouraged. Your next wedding anniversary will be your lucky break. Surely no husband with an ounce of romance left in him would refuse the gift of an attractive ring to commemorate the happiest day of his life!

The Human Heart

By May Howe Dakin

There's nothing so resilient,
Nothing half so gay,
Nothing so enduring as the human heart
today;
Burden it with suffering,
Crush it down with wrong,
Lift the load but little, it will burst into a
song.

Nothing is so sensitive—
So quick to understand—
Nothing so responsive to love's littlest
demand;
Nothing in the world so soft,
Nothing quite so hard,
Nothing so unguarded or that needs so
strong a guard.

Nothing has such motive power—
Nothing is so strong
To keep the soul amarching on the chosen
path along—
For the heart's a pillared flame,
A shining beacon light,
A force that Life can never tame, nor
Death blow out the light.

When the Wedding Bells are Ringing

By Martha Shepard Lippincott

When the wedding bells are ringing,
Joyously, I come to thee,
Then my darling bride forever,
Thou, at last, my own, shall be.
Life's fond dreams, we'll be fulfilling,
When, my darling, you are mine
And the wedding bells are ringing,
Making joyous lije devine.

Ring, O, ring for my belove'd,
Make a day of sweet delight
When our lives shall be united,
And the world seem so bright.
Let the wedding bells be ringing
And all sorrows pass away,
Only happy joys be coming
On our joyous, wedding day.

Let or lives, henceforth be seeming
Like a dream of sweet delight,
With sweet peace and love forever
Making all the world seem bright
In the joy our hearts are feeling.
Ring the wedding bells to-day,
For my loving heart is longing,
To my love, to haste away.

Your Children's Feet
demand most thoughtful care

HURLBUT Discovers Anti-Acid Footwear

WHEN, as happens in the case of ordinary shoes—the child's tender skin comes in direct contact with the leather sole—serious trouble is started. For leather is tanned by the use of chemical acids and extracts — possessing qualities which embalm the animal hide. And when these same acids are drawn out by the warm feet, they burn and practically "embalm" the child's foot. To protect your children from this—all HURLBUT SHOES are "insulated".

It is impossible for tanning acids to scald or burn, when Hurlbuts are worn. The feet first touch the Hurlbut sterilized Sea-Island Duck insole—and below this is the famous Hurlbut Cushion Sole—an insulating cushion of *pure virgin wool* (piano felt), which forms an all-protecting shield between the leather sole and your child's foot. Hurlbuts are the only shoes that can safely and comfortably be worn without a stocking.

Hurlbut Prices the same from Atlantic to Pacific—from Mexico to Alaska.

HURLBUTS "PUSSY FOOTS"	HURLBUTS	HURLBUTS	HURLBUTS
Sizes 2 to 6 Widths D and E	Sizes 5 to 7½ Widths A to E	Sizes 8 to 10½ Widths A to E	Sizes 11 to 2 Widths A to E
Strap Styles.....$2.00	Strap Styles.....$3.25	Strap Styles.....$3.75	Strap Styles.....$4.75
Oxford Styles..$2.25	Oxford Styles..$3.50	Oxford Styles .$4.00	Oxford Styles..$5.00
Lace and Button Boots.....$2.50	All with Hurlbuts Natural Wedge Heels	All with Hurlbuts Natural Wedge Heels	All with Rubber Heels

Hurlbut Selected upper leathers are deep black ebony patent, tropical brown calf, jet black velvet calf, finest black or brown kid.

HURLBUT
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
CUSHION SOLE
Shoes for Children

If your dealer cannot supply HURLBUTS send your order to HURLBUT CO., LTD., PRESTON, ONT., for the only genuine HURLBUT ACID-FREE FOOTWEAR manufactured, and see that the Hurlbut name and Trade Mark is on the sole and insole.

Royal Muskoka One Strap

Sunnyside Sport Oxford

301-A

"NO GRAY HAIR"

Don't endure the unfairness of age-telling gray, faded or streaked hair. Tint it instantly to its natural youthful shade and lustre—any desired color from lightest blond to midnight black. Just comb thru clean, harmless, odorless, Brownatone. No fuss, no muss. Immediate, guaranteed results. At all dealers. Or send 10c for trial bottle.

Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. O-20 Windsor, Ont.

BROWNATONE
GUARANTEED HARMLESS

MAPS

EXCELLENT pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province postpaid. For sale at the best stationers, news dealers, drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

Stovel Company Limited
"A Complete Printing Service"

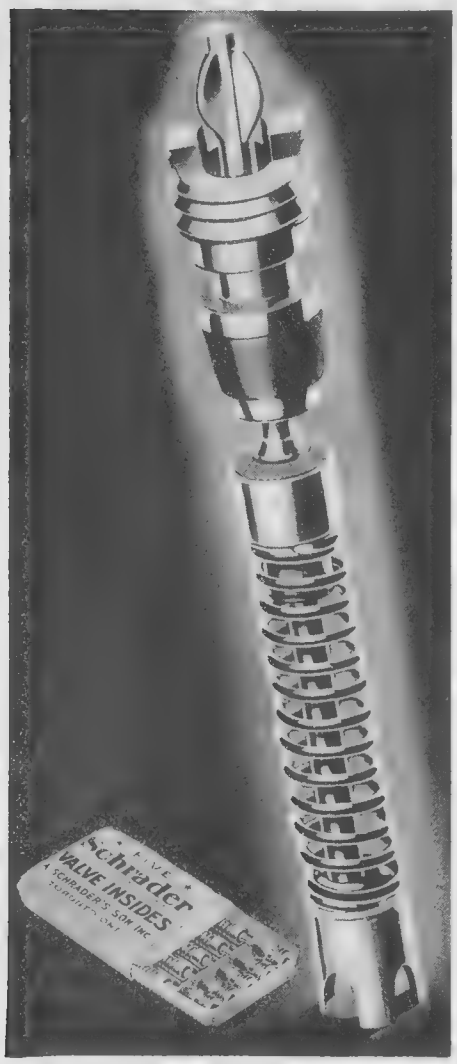
Other Maps for all Purposes.
Write for price list or further information

When Answering Advertisers Please Mention The Western Home Monthly

ONE

Second

is enough



to "BE SURE IT'S A SCHRADER"

HAVING tire trouble on the road? Maybe it's because you have old or inferior valve cores in your tire valves. Replace all doubtful cores at once, but take one second to look for the name "Schrader" on the box when you buy new ones. You'll find it pays.

Valve cores are extremely important to the life and welfare of your tires. Sooner or later you will have to buy them. It is at this point the danger comes in. Cheapjack cores may give you trouble.

With Schrader Valve Cores you run less risk of road troubles. They offer maximum assurance that the air pressure in your tires—so necessary for longer tire life—will be maintained. That's why Schrader Valve Cores are used in more than 85% of all tubes made in the United States and Canada today. A. Schrader's Son, Inc., Toronto, Brooklyn, Chicago, London.

Be sure it's a Schrader—Look for the name

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves • Tire Gauges

Unemployment and Machinery

By Margaret Somerville McDonald

MARVELLOUS age! Most marvellous age since the world began. For the ingenious mind of man has invented so many devices that he has all but stamped out toil from the world. In harnessed steam he travels from one ocean to the next; in leviathan ships he reaches every shore. He has harnessed the rivers to perform labors for him, and lighten the darkness. He has captured the winds to turn his wheels, and do his bidding. By machinery he rivals the colors of the sunset on canvas or paper. On wings he ascends into the air, and flies like a bird, over the mountains and the unknown frozen regions.

In every sphere of labor his active mind has found a substitute for toil. Incredibly human machines till the land, garner the grain, milk the cows, turn the churn, separate the necessary foodstuffs chemically, carry his loads and burdens. Giant shovels perform the work of fifty. Machinery sweeps, cleans, polishes his dwelling. Machinery weaves his covering, sews his clothes, knits his footwear, makes his house adornments, prepares the food he eats. Except for the smallest part, he may sit with folded hands, for in his knowledge, man has found a tireless, deathless slave for toil. He is as wise as the gods!

In truth he has conquered the air, the earth and the sea. Only once in the world's history has such conquest been known, and that was when the tower of Babel was built. It was the same then as now: Nature's laws are inexorable; they can neither be defied nor conquered.

And the first great decree is: "In the sweat of thy face, thou shalt eat thy bread." In other words, humanity shall not exist without individual toiling.

In the early history of the world, "confusion of tongues" was the obstacle to Utopia. In our day, human machines defy us because of their inhumanity. One machine may do the work of a hundred men, and so give them surcease from toil. But the machine cannot give the hundred men it relieves the necessary barter for food, covering and shelter. For the gain goes to the possessor of the machinery. And those whom it relieves are left destitute.

Nor is this the greatest calamity that this machine age has caused. Men have placed their trust in machinery. And machinery has betrayed them. There has never been an art which has truly been substituted by machinery; there never will be, for the human hand alone holds the impress of genius. But in gazing on the lifeless perfection of machine-made articles, man has lost his confidence in his own powers of performance. A hundred years ago people wove their covering and their carpets. They ground their grain, and cooked their foods longer. They made them houses of the stones or bricks, or the logs which they felled. But the perfection of machine-turned products, and the ease from toil, has slowly atrophied man's knowledge of primitive arts. And in his admiration for machine-made articles, he has forgotten an art. And he finds himself completely conquered, and helpless, to help himself. Can he weave his garments? Can he make his meal? Can he erect his shelter? He has forgotten all this, yet his ancestors in this country did all of these things.

PERHAPS the final power of mechanism has sounded the clarion to a new and desperate battle. The combine has taken the place of thousands. Western Canada has seen the last influx of labor for her wheat harvest. And the thousands who have been bereft of harvest labor will have to turn and defeat this threatening of their existence.

Every country in the world faces the problem of the machine substitute for human labor. No country has the same problem. We are essentially an agricultural country. And an "agricultural country" does not mean one which exports great quantities of products to other markets. It means also a land where a proper proportion of people get their sustenance from the soil. And the coming of the combine may not be an unmixed evil for Western Canada. For this may force on us the small farm, and so prevent that desolation which is sure to follow our present custom of wheat mining.

Agriculture is at the base of Canadian life. It is our fundamental culture. It must be the rockbed of our education, for by it we have our existence—especially on the plains of Western Canada.

When one has agricultural intelligence and learning a small acreage will supply him with all the necessities of life. Such a farmer is the most independent person in the world; he can rear his shelter from the rocks he takes from his field, or the trees he fells. He can weave his clothing from the wool of his sheep or the linen of the flax he grows. He can assuage his hunger from the fruits of his fields. His bank account may not be large. But he has enough, and enough is plenty. More than this, his toil is not incessant. He has leisure. Leisure brings contentment, and "in the pauses of life, we live."

In an agricultural country it is the small landholder who is the stability of the nation. It is from their ranks that most of the nation's great ones spring. It is from them that national culture springs.

Construction of highways and the building activities of the West will not solve our unemployment problem. We are not a manufacturing country, but an agricultural one. It is the small farm and intelligent farmer which will be our only solution and salvation. If agriculture is carried on intelligently, as our basic life, the agriculturalist can defy machinery. All others will have enough to support it.

God's Handiwork

By Thomas Saunders

In flow'rs that bloom
In springing sod
Forever loom
The Works of God.

In ancient trees
With branches spread
In melodies
From overhead.

In rising sun,
In evening star,
In waves that run
O'er sandy bar.

In babbling brook
With song so sweet,
In cosy nook
Where lovers meet.

In earth and sky,
In field or town,
In tear or sigh,
In laugh or frown.

In peace and war,
In bad or good,
In comp'ny or
In solitude.

In rain or shine,
In heat and cold,
In thoughts devine,
In tales re-told.

In flow'rs that bloom
In springing sod
Forever loom
The Works of God.

Yet Oh! how odd
Were one to see
A trace of God
Revealed in me.

To whom . . .
will you entrust your
WORLD CRUISE

●Your World Cruise will be the trip of your life . . . if you entrust it to the World's greatest travel system . . . The Canadian Pacific offers (1) a 137-day itinerary . . . (2) spring around the world . . . (3) luxurious comfort aboard the palatial White Empress of Australia (21,850 Gross Tons) . . . (4) service and cuisine of World famous Canadian Pacific Standard . . .

●And . . . **The 5th Ace** . . . Canadian Pacific World-wide system of rail, ship, hotel and key-city offices that makes your trip absolutely carefree . . . perfection itself. Sail from New York December 2 . . . as low as $2,000.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

●73 days brimful of joyous sunshine in the cradle of civilization itself . . . glamour of age-old customs . . . beauties of ancient empires and famous kings . . . the luxurious ease of life aboard the palatial White Empress of France makes your trip a joy—your rest complete . . . sail from New York on February 3rd . . . as low as $900. 197

● "Always Carry Canadian Pacific Travellers' Cheques . . . Good the World Over."

Canadian Pacific Steamships

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

Sun Facing Canadians

By Gertrude E. Walker

"THERE is something which Canada gives to her sons that not even years of hardest, unrewarded, toil can entirely remove. It is like an ever bubbling optimism which knows that just around the corner is the break Lady Luck has been holding out on them. They seem to be always facing the sun."

It was not a native of our country who spoke but a distinguished visitor from another land.

As I listened to him there flashed across my memory stories I have known of true optimists, typical sun-facing Canadians.

It was in the Okanagan Valley I knew a wonderful couple. The silver was just beginning to streak the dark of his hair, hers was softest brown, untouched by grey. Two stalwart boys tumbled and tossed on the wide lawn. It was hard sometimes to tell which was boy and which dog, but all three were there somewhere, mixed in the scramble.

Was something for the good of the community to be started? If it was a man's movement you went to him, if a woman's to her, and you knew it was as good as done.

When the boys went to University the old home rang to the joy of many a house party.

More than one boy, and girl too, throughout all Canada, carries happy memories of that old home.

The summer of 1915 would have seen the boys graduate, Harry would enter the hospital as an interne, Jack his chosen profession of civil engineering, but, the fall of 1914 found them in France. In 1916 came word that Harry was missing. In 1918 Jack came home, a shadow of himself, never to know freedom from pain until death brought welcome release in 1921.

A year later, worn out and glad to enter into rest the mother slipped away, leaving the old gentleman alone.

Then came bad years. Blight, poor pickers, early frosts, little by little what had seemed full and plenty became just enough to live on. The farm was sold. A tiny house, still a community centre, is now his home.

He has passed the alloted span, and, at the age when most men would be thinking of their own ease and comfort he wrote a well-known implement firm asking if he could arrange the purchase, on the time-payment plan, of a certain machine which he thought would be of help to the community. He explained he had little money except his old age pension; which friends had insisted he accept; but he would gladly turn that in on the purchase.

No complaint of what life has taken from him, no pessimism, just a wish that while here he may contribute to the well-being of the community in which he lives.

When I remonstrated with him he replied simply, "I have always been glad to start things."

ON a train speeding eastward I saw another couple. They had evidently come on board at Edmonton. I'll never forget my first sight of them. They were at breakfast in the diner. I chose my seat where I might watch them.

They were of those whose photos we see daily in the Canadian papers under the caption, "Pioneer passes on." There was no thought of "passing on," however, in the minds of my two friends.

Face turned to the sunrise, eye shining, snow white hair, she sat, a tiny figure immaculate in a most becoming travelling outfit. It was not until you noticed her hands that the story came out. Gnarled, twisted, they told of years of work and exposure, but, as they rested on that white cloth, you sensed their owner possessed much of that peace which comes alone from within.

Facing his wife, eager as a child for the new sights and sounds, sat a tall white-bearded man. His eyes carried the look of one who sees afar and, as he watched the scenery rushing past, you recognized a feeling of ownership and pride in it all.

I made their acquaintance later and found that years of toil and hardship had been repaid with abundance beyond their wildest dreams. Now, with the family all settled, they were off to the south for a winter of rest and recreation.

"We're just prepared to enjoy every moment of it." The old lady beamed at me and her husband added "But we'll be ready to come back in time for seeding."

Another pair of sun-facing Canadians.

It was in the dry-belt of Saskatchewan I knew another sun-facing Canadian. There had been a few good years and he had succeeded in getting the 160 acres cleared of debt and for crop.

Three years ago he was hailed out one hundred per cent. Two years ago just enough out of the crop to pay the threshers. A year ago not enough, the last of the bank balance went for the threshing. This year, not even sufficient for seed.

Was he discouraged? NO!

Seventy years young, with land ready for the crop that MAY come, he is preparing to enter into new ventures, and while waiting he faces the sun and keeps smiling.

Here's what he said less than a month ago, "This waiting for something to happen at the end of a straw in this dry-belt is no good. I'm going into poultry raising and dairying."

Sometimes Canada pays her sons in a coin which is not the barter of this realm.

THERE passed away recently in one of our cities a pioneer. One of whom it had often been said "He thinks of himself last."

The family was anxious to take the body to the old burying ground; they knew it would be his wish; but weeks of constant blizzardy weather made it seem an impossible task. Telephone calls to the old neighborhood confirmed their fears. The roads were impassable Arrangements were made to take the body to the vault nearest the old home, and leave the balance of the journey, nine miles, to be made when better weather conditions prevailed.

It was the afternoon before the funeral. The Reeve of the municipality where the old man had spent most of his life came into the city and to the home of the son where lay the body.

"You're bringing him down to the old cemetery?" he asked.

"No. We are only taking him to D..... We understand the roads are impassable from there on."

There wasn't a moment's hesitation. "You'll bring him back to his old home for his last sleep. There'll be enough men and snow ploughs on that road to-morrow morning to have it cleared before you can reach there. We will meet you at D.... and lead the way."

The son told me of it. He said "We were almost dreading the last nine miles. It didn't seem possible a road could have been opened so quickly. Suddenly it lay before us. A long straight trail, banked by heights of snow. We drove, with father, straight into the heart of the sunset, along the road he loved, cleared for him that he might rest at home. It was the finest tribute that could have been paid to him."

Long may we continue a race of sun-facing Canadians.

Fragrant EXTRA Chocolate Flavour

The Children's Favourite

FROM the time of Canada's youth Baker's has been youth's favourite. And it still is! Candy makers selected Baker's Chocolate, good cooks preferred Baker's Chocolate. And this richer chocolate flavour is in Baker's Cocoa.

Please remember Walter Baker & Co. have been making cocoa of supreme quality for a century and a half! Baker's special formula gives you *extra* chocolate flavour. Rich and smooth, yet easily digestible—here is the best cocoa for *your* children. Don't accept less than Baker quality.

Pay no more than for other brands. From your grocer today buy a tin of Baker's Cocoa. Use the recipe given here. You'll find *more* chocolate flavour, abundant nourishment, revitalizing glow.

Try this New Recipe

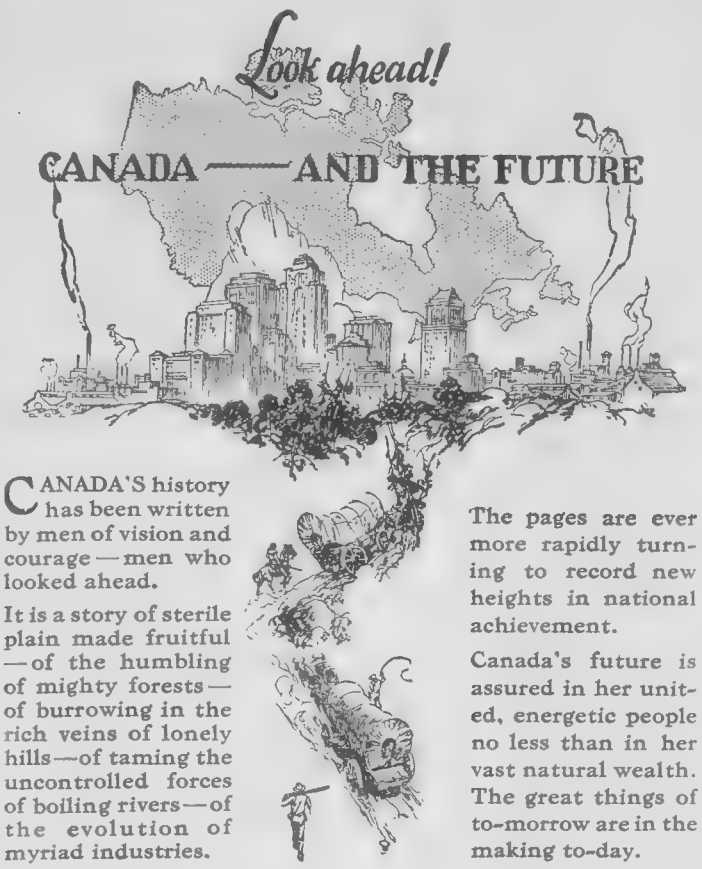
Developed by domestic science experts—tested by cooking schools and universities:—

For each cup allow 1 heaping teaspoonful Baker's Cocoa, 1 level dessertspoonful sugar, ¼ cup water, ¾ cup milk, few grains salt. Measure cocoa and water into saucepan. Stir over direct heat until mixture is smooth. Boil about two minutes and add the salt, sugar and milk. Heat until foamy, beat well and serve. Vanilla may be added just before serving—or whipped cream or marshmallow.

Note: Cut out this recipe. It is new and does not yet appear on the Baker label.

BAKER'S COCOA

Use Baker's Premium Chocolate for Cooking C7-30M



CANADA'S history has been written by men of vision and courage — men who looked ahead.

It is a story of sterile plain made fruitful — of the humbling of mighty forests — of burrowing in the rich veins of lonely hills — of taming the uncontrolled forces of boiling rivers — of the evolution of myriad industries.

The pages are ever more rapidly turning to record new heights in national achievement.

Canada's future is assured in her united, energetic people no less than in her vast natural wealth. The great things of to-morrow are in the making to-day.

NESBITT, THOMSON & COMPANY
LIMITED

Electric Railway Chambers, WINNIPEG
Canada Bldg., Saskatoon 322-5 Rogers Bldg., Vancouver
Montreal Quebec Toronto Ottawa
Hamilton London, Ont. Victoria

848M

Save in Prosperity

Even the most prosperous man may sometimes feel the pinch of necessity and the need of ready money. Have you a savings account — regularly increased by your deposits and by compound interest?

This Bank invites your Savings Account. Interest added every six months.

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA
ESTABLISHED 1832

Capital $10,000,000 Reserve $20,000,000
Resources $275,000,000

General Office, Toronto—J. A. McLeod, General Manager 901

YOUR BEST SURETY OF SATISFACTION

Patronize your local Merchant for your needs

HE HAS denoted his faith in you by establishing himself in business in your community—where he pays his taxes. He deserves your every consideration. He can supply you with all the nationally advertised, reliable brands, which in their safety assure you of comfort and satisfaction.

WINNIPEG COMMERCIAL

is a monthly journal serving the general retail trade of Western Canada; if your local dealer does not carry the lines you wish, write us, giving the name of the product and of the dealer, and we will endeavor to have these lines put within your reach. Of course, your enquiry will be dealt with as strictly confidential.

The Winnipeg Commercial, Stovel Building, Winnipeg Man.

THE Manitoba Free Press has issued its Twenty-seventh Annual Report of crop conditions in Western Canada. This report is about 50 million bushels less than was predicted by one of the large elevator companies, particulars of which were set out in these columns recently. A summary of the report reveals that in its compilation personal inspection by motor covered almost 12,000 miles, and for the first time returns from the Peace River District have been included. As was expected, the report from the different districts shows a wide variation. A check-up has shown that the districts with the largest wheat acreages, especially in Saskatchewan, are those with the lowest yield, and that on the whole the crop, though better than 1929, will only be about 60 per cent of the 1928 crop. In Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta respectively, the yield of wheat in round figures is put at 45½ million bushels, 179 million bushels, and 111 million bushels, showing an average yield of 18½ bushels, 12½ bushels, and 15½ bushels to the acre, the total production being slightly over 335 million bushels. In round figures the total yield of oats is put at 287 million bushels, barley 115 million bushels, rye 25 million bushels, and flax 4 million bushels.

The yield of coarse grain is greater than last year, but the distribution is very uneven, as is that of hay and forage crops. Taken as a whole it is felt that there is sufficient feed in the country for all stock. It is pointed out that already provincial governments have plans in operation for more equitable distribution of feedstuffs, and it is hoped that the low price of coarse grain may lead to increased winter finishing of livestock.

The report shows that very considerable threshing has been done in all the provinces, with the greater percentage in Manitoba, and deliveries in August and September to the date of the report are more than double those of last year for the same periods. The quality of the crop is regarded so far as excellent. The greatly feared damage from stem rust in Manitoba and Eastern Saskatchewan has proved much less than anticipated, and while second growth and frost damages on later northern crops may lower the present high percentage of one Northern, indications on the whole are favorable for another very high grade crop.

One of the interesting items of the report deals with the forms of damage sustained, reading as follows:

"The crop of all grains has suffered many drawbacks. It went into a very dry seed-bed as a whole, Manitoba having a very modest reserve of moisture, and Saskatchewan and Alberta practically none, and an early seeding was followed by high, dry, cold winds with heavy frosts at night up to almost the end of the first week in June, and there was serious loss by drifting and frost. Mid-June brought considerable rain in some areas but no general rains, while Pale Western Cutworms appeared in many sections and did serious and permanent damage. July and August brought excessive heat and disastrous hail storms to many sections of Alberta and Saskatchewan, and stem rust to Manitoba and Eastern Saskatchewan. The hail storms of July 7 and 9 were followed by heavy second-growth crops in a number of districts and these have suffered to some extent from recent frosts."

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics in its recent monthly review speaks of general business conditions as follows:

"Business continued in a depressed condition in July, operations in general being at a slightly lower level than in June. Employment in industrial pursuits showed a moderate curtailment on August 1, contrary to the normal tendency for the season. The output of manufacturing plants was at a slightly lower level in July measured by an index based on the volume production of sixteen commodities. The production of newsprint was in moderately greater volume than in June, and the imports of crude rubber indicated preparation for increased volume in tire factories. Automobile production was at a low level, and the primary iron and steel industry curtailed operations. The new contracts placed with the construction industry denoted lessened activity and the building permits issued in sixty-one cities were at a moderate level. The output of electric energy indicated contraction in plants using power generated by the central electric stations. The output of the metal mining industry was at a higher level than in June, indicating that operations were being maintained despite low prices for silver and base metals. Wholesale prices in general reached lower levels in July in continuation of the downward trend in evidence since last August. Drought and high temperatures in North American grain areas led to a rally in grain prices which was subsequently counterbalanced in part by a further reaction.

"Stock markets were dull and irregular in July, a moderate advance following the sharp reaction in June. Prices of high grade bonds strengthened in July, indicating a reduction in long-term rates."

Answers to Queries

Moose Jaw, Sask.

(Q) I have a large policy with the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada. Is this company a safe one or do you advise dropping the policy? I have read several articles about the recent speculations of the Sun Life which have made me doubtful.

I have some of the capital stock shares of Bailor Mines Ltd., Prince Albert, Sask. Are these of any value? Will they be likely to pay dividends, and if so, when? What kind of mines are these and where located?—A.M.W.

(A) The Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada is considered the strongest life company in Canada. A number of articles have been written about the company's investments in common stocks. In one of these articles you will see it stated that the company set up a reserve of $1,000,000 in valuing its securities to cover any possible fluctuations in market prices of the stocks. The company recently stated that a considerable portion of this reserve had disappeared following the stock market drop last fall, but that at the present time the value of their securities has increased again to make the reserve once again available as ample protection for policy holders.

We do not believe that the shares of Bailor Mines Limited have any substantial value at the present time. There is no immediate prospect of the company paying any dividends because it is still in the prospecting stage. The claims of the company are apparently near Tartan Lake, which is in the Flin Flon district, and samples of ore show traces of copper, gold and zinc. We imagine that, like most mines of this class, very little work is being done at present because of the difficulty of obtaining capital.

Winnipeg, Man.

(Q) Will you kindly advise me if Home Oil shares which I hold, bought at $9.00 per share, are likely to increase in value. Also let me have any information you have in regard to the standing of this company.

What is meant by the term "frozen" in regard to oil operations?—J.K.L.

(A) Home Oil is the best of the independent oil producers in the Turner Valley district of Alberta. The company is well managed and at the present time is the most important producer of naphtha in the district. The immediate

[Continued on page 53]

LEGAL INFORMATION

This department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

OWING to the large number of questions received this month, it has been found impossible to allocate space for the insertion of the usual monthly legal article. This will be resumed next month in the ordinary way.

Winnipeg, Man.

(Q) A married man had a son, a daughter, and a pair of twins. When the twins were born the mother wasn't strong, so the grandmother took one twin. The agreement at the time was that the twin's father was to give the grandmother four years' rent free and clothes and milk for the baby, and at the end of that time he was to take the baby back. The girl is now seventeen and the father has never offered to take her. The grandmother only had the rent for the four years. The grandfather is now out of work. Could they collect anything off the father for the time they have kept the girl? Could they force him to pay for her schooling?

The oldest girl is now married and has a son, the other twin is also married and has a daughter, and the son is self-supporting. The father is quite old and is supposed to be worth $25,000.00. In case of his death, would this twin be considered one of the family? Would she come in for her share as his child?—J.K.

(A) If the grandmother can establish the agreement then she is entitled to enforce it. On the other hand, the girl's father might set up the Statute of Limitations as a bar to the grandmother recovering more than six years' arrears of maintenance for the girl. In any event, she should claim for the full amount even though, in the event of a lawsuit, she may have to take less.

In the event of the father's death all his children would share in his estate unless he had disposed of his property in some other way by Will.

Moose Jaw, Sask.

(Q) Would you kindly tell me whether a common-law wife has any rights or claims?—G.S.

(A) Your question lacks precision. Possibly the only right she possesses is to force her "husband" to maintain the children until they are each sixteen years old. For instance, she is not entitled to claim a dower interest in the husband's property and she would not be one of his heirs in the event of his dying without making a Will.

St. James, Man.

(Q) (a) How many years' taxes must be in arrears before property can be sold by the municipality?

(b) What time is allowed for redemption, and what interest has to be paid?

(c) If there is a mortgage against the property would the purchaser at tax sale have to assume this mortgage?

(d) What steps are necessary to secure title to property bought at a tax sale?—K.McA.

(A) When taxes are in arrears for two years in your municipality the land may be sold by the municipality to collect the taxes. This is the case in nearly all municipalities in Manitoba, although in the City of Winnipeg taxes must be three years in arrears before the property can be sold for the taxes

If property is sold for taxes it may be redeemed by any person interested in the property at any time up to the time when the new Certificate of Title is actually issued pursuant to the tax sale certificate. The tax purchaser can apply for title one year after the tax sale. When he has applied for title the Land Titles Office issues a notice giving those interested in the property a further three months in which to redeem. The amount for which the property is sold is increased by 10 per cent as a penalty immediately after the time of sale, and this 10 per cent must be paid with the arrears of taxes upon redemption. If the taxes are not paid within one year after the sale they thereafter bear interest at the rate of 7 per cent until paid.

No. The mortgage would be foreclosed.

File an application for title with the Land Titles Office for serving notice of the application on all those interested in the property as directed by the Land Titles Office.

Turner Valley, Alta.

(Q) A person owes a bill in Saskatchewan for groceries. When the man got out of work they refused him further credit. Can they collect? If so, how much a month? The bill is about $90.—R.C.

(A) No merchant is ever bound to supply goods to any person upon credit. If he makes a definite agreement to supply goods for a definite period, the purchaser can compel him to live up to his agreement. In cases of ordinary dealings with merchants there is no definite arrangement for credit, and the merchant is not compelled to furnish goods on credit indefinitely.

The amount which anyone can collect from a debtor is limited by the debtor's actual ability to pay. If the debtor has more than is actually necessary for keeping himself and his family he must be prepared to apply the surplus on the old accounts of creditors. As you did not state the amount the debtor is earning we cannot estimate the exact amount he should pay.

Calgary, Alta.

(Q) I put a Mechanic's Lien on a man's place for work and he has never paid any attention to my lawyer's letters to settle. The lawyer took it to the small debts court but it was settled out of court at the last minute, and the lawyer never mentioned the lien to me or the other party.

After thirty days who should lift the lien? I was told the man who owned the property had to remove same if he did not pay up inside of that time.

Has he a right to insult me in a public park about the same, which he did on a Sunday about a month ago? Is it too late now to lay the complaint for assault, as I was too busy at the time?—G.W.W.

(A) If a workman files a Mechanic's Lien he is entitled to the amount of costs involved in filing the lien as well as the amount of his claim for lien. If the owner of the property makes settlement he should make his own arrangements for the clearing of the title of the lien. If no express stipulation was made in the settlement requiring the withdrawal of the lien, the lien holder is not compelled to furnish a withdrawal of same without being paid his solicitor's costs for doing so.

No one is allowed to insult you anywhere. You had better consult a solicitor if you propose suing for the assault as in many cases the amount which you can hope to recover for damages would hardly justify the costs necessary to obtain a judgment.

Calgary, Alta.

(Q) Would you please advise me what steps are necessary to take an account to the small debt court, if a lawyer is necessary, and the approximate cost of collection through this court, and any other information you may have about this matter.—G.B.

(A) It is not absolutely necessary to have the assistance of a lawyer to collect an account through the small debts court, but we would not advise any persons to take such proceedings and handle

(Continued on page 52)

Buy *when you're* convinced

1 *Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.*

2 *Softens the beard in one minute.*

3 *Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.*

4 *Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect.*

5 *Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.*

We claim that, if you will accept our free 7-day shaving test, our chances are 86 in 100 it will win you.

GENTLEMEN: If we printed the things men say of our products, we would defeat our own purpose. For superlative claims they would make would sound unbelievable.

So instead, our advertising policy has been a simple but effective free test offered men. We let the product do its own selling. When you're convinced, you may buy . . .

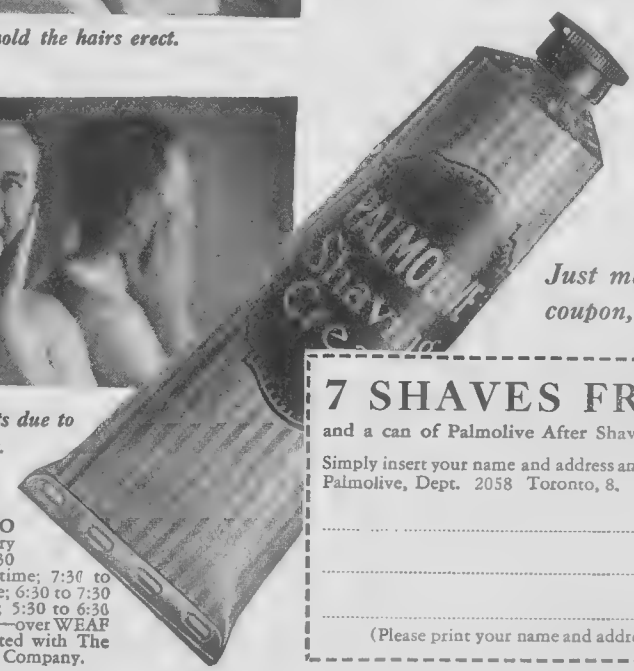
Palmolive Shaving Cream, in a few short years, has become the fastest selling in the world. Millions of men who have sent for our free test have been won by it. 86% of those who try it never return to old methods.

Our problem is to convince you of the importance of making this test. For that reason we print the coupon prominently for your convenience. Will you mail it, please?

Our 68-year-old laboratories

Our laboratories, for 68 years creating world leaders in the soap field, felt that olive oil in a shaving cream would do much, by its cosmetic emollience, to relieve the irritation and chafing of daily shaving.

Time and again they tried to make a shaving cream worthy of the name Palmolive. 129 formulas were rejected before success came. Then we offered men for a convincing test, a product which embodied 5 important improvements.



5183

Just mail the coupon, please

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. 2058 Toronto, 8.

.....

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday—from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

It makes you sleep

OVALTINE puts the system in condition for sleep by soothing and feeding tired, ragged nerves and overcoming digestive disquiet. It makes you sleep naturally—soundly—restfully.

Ovaltine supplies the proteins for building body tissue, carbohydrates for creating energy, organic phosphorus for building up brain and nerves, and mineral salts for enriching the blood. No other food gives such an abundance of correctly balanced nourishment.

Sip a cup of hot Ovaltine slowly and enjoyably when ready for bed, and notice how quickly sleep comes to you and how refreshed you feel in the morning.

Sold at all good stores, in 50c., 75c., $1.25 and special $4.50 family size tins; also served at soda fountains.

OVALTINE
RUSKS

are made from finest Canadian wheaten flour and Ovaltine—so delicious and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits. They are conducive to sound white teeth and healthy gums.

266

'OVALTINE'
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
Ensures Sound, Natural Sleep
A. Wander Limited
455 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Legal Information

Continued from page 51

the case in person unless he is familiar with the conduct of litigation. The procedure in the small debts court varies from the procedure in the district court, where some costs can be recovered to pay the solicitor for acting for the creditor. The procedure in the small debts court is to apply to the local police magistrate or the judge of the district for a summons for the debtor to appear before the magistrate or judge. This proceeding is only available if the account is under $100. The magistrate issues a summons to the debtor giving him particulars of the claim against him, and if the debtor disputes the amount he can file a defence against the creditor. The successful party at the trial is entitled to the costs of the court and witness fees. A judgment can be transferred to the district court and enforced through the district court. There is no appeal from a judgment of the district court judge acting in the small debts court, but there is an appeal from the decision of a police magistrate.

Lake Hill, B.C.

(Q) In the June issue of The Western Home Monthly you answered an enquiry re the International Research Bureau of Winnipeg, and recommended that the enquirer watch for the report upon the case before the court. Can you inform me what the results were?

I also purchased a set of the Encyclopedia and have refused to make further payments.—W.E.P.

(A) The Research Bureau abandoned their appeal and consequently it did not come on for hearing before the Manitoba Court of Appeal. This means that the claim of the company for payment was refused in the county court and the subscriber did not have to pay.

We would recommend that you refuse likewise to pay, and if you are sued, consult a lawyer at once.

Fulford Harbor, B.C.

(Q) Could you inform me through your column if a man is entitled to go bankrupt when his debts exceed $500 and he owns no property?

For over three years I've owed $30 for repair work, and have paid a dollar a month through a collector on this amount, till it now amounts to $23. What can they do if I am unable to pay the dollar a month?

My friends tell me they will take me to court and make me pay the costs extra. I have no money to attend court and not even shoes suitable to wear for the trip, if compelled to attend. They tell me I can't go to jail to offset the debt, or I would gladly do so.—"Desperate."

(A) Anyone may make an authorized assignment when his debts exceed the sum of $500. The creditor can sue you at any time in an effort to collect his account. Once an assignment in bankruptcy has been made further proceedings against the debtor are automatically stopped.

If you are unable to pay anything on the creditor's account he may sue you and obtain judgment against you which would add costs to the account, but if you are actually unable to pay there is no way in which a creditor can force you to pay. Any costs that the creditor incurs in an endeavor to collect his account are added to the debt and if you are ever in a position to pay the judgment you have to pay the costs also.

Kamloops, B.C.

(Q) My husband deserted me four months before our child was born. He was arrested three months later and given thirty months for misconduct with a minor but was let out on parole two months later and warned that he had to support us. He was re-arrested and is now in gaol. He never contributed to our support, and I believe that he will disappear as soon as he gets out. I have no money and am living with my father, who paid all the bills for the hospital, etc.

My husband has already served time for rape before our marriage, but I did not know of this till recently, and he has children by different girls. If I apply for a divorce would I have to stand the expense? Could he take my child? Would a letter which he sent me, in which he admitted his misconduct, be of any use as evidence? What will I have to do in order to obtain support from him for myself and the child?—R.T.

(A) You appear to be in a very unfortunate position. Your husband is bound to support you and the child, but from what you have told us it would appear that he will not have any means from which you can force him to contribute to your support. We would advise you to obtain a divorce as soon as possible. If he has admitted his guilt to his parents and brother this will be sufficient corroboration of your story to induce the court to give you a divorce.

Your husband, as the guilty party, is liable for your costs for the divorce, but unless he has any means of paying this may be an empty right, incapable of enforcement.

We are satisfied that he would have no right to the custody of the child. You should consult a solicitor before starting proceedings.

St. James, Man.

(Q) I haven't any relations out here in Canada ,and things can't go like this much longer, for I could not do it. We bought a cottage, and the neighbors on each side tried to make things very unpleasant between my husband and I. One woman is a widow and things got so uncomfortable here that my husband went to the States to get work, and I stayed on here alone to keep up payments on the cottage. Well, he has come back and still does not seem inclined to sell the cottage and go away from here. He complains that rents are so high now. He has gone back to the States. I can't go on living here alone to keep the house, and I am thinking of leaving it and working myself.

If this cottage was sold could I claim a little of it as I stayed here all alone to get it paid off, and I am living alone now.—K.P.

(A) If the title to the property is registered in your husband's name he cannot dispose of it without first getting your consent in writing. If he wishes your consent, you should arrange that at least one-third of the proceeds should be paid to you. If you can show that you have made payments out of your own earnings, you are entitled to whatever share these payments represent.

We would suggest that you get your husband's authority to sell the property and divide the proceeds between you.

Where Joy Abounds

By Mary Matheson

He is not all alone whose quest is reaching
Out into vast and unknown seas afar,
Nor he alone whose eager heart beseeching,
Finds solace in one pale and distant star.

Out in the silence of the mountain passes,
Or on the vast and kingly prairie land
Some wind that blows across the scented grasses
Will bring the message he can understand.

Here revelry can walk the far-flung spaces,
High carnival be held in grand array;
For he who pitches tent in desert places
Can know his heaven is not far away.

But in the town where crowds are homeward faring,
And gilded spires point upward to the sky;
O here is loneliness beyond comparing,
And solitude in midnight garb goes by.

So shall I think of seas where ships are sailing,
And forests brave, with hearts unwearied, strong,
For some great Love with Kindliness unfailing
Lights up these pathways as I pass along.

Lover's-Form

THE CORSET OF YOUTH—BONELESS

Truly, a Return to Femininity, and a year of Grace

THAT youthful, graceful figure, so necessary for present day styles, can best be obtained by wearing Lover's Form, the original boneless corset that adds grace even to the youthful figure.

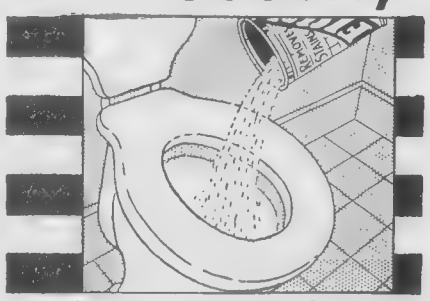
The corset is more important than ever, if you would achieve and retain the youthful silhouette, for surely, this is a year of grace, and a return to the delightfully feminine styles of dressing.

Sold by good stores from coast to coast. If your dealer cannot supply you with the Genuine *Lover's-Form Boneless Corset* write direct for Booklet WH and self measurement forms.

Woolnough Corsetiers
28 Bloor St. West—Toronto 5, Canada

Are You Ever Puzzled About What To Eat? Read Gertrude Dutton's Article on Page 63 and See How it Helps to Solve the Problem of "Something Different" . . . .

A Bathroom Necessity



Flusho is a positive, quick-acting remover of toilet bowl stains.

A weekly application is sufficient to ensure a spotless, healthy surface of all parts of the bowl.

Demand this Canadian product from your grocer. M-4

The Aspirin Sabbath—Does it Make Blue Monday Bluer?

By A. W. Free

WE are all aware, I think, that Blue Monday is a byword, a tradition of our civilization. To be considered *au fait* one must never admit that one's Monday is anything but glum—it might reflect on how one had spent Sunday, and that it had been passed as a day of rest would label one as hopelessly behind the times! As a child I used to imagine that Blue Monday was indissolubly linked with wash-tubs. Wasn't there always a large tubful of enchanting rinse-water into which a square of bluing tied in a clean rag was shaken until the water turned the color of a sapphire? But I soon perceived that this didn't altogether account for it. That the institution is induced (so say the doctors) by too much Sunday stuffing and too little activity on that day seems granted, but nobody appears to be doing anything about it. Monday is accepted as an indigo day, and you may take it or leave it.

Recently I received a kind note from a friend inviting me to her home for the week-end, and adding impulsively that I must try to stay over Sunday night as well. I suppose it was her idea that this prolonging of the festivities would so cut into Monday as to render it nill as a lethal day. When I reached her house and was shown to my room, the first thing I spied was a bottle of aspirin tablets on the dresser. My hostess explained that there were some in every room. "One really can't get through Sunday without 'em," she said.

Personally I abhor week-ends. There is that feeling of letting-up (or letting-down, if you like), so insidiously demoralizing. Like a treacherous but agreeable drug. And then there are the awful week-end illustrated papers—tons of perfectly good pulp-wood gone wrong—the late sleepers, the afternoon bridge and evening dancing, the perfunctory appearance at church perhaps (this as a sop to one's conscience), and the blaring radio. "I say, tune out old Foghorn's sermon and give us the Melody Boys' Orchestra," someone invariably says.

This, goodness knows, is not to be construed as a plea for the old-fashioned Sabbath. That, in its way, was nearly as bad as the modern one. Both being extremes, neither is normal or desirable. But as between the Sunday of, say 20 years ago, when no one dared play anything but hymns on the piano, and the wide-open Sunday of this period, with its maddening jazz and plague of flivvers, its aspirin habit and repentant Mondays, certainly the former were preferable. The primmest restrictions of our childhood at least were not unwholesome. It may have irked our rebellious young souls not to be permitted to run and jump about in the same spirit of freedom which was enjoyed on other days and it was tiresome not to be allowed to read anything but Sunday-school literature, but this disciplinary program brought fewer headaches and started us off on Monday morning on the right foot. There were, to be sure, the same elaborate dinners, but these were usually eaten at one o'clock in the day, permitting many hours to the good for working it off, as the saying is. And one generally kept out of the emergency-ward of the hospital.

Today, if one survives the Sunday traffic it is a matter for thanksgiving, a genuine spirit of gratitude to the Almighty who has brought us safely through the manifold perils that have beset us, whether a-foot, a-flivver, or a-flying.

There is no Blue Monday in my life. I love and anticipate the day. There is such a stimulus about it. A whole week ahead in which to accomplish marvels! That I invariably fall short of my fine objective never alters the fact that the week's beginning holds an anticipative thrill that I wouldn't exchange for all of Saturday and Sunday's flesh-pots. It is, in effect, a tonic—my Monday. Dawn it fair or dull makes no difference, for I like it in any guise. As a matter of fact it is my favorite day in the week. I realize, of course, that with this admission I am giving myself away. For I am hopelessly behind the times, am in fact that worst of all possible things—*old fashioned*.

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 50

prospects seem to be very much better than any of the other independent producers in the Turner Valley. We are not able to say how soon it will be that the shares will be selling at the price at which you bought, but we are of the opinion that if the market value of Alberta oils increase the Home Oil will be one of the first stocks to show appreciation.

The wells in the Turner Valley are usually about one mile deep. Before oil can be forced from that depth to the surface it must be under terrific pressure at the bottom of the hole. The effect of this is to produce a very low temperature at the bottom of the hole and a sort of ice is formed about projecting pieces of rock and roughnesses in the piping, and fragments of rock uniting with the ice finally close up the hole completely. This is what is meant by "frozen" in regard to Alberta oil operations. It is a comparatively simple operation for the oil company to clean out the pipe again by inserting a drill down to the level of the obstruction.

Sardis, B.C.

(Q) Have you any information available regarding the Canadian Mutual Benefit Association? My husband took out a $2,500.00 group insurance policy in this company a short time ago, and I was rather doubtful as to the stability of the company. If they are reliable it is a very cheap insurance, and if not it will be better to drop it before we put any more money into it.—"Dusky."

(A) We have been unable to obtain any information as to the Canadian Mutual Benefit Association, and were wondering if you have given us the correct name of the company.

Any company which is licensed to write life insurance in Canada must maintain on deposit with each of the provinces and with the Dominion Government a sum which those authorities consider actually sufficient to pay all claims within the Dominion or the respective provinces . For this reason the policy of any company licensed to do business in British Columbia will be reasonably safe. If the company is not so licensed we cannot recommend the purchase of its policies.

Duncan's Station, B.C.

(Q) I am enclosing herewith tax notice covering property situated near Edmonton. Could you kindly let me know what the value of this property is?—C.C.

(A) We are informed by reputable authorities that the lot is approximately 2½ miles from the Post Office of Edmonton, and lies to the south and east of the city in a part of the adjoining country which was originally subdivided, and which at present is quite stagnant, and towards which the city is not growing. An estimate of $50 for this property is liberal. This sum would only be offered by someone who might buy this lot along with others for market gardening purposes.

Frankslake, Sask.

(Q) Kindly advise me regarding "Signal Hill Oil Co."

How are their prospects?—E.S.K.

(A) The Signal Hill Oil Co. Ltd. is drilling in the Moose Mountain field, which is still unproven, so that the prospects of the company obtaining satisfactory production in this area are quite problematical. At the present time the company's shares are quite speculative, and it is impossible to say whether they will ever have any value or not.

If you purchase the shares of this company you should consider it a gamble, so that if in the future it turns out to be a satisfactory purchase, it will be a pleasant surprise for you.

For *all* the Family!

"CEETEE" radiates healthful warmth and comfort. Its pure wool is soft and soothing. Full-fashioned to fit every curve of the body and specially re-inforced where the heavy wear comes. No seams to rip. For all the family, choose "Ceetee" Underwear. At all dealers in styles, weights and sizes for everybody.

Made in Canada by
THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, LTD.

"CEETEE"
UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR

When Answering Advertisers Please Mention The Western Home Monthly

Sleepless Nerves
When you can't Sleep, its the Nerves

This opinion is based on the fact that in reviewing many thousands of cases in which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has been used with marked success, most patients mentioned sleeplessness as their greatest trouble.

You may be nervous, excitable, irritable and experience discomfort from indigestion and headaches, but the principal symptom is sleeplessness.

The treatment indicated is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for by its use you feed the starved nerves back to health and vigor. This method of treatment is restorative and constructive and therefore of lasting benefit.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

soothes the tired, excited nerves, restores nervous energy and makes you feel well and look well.

BRIDGE AT ITS BEST

Smart crisp playing cards are appreciated by every Bridge player.

Colonial Bridge Playing Cards bring to your card game every advantage that quality Playing Cards offer.

The sign of the Maple Leaf Spade is your guarantee of excellence; it is the mark of a Canadian product made in Canada of Canadian material by highly-skilled Canadian workmen.

COLONIAL BRIDGE PLAYING CARDS

A Product of CANADIAN PLAYING CARD COMPANY, Limited MONTREAL 9

Did You Ever Give Your Face a Clasmic Pack?

YOUR first Clasmic Pack will be a thrilling experience never to be forgotten. For Clasmic Pack, developed by 13 years of research and improvement in the famous Boncilla Laboratories, is the quickest way known to a lovely complexion. You smooth a fragrant, soothing, creamy substance on your face. After thirty minutes see the results—your face amazingly refreshed, fatigue lines utterly removed, color in the cheeks no rouge can bring; crows' feet, blackheads, pimples gone, enlarged pores closed, a smoother, softer, more lovely skin. Secure Boncilla Clasmic Pack, exactly the same as used in the most famous Beauty Salons of Europe and America, from your drug or department store. The cost per treatment is a few cents—money refunded if you are not delighted.

BONCILLA CLASMIC PACK

Does Your Horse Wheeze or Roar?

Thick, swollen glands cause thick wind or choke-down and make a horse wheeze or roar. Absorbine—the famous antiseptic liniment—brings quick relief, and does not blister or remove hair. $2.50—at your druggist's or general merchant's. Booklet on the horse sent free. 74

W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Bldg., Montreal

ABSORBINE Reduces Swellings

Goo-Goo of Jig-Slop

By Edgar A. Wood

"IN MY vast and varied experience," said Frozen Toe Pete, the genial survivor of several Arctic shipwrecks and other tragic mishaps in the Land of the Unmelted Icicle, it has come to my notice that the chap who chases after walri and northern bunny rabbits is generally a fellow who has a small waist and long legs. The small waist is caused by the habit of tightening the pants' belt while doing without grub on a seventy mile walk, and the long legs get that way because it's convenient that they should."

But a blatant exception to this rule was Goo-Goo the Fat, the chief hunter in the Eskimo village of Jig-Slop. Goo-Goo had a waist that would have impressed a side-show fat man, while his legs were so short that he didn't have to bend his knees when he sat down. Regardless of these facts, he owned the reputation of being the most wonderful hunter that ever lived in the marvel-producing ice-town of Jig-Slop.

I often wondered how Goo-Goo got his reputation, because I couldn't remember seeing him lug home any game worth mentioning. One day when he was carrying my fur-lined binoculars while I was strolling along the shore of the Ice-Water Ocean, looking for a rescue ship to carry me out of that chilly land, I thought I'd just find out how he managed to collect such a reputation and own such a stomach at the same time. So I asked him point-blank, and this is what he said:

MY FACE-WASHING friend, if you will treat this with the strictest secrecy, I will tell you.

In the Land of the Unmelted Icicle, it is customary to test the courage and ability of young men in order to find out if they are worthy of the honor of having their legs painted indigo. They are accordingly put through many ordeals. If they live through these tests, it is very nice, and if they don't, it is rather sad. One method of testing them is to have them trek long journeys by their lone selves, after having been given a bone knife, an empty food bag, and eighteen spoken words of instruction. The words begin with "Get out," and end with "Come back," and the information between those extremes lets a fellow know just where he's to go and what he's to do.

Now, when I was at this unfortunate age, the chief hunter of the village gave me a bone knife one day, together with an empty food bag, and told me that I was to trek to the High-Piled Ice-Heap and there measure the tracks of a polar bear.

Owning a well swelled stomach even at that day, I resented having to carry myself around on my own legs for any great distance. I therefore took my father's toboggan along with me the idea being that when I had climbed the High-Piled Ice-Heap I could slide most of the way home. I also took particular pains to swipe the larger portion of a fat walrus from a neighbor's larder, for I was never one to find much comfort in an empty food bag.

Very conscientiously did I carry out those of the instructions that were agreeable to me I was supposed to make the round trip of sixty miles in three days time. This burst of frantic traveling was not in keeping with my dignified weight, I thought, so I changed it to suit myself, and was willing to allow myself any length of time that seemed comfortable. I was also expected to kill something with the bone knife, in order to fill the empty food bag. As I had already filled it with stolen walrus, I decided that to kill anything more would be a criminal waste of wild life. Besides, I couldn't find any animals that were willing to be killed. The rest of the instructions about measuring the foot prints of a polar bear, better known as a Wuff-Wuff, seemed rather unnecessary but I figured that perhaps the chief hunter should be humoured in this one item, if I could do it without undue discomfort to myself.

At the end of the tenth day, I arrived on top of the High-Piled Ice-Heap amid great puffings and upheavals of my chest. Good fortune favored me. While looking around for a comfortable seat, I found the stale track of a Wuff-Wuff. Had it been fresh, I doubt if I would have been interested in staying in that vicinity long enough to measure it. However, I measured this stale track courageously. It was exactly five thumbs long by one and a half little fingers wide. Memorizing these important details, I cooked a juicy slab of the walrus in order that my stomach would have something to comfort it while my brain labored. Then I prepared to return.

UP UNTIL now, the toboggan had been something of an encumbrance, but now its presence was a source of blissful satisfaction. I lugged it to the edge of the slope, pointed it in the general direction of home, seated myself comfortably near the front end, and started off.

During the first seven seconds of that ride, everything went as it should. In the eighth second, I thought that the toboggan was going unnecessarily fast. At the ninth, I was sure of it. In the tenth, I became worried, and by the time the eleventh second had arrived, I was verging on the edge of being frantic. I closed my eyes and wished fervently that I had not eaten that oily walrus steak.

The flying toboggan chose its own wild course down the side of the High-Piled Ice-Heap. It shot here, it shot there, and always it shot fast. Too fast. I was alarmed at the rapidity of our speed. My heart was also alarmed. I could feel it running around inside my bosom, looking for a place to get out and get off.

When I opened my eyes again, about half way down the long slide, you can judge my plight when I saw two huge polar bears obstructing the path. While I was wondering what to do about it, the front end of the sleigh rammed into the back ends of the Wuff-Wuffs, and they somersaulted over my head. That would have been all right, but for the fact that they came to rest on the latter half of the toboggan.

I glanced fearfully over my shoulder. The bears had landed in a tangle, and were just beginning to sort themselves apart. They looked annoyed. When they had regained their feet and shook off the ice-dust, they looked around to see what had hit them and why. And the first thing they saw was me.

"Grrrrruuuuummmmmpppppphhhhh!" said one of them, as though he didn't like me.

"Uuuummmmuuuummmmuuuummm!" said the other, as though preparing to enjoy a fat Eskimo.

They stuck their tongues out and licked their jaws, looking hungry and vicious and bad. There was nothing left for me but to get off, and get off quick. So without pausing to argue, I jumped over the front end of that speeding toboggan.

It had always seemed to me, before this affair, that I was not constructed on the proper dimensions to be a success as a runner. However, at that moment I surprised myself. That sleigh was travelling at a marvelous speed, but I found little diffiulty in keeping myself ahead of it.

The bears perched themselves at the front end and attempted to reach me with their paws. I put on more speed. They roared with rage. Again I put on more speed. The toboggan began to fall behind. The hungry animals, seeing a succulent dinner fading rapidly into the distance, howled untunefully and used bad polar bear language.

I was at least fifty spear throws in front of them when we reached the level country. Hope rose high in my heaving bosom. The sleigh would soon slow down on the flat ground and I would have a fine chance of escaping. So all was going well when three or four gods interested in the welfare of empty Wuff-Wuffs took a hand in the affair. They caused the toboggan to hit an ice-bump. The bears shot heels over ears through the air and landed with a couple of angry "oofs!" right in front of me.

Science Discovers LIQUID that has no color "yet"

It Imparts Color to GRAY HAIR

WILL the wonders of science never cease! Now a scientist has discovered a colorless liquid that actually imparts color to Gray Hair no matter what your age—no matter how Gray your hair—no matter what else you might have used without satisfaction. Already hundreds of thousands of people have used this amazing discovery. It is called Kolor-Bak and is as simple to use as A.B.C. You merely comb it into your hair and the color comes—the Gray disappears so gradually, so perfectly, that no one detects it. Another strange thing about this colorless liquid is that the one very same bottle will do for Blonde, Black, Brown, or Auburn. Now you don't need to experiment with uncertain, messy, sticky preparations that may endanger your hair. Kolor-Bak, the clean, colorless liquid, leaves the beautiful sheen of your hair unchanged. Get a bottle from any druggist or department store today—and if Kolor-Bak doesn't make you look 10 years younger, your money will be refunded any time you request.

KOLOR-BAK—Imparts Color to Gray Hair

Healthy Hair

Frequent shampooing with Evan Williams "Ordinary" keeps the hair lustrously lovely and healthy.

A special shampoo for every shade of hair . . . at your druggist.

Imported from England
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED
MONTREAL

Evan Williams HENNA SHAMPOO

RENEWALS!

Quite a number of subscriptions expire this month. The heavy demand for copies renders it mandatory for us to discontinue service unless renewal is received promptly so right now might be a good time to send us that dollar. We are anxious to keep our circle of readers intact.

The Western Home Monthly

Cuticura Talcum

Antiseptic . . Prophylactic
Fragrant and Refreshing

The Ideal Skin and Baby Powder. A delightful perfume for the skin after bathing.

25c. everywhere—*Sample Free*

"Cuticura," Box 2616, Montreal, Canada.

Borden's
St Charles
UNSWEETENED
MILK

Write for Free Booklet

... In cream soups, for creaming vegetables, for sauces and gravies, in breads and cakes, wherever the recipe calls for milk, St. Charles will assure a richer, creamier result.

• • • •

Mail coupon to-day for FREE RECIPE BOOK containing nearly 200 tested recipes.

THE BORDEN CO., LIMITED
140 St. Paul W., Montreal
Send free Recipe Book to:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

603

Goo-Goo of Jig-Slop

Continued from page 54

Applying full breaks, I skidded to a dead stop about half a dog's tail from them. The polars stood up and growled with enthusiasm as they simultaneously jumped at me. With remarkable presence of mind I dived head first into a snow drift and wiggled hurriedly out of sight. Above me, the bears came to an astonished stop at the rim of my burrow. They peered down the hole anxiously, trying to catch a glimpse of Goo-Goo the Fat. Failing, they roared with annoyance and proceeded to dig me out.

The hole was far too small for their huge bodies, and they had to enlarge it considerably before they could t.. after me. Therefore, I had a few minutes to myself before I became stuffing for the insides of a couple of Wuff-Wuff stomachs. So I dug my way up to the surface again. I came to the top a short distance from the bears and attempted to sneak away. One of them suddenly sniffed the air and turned and saw me. I dived frantically back down the hole.

Below again, I thought that a new hole on the other side of the pair might give me my chance to escape. I wiggled through the drift and broke the surface a little way from the first hole, in a straight line away from it and the other entrance. Just as I was preparing to tip-toe out of that neighborhood, the second bear snuffed my scent and spun around and made for me. I made for the under regions again.

There I was, trapped helpless. The Wuff-Wuffs were too keen scented to be fooled by any little tricks of that nature. And in the meantime, they were digging closer and closer. I investigated. One was busy at the second hole I had made, while the other was now working where I had last come up. The middle hole was unguarded.

Stealthily climbing this centre tunnel, I reached the surface and looked around. The hind ends of the two polars furnished the view. Both were busy digging with their front paws, and had their back quarters turned towards each other and towards this centre hole.

A thought struck me. I quietly reached out my fists and thumped each bear in the rearwards, then hurriedly dropped out of sight down the hole and listened.

"Watch where you're kicking, you clumsy iceberg," growled one, in the language that Wuff-Wuffs use.

"Watch nothing," returned the other, huffily, "you're the one who's doing the kicking."

"Ruummmfff!" declared the first.

"Fooozzzle!" stated the second.

They returned to the digging operations.

I climbed up the centre channel again. This time I braced myself staunchly and managed to give each a good lusty punch. Then I dropped back down the hole.

"Say!" yelped one.

"Hey!" whooped the other.

"What the seal-whisker deuce do you mean, kicking me like that?" the first wanted to know.

"Kicking you?" howled the second. "Who's kicking you. You're kicking me, you black-snouted rabbit chaser."

"I ain't."

"You most certainly are."

"Aw, go chew a tree."

"Ya, go eat a snow-flake."

"Well, all I want to say is, don't you do it again," the first Wuff-Wuff warned.

"And if you hit me again with those over-sized back hooves of yours, I'll wallop you over the left ear," returned the other.

They growled at each other, said a few more uncomplimentary things, and then went back to their digging. I boosted myself up the middle hole again. This time I pulled out the bone knife the chief hunter and given me at the commencement of the journey and jabbed it vigorously into the back end of each bear. Then I slid down the tunnel and lay low.

"Ow!"

"Wow!"

"You low-minded son of an illiterate ice-louse!" hollered one Wuff-Wuff, "take that!"

"I'll teach you how to behave, you smelly hunk of tough meat," shouted the second, "sample this!"

I heard several thumping noises. Then there was a mess of growls and a couple of thuds. Immediately after, came more growls, more thuds, and a few rips. Following that, the growls and yowls mixed, and the thuds and rips grew plentiful, and I heard other things too complicated to talk about. I poked my head out and looked on.

The two polars were standing up walloping each other mightily. They snarled and roared and said things you wouldn't expect to hear from cultured and properly raised bears. Now and then one would be knocked off his feet, and when this happened, the other jumped on top unsportingly and proceeded to cuff the hide off him. They grappled each other and rolled all over, chewing each other's ears meanwhile. When they broke holds, they'd stand up and clout and biff and slap and kick and hug but never kiss. In between whammings, they enumerated the short-comings and choicer articles of the other's personal history. I covered up my shocked ears and went back down the hole.

We never have thunder storms up here in the Land of the Unmelted Icicle, but while I was down there under the snow listening to the doings and carry-on of those two Wuff-Wuffs, I was almost persuaded that a combined thunder storm and hurricane had struck our frigid country. The din was fierce. It was something like the noise the icebergs make in the Ice-Water Ocean when they bump into each other and argue about it. It was loud and awful and unlovely and terrible.

Following an extra noisy burst, the place suddenly grew quiet. Happenings seemed to have ceased. I figured that the pair had had enough and had called the bout a tie and gone home to patch up sore spots. With this thought in mind, I climbed thankfully out of the drift. Judge my amazement at finding the two bears lying there side by side, both very battered and extremely dead.

After making sure of this fact, I roused up ambition in my corpulent frame and skinned the animals. When I had quartered up the carcasses, I retrieved the undamaged toboggan from its roosting place on a nearby ice-bump. I loaded the remains of the polars on it and energetically tugged the heavy collection the four miles that lay between me and my home village of Jig-Slop.

Arriving there, the chief hunter bawled me out right heartily for taking so long over the trip. I let him storm. When he had completely finished, and had asked for my excuses, I drew back the covers of the toboggan and showed the gathered inhabitants of the town the skins and carcasses of the two huge Wuff-Wuffs. While their eyes were popping with wonderment and other such things, I yawned casually and drew out the bone knife and wiped the blood off it.

And since that time, my face-washing friend, I have been hailed as the greatest hunter that Jig-Slop has ever produced, for no other Eskimo in the land of the Unmelted Icicle can boast the feat of killing one, let alone two, polar bears with a small bone knife.

6 HYACINTHS $1

Specially selected bulbs of extra quality with strength and vigor to produce a succession of perfect blooms. Wonderful variety: L'Innocence (pure white); City of Haarlem (yellow); Roi des Belges, (rosy crimson); Lady Derby (pink); Grand Maitre (lavender blue); Queen of the Pinks (deep pink).

Ask for Fall Catalogue

Kenneth McDonald & Sons Limited
D Market Square, Ottawa

ACCOUNTING

Opportunity awaits you in this great Profession

Remunerative — uncrowded — highly respected. The demand for trained Accountants is great. Determine now to be a successful Accountant. Let Shaw start you on the way to a career.

Accountancy by
Home Study Courses
for 25 years

Over 400 Shaw trained men hold degrees. This is the only course meeting Canadian Accountancy degree tests.

Shaw Courses will instruct you in General Accounting, Higher Accounting, and prepare you for Accounting Degrees, L.A., C.A., and C.G.A.

Write today for details 22
SHAW SCHOOLS Limited
Dept. 3 —1130 Bay St., Toronto
Montreal - 919 Keefer Bldg.

SHAW SCHOOLS

Simple Remedy For Bad Stomach Gives Swift Relief

No Need of Strong Medicines or Diet. Safe and Simple Home Recipe Keeps Stomach in Fine Condition

If you are a victim of Stomach Troubles—Gas, Sourness, Pain or Bloating—you may have quick and certain relief by following this simple advice.

Don't take strong medicines, artificial digestants or pull down your system with starvation diets. For within reason most folks may eat what they like if they will keep their stomach free from souring acids that hinder or paralyze the work of digestion.

And the best and easiest way to do this is to follow every meal with three or four tablets of Bisurated Magnesia—a pleasant, harmless, inexpensive, and handy tablet form of Magnesia that promptly neutralizes acidity and keeps your stomach sweet and clean.

A week's trial of Bisurated Magnesia tablets, which any good druggist can supply at trifling cost, should quickly convince you that 90 per cent of ordinary stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary. Be sure to get Bisurated Magnesia Tablets

FREE

6 ft. Long Giant AIRSHIP

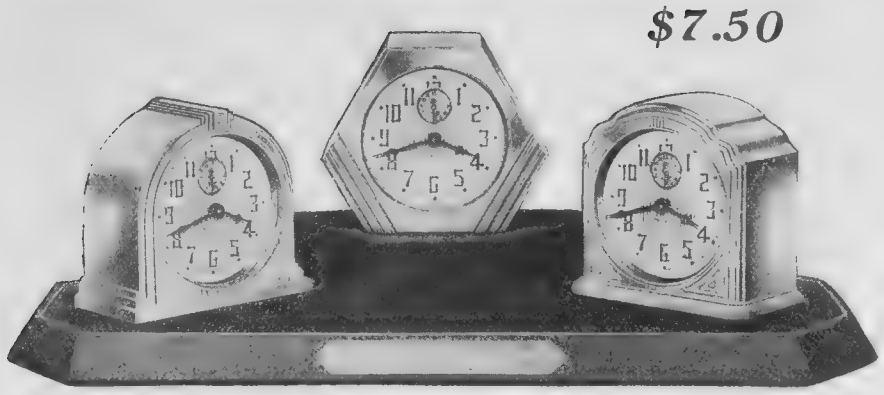
Boys! here's the great Navy Model Airship. Large 6-foot air bag with inflators, parachute with automatic release and complete instructions for flying. Will fly for miles at height of 1000 feet. Great chance to study aerial navigation. FREE for selling 20 packets Gold-eyed Needles at 10c a packet. If you want real sport get this airship and parachute. EXTRA GIFT for promptness. Order NOW. Send no money. We trust you. EMPIRE PREMIUM CO., DEPT 225 Earl Street, TORONTO 5, Ont.

A Charming Paris Style

A very chic felt hat of the new season's style, selected from HALLAM'S NEW FASHION BOOK, which contains about 300 illustrations of the newest styles for Fall and Winter in women's and misses' coats, dresses, hats, shoes, hosiery, lingerie, fur coats and chokers. This modern fashion book will be cheerfully sent on request

FREE TO OUR READERS

Simply write to—
Hallam Mail Order Corporation
468 Hallam Building, Toronto



$7.50

Three Beautiful New Westclox

THE new La Salle Series of Westclox introduces a distinctive new vogue in clocks.

Aristocrats of modern timekeepers...and the price places them within the reach of all who admire real beauty.

Securely built in a one-piece metal case with satin-like finish ...silvered metal dial with graceful etching...artistic numerals. These attractive clocks are extremely practical, too...for they have a mellow toned alarm that is sure to call you promptly.

These three new models are Westclox through and through ...built by the makers of Big Ben, famous everywhere.

Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ontario

Made in Canada

When Answering Advertisers Please Mention The Western Home Monthly

1930 Exhibition Baking Contest Results!

The GOLD MEDAL
The Two SILVER MEDALS
103 FIRST PRIZES
225 PRIZES IN ALL

In Over 40 Varieties of Home Baked Bread, Cakes and Pastry From Any Kind of Flour Again Won With Exhibits Baked from

Robin Hood FLOUR

These prizes were won at the Exhibitions at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Regina, Yorkton, North Battleford and Prince Albert, and covered white, brown and fancy bread, rolls, biscuits, buns, pies, cookies and dozens of different kinds of cakes in Senior and Junior Classes.

Write Robin Hood Mills Limited, Moose Jaw, Sask., asking them to mail you FREE, without any obligation, copy of Baking Book—

"77 Winning Recipes"

"Squeak" the Story of a Striped Gopher

By H. H. Pittman

"Squeak"

OUR acquaintance with Squeak commenced about the middle of the summer. During some excavations beside the C.P.R. track in Wauchope for the foundation of a coal-shed a lot of earth was scraped to a natural hollow in the prairie to be out of the way. After this work had been going on for some time a baby striped gopher was noticed, apparently lost, and an unsuccessful attempt at capture was made. Later on two more were seen and caught by the youth driving the horses. An empty, small-mouthed can provided a travelling cage and they were brought to me to be photographed.

We ran into difficulties at once for although we had "canned gophers" we couldn't see them or get them out! During our attempts to extract them the ends of both wee tails were pulled off—spoiling them for pictorial work. It is a wise provision of Nature to make the tails of some animals "give" in an emergency. The tails of certain reptiles are "brittle" and some birds have easily detached feathers, the effect in each case, no doubt, being to make capture by predatory enemies more difficult.

We solved our first problem by gently pouring water into the can and soon had two diminutive "drowned rats" in our hands. Immediately there commenced a warm friendship which steadily increased, for, although one quickly met with a fatal accident, the other, "Squeak," became a regular member of the family and endeared himself to everyone with his charming little ways. We have had many pets from different parts of the world but of them all the striped gopher was the only small creature that seemed to thoroughly enjoy being petted. Petting parties immediately became popular with Squeak as the hero!

Having never seen a wild gopher drink at first we supposed Squeak would not need water but would be able to get along like the Pocket Mice do. He quickly corrected this idea and thereafter demanded at least one drink a day, or half a dozen if we offered milk or cocoa. His tastes were wide and varied and he would take anything a normal child could eat except meat. Grain, of course, formed the main part of his diet, but flies, grasshoppers, bread-crusts, fruit and honey were all welcomed. Peanuts were always accepted and he was very fond of apples, raisins, pieces of oranges, plums, pineapple and almost any kind of fruit that we could get.

A child once said of a Dormouse that it was very nice but "had no habits." Such a charge could never be brought against Squeak for he had quite a personality of his own and when he said "No" he meant "No!" He very rarely bit anyone although he was constantly handled but used other means of indicating his desires and his familiar little scold was often heard.

One very noticeable characteristic was his love of daylight and when darkness came he wanted to go to bed. He used to rise late and go to bed early and like anybody else, once in bed he strongly objected to being disturbed. He would growl and scold and, if everything else failed, pretend to be sound asleep. Again and again he was picked up from his nest with both eyes tightly closed but breathing annoyance and disgust in every hair. At such times the only way to restore his good humor was to produce a teaspoonful of milk or some honey.

At the approach of winter he fattened quickly until it began to be doubtful if his pretty little skin would stand the strain and he seemed almost as wide as he was long! His confidence in his friends was always great and he once allowed a boil to be lanced without a whimper. He readily learned his name and, although he would not come when called, he would always put his head up in acknowledgment.

It was always amusing to watch Squeak make his bed for he would spend hours getting it in order or remaking it. When he had hay or short, dry prairie grass he looked very funny with a mouthful for he always grasped it by the middle and the ends would project on each side of his head like a long flowing moustache. Bed-making was always a very serious business to which he brought inherited skill and he did not like being interrupted. Once he was given a little piece of a tanned hide with the hair on and whether by accident or design, he was nearly always sitting upon it. A piece of rag proved a great annoyance! He would spend a long time trying to tease it to pieces. Failing in this he never could arrange it to his satisfaction and at these times whenever we heard a fuss and flurry in the cage we knew he was worrying his bed-clothes!

THE children became extremely fond of our little pet and he had his Christmas dinner and presents just like anybody else. He was very fond of sitting in our laps and it was amusing to watch him sit up and eat nuts. If we hurried him he would fill his cheek-pouches instead of eating and it was surprising how much these pockets would hold. When he had all he could carry he immediately wanted to go to his nest to cache his treasures and was

[Continued on page 58]

A Place of the Gods

By Toni Halsey

MORNING. The sun has just cleared the low-lying mists and sweeping up the long vista a lovely panorama of miniature lakes, dense woodlands interspersed with grainfields of gold and changing green. As the mist rolls away there peeps out of the darkness at our feet a group of humble villages, seemingly mere broken patches of dull-faded thatch overtopped by a roof of red tile and yellow straw. Farther along the vapour melts into a long stretch of mango trees beyond which follow in quick succession field and village. Not single villages the now rapidly evaporating mist reveals but groups. Some clustered together in the shadow of the mountains, others banked precariously upon a precipitous slope while there are still more fading into indefiniteness against the greys and greens of the richly-clad soil and only distinguished by some conspicuous temple-dome or a Buddha, reaching skyward.

The village of India is a microcosm; a little world in itself independent and save for a few articles of commerce self-contained. From time immemorial the Indian village, as was the Teuton Gau of Tacitus, the unit on which is based the political life of the state. A study of India begins with a study of the village and the story of its gradual absorption of outside influence.

A glimpse of the garden valley of Namir, offers a view of one of the earliest and loveliest haunts of man, the scene of the primeval struggle for existence and the later battle of Hindu and Mohammedan for supremacy After the first rushing glamour of its beauty, the yellow patches of ripening wheat standing out in sharp contrast to the brilliancy of the flowering poppy-fields, the bright green of the sugar-cane and the darker-hued banyan and mango . . the thought which crowds out all others is that beneath each of the innumerable roof-tops and countless grey thatches human souls were working out the problems of life and existence. That within mud walls women sit grinding at the same stone mills used in times of their Aryan forefathers, facing similar fireplaces and surrounded by cooking utensils and furnishings aged in antiquity. Years have passed, time has exacted its toll unsoftened by progress born of age and experience.

Market day. The bazaar is crowded for the countryside has taken a holiday and come to town By couples, by families they come to see and be seen to buy or sell. The little box-like shops facing one another far down long and winding streets jut out with their low tiled roofs over ill-smelling drains are surrounded with eager bargainers and house far more eager vendors . . on the street itself vegetable women spread baskets of onions, peppers, greens and cucumbers . . here and there a trinket seller displays his wares against a faded cloth to catch the eye of the jewel-loving Hindu. In the most favored sites cloth and brass merchants pompous and proud have erected booths from which they bargain carelessly and good naturedly with the crowd. Women in red and blue saris dodge in an out the throng. A wierd tune reaches the ear in spite of the incessant din, it is the inevitable snake-charmer plying his hideous but fascinating trade. Clustered around the stalls are poor villagers who perhaps have walked miles to get an extra yard of cloth for their rupee. How pitiful but yet how human to see a man and his wife fingering some coveted bit of cloth while haggling for a further reduction. Arrogantly struts dude in pink coat and green turban. Supercilious individuals; Nautch dancing girls in voluminous skirts, swaying rhythmically until the pirouette is reached then shedding a skirt of many colors often a hundred yards in length.

It is an ever-changing kaleidoscope of colors and hues . . . shining brasses, laughing faces, bright fluttering garments and twinkling brown feet. Above the market place dignity holds sway where temple follows shrine, breaking the monotony of the shops below, while in the groves the bells remind the bargainers of religious duties. In front of a decaying fortress the eye sweeps along an almost unbroken row of shrines and images . . . . idols have found resting places on all the street stairways and behind latticed windows of the serrated temples fat well-fed priests watch the people and minister to the wants of the deities . . . truly this is a place of the gods.

WHAT a strange anomaly and tyrannical autocrat is custom in India. The Hindu's hands are tied by custom and his feet bound by caste. Separated into an innumerable number of communties, which even in this little village would number more than a score, they cannot eat together, drink from the same vessel, intermarry or have any social relationship. Caste fanaticism has its apologists, even without the pale of Hinduism; nor has it been without certain advantages, watching over the interests of those of its own guild securing them from outside competition. It is hoary with age, invincible in strength, bred into the very bone and sinew of Hindu society, the tool of the priests and religious leaders. There is no sparkle of individuality, slow and easy-going they take no account of time, taking life as it comes. Joy or sorrow, plenty or poverty with an indifference that is almost philosophical. "What will be, will be," is their fatalistic explanation of every act of providence.

LEAVING the village of Namir we make our way across rich alluvial plains camping at night beneath some wide-spreading Pipal - trees just below the walls of an ancient Nayak fortress. On again on the morrow along a road that is little more than a stone-strewn path-way in and out through the low lying scrub of teak ber and thorny babul. Making our way through this we come to the out-station Barwai.

A hush is over the land. Not the hush of noonday, when one can almost hear the solemn set of day, nor the hush of sleep at midnight when every sound seems melted into silvery moonlight, but the awful hush of death. Nature itself seems dead in the valley for drought and famine with their slow but persistent tread have come to this village to devour and destroy. Few people are less prepared to meet the distress of a severe famine than those of India. This fatalistic spirit which pervades seems to paralyse all tendency to forethought and the curbing of extravagant expenditure, so that in time of need there are no resources. Caste fanaticism magnifies the evil by adding to the complexity of the problem of relief. Nothing is so terrible as drought. Even the banyan and mango trees those old patriarchs, whose leaves were made to buffet sunshine and which had learned the lessons of many a drought were beginning to shrink and shed their leaves beneath the untempered glare . . tough babuls whose roots reached down through rock and clay, finding sustenance where all else failed were little now but dust-clad bunches of thorns.

The jowar had struggled upward only to sicken and die . . . the wells were failing and the thirsty cane and poppy had given up the struggle. Every herb and blade was dead.

Heat! relentless, pitiless. Down the great hillsides that front the village, the mighty heat waves rolled gathering intensity on the way. There is no escape from it. Shade is not shelter. It is as though the heavens had melted and flooded the earth. The soil stares upwards, pitiful and bare staring at the pitiless blue. This once so fair garden of India, stripped of her robes of green, despoiled of her jewels of lake and stream, naked and bare was lying slain by her lord the sun. Like the wolf, famine never hunts alone and its companions are if anything worse than itself. Scarcity of water had driven many to haunt the stagnant slimy pools in the river bottoms. Cholera found them grouped round these filthy holes

[Continued on page 58]

For PEP For HEALTH

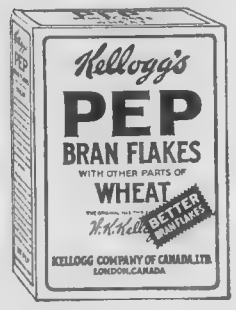
Breakfast With These BETTER BRAN FLAKES

START your day with a heaping bowlful of Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. Get the taste-sparkle of these crispy, crackly flakes. The famous flavor of PEP. You'd never think bran flakes could taste so delicious.

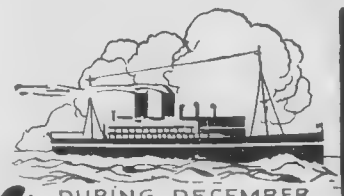
Eat them and be peppy. Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are practically a perfect food with milk or cream. There's health in every spoonful. All the nourishment of wheat—the goodness of whole grain. And just enough bran to help keep you fit and regular.

One taste. And you'll agree that Kellogg's are *better bran flakes.* Every one wants them often. Great for children. For the entire family. At every meal.

Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Canada.



Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes



DURING DECEMBER

LOW ROUND-TRIP FARES

To the OLD COUNTRY for CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

TO THE SEABOARD-LIMIT 5 MONTHS

SPECIAL TRAINS

And Through Sleeping Cars direct to Ship's Side
Leave Winnipeg 10.00 a.m. for W. Saint John, N.B.
to connect with

S.S. Duchess of York	Dec. 5	for	Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool
S.S. Duchess of Richmond	" 12	"	" " "
S.S. Montclare	" 13	"	Cherbourg, Southampton
S.S. Duchess of Atholl	" 16	"	Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool

SAILINGS EVERY FEW DAYS DURING OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER

Through Sleeping Cars from Western Points
Connecting with Special Trains at Winnipeg

For Choice Accommodation Make Your Reservation Now

Full particulars from any Ticket Agent or write

G. D. Brophy - - Dist. Pass. Agent, Calgary, Alta.
J. W. Dawson - - " " " Regina, Sask.
H. R. Mathewson Gen. Pass. Agent, Winnipeg

Canadian Pacific

Carry Canadian Pacific Express Travellers' Cheques

FOLDING TABLE SETS
by
HOURD

with the new rigid construction and handsome tops are ideal for

Bridge	Writing
Sewing	Church Socials
Teas	Garden Parties
Children's Games	Golf Clubs
Verandah	Bazaars
Children's Studies	Store Displays

See the new improved Hourd at your dealer's. In every way the best folding table made. The most popular are "Elite," "Peerless" and "Best-ov-al."

HOURD & CO., LIMITED
London - Ontario

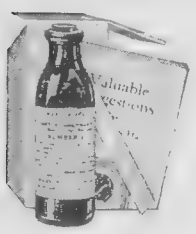
33

THE CHARM OF SILVERWARE is never so well expressed as when polished with Goddard's Plate Powder. Eighty-five years' world-wide reputation.

Goddard's plate Powder
for polishing
Silver

Sold in boxes: 25 cents.
AGENTS—F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
270 Lagauchetiere Street, W., Montreal.

Lustrous Color for
STREAKED HAIR



[Test Bottle FREE]

Have ever-youthful hair this SAFE way. Make test yourself. No risk. No expense. We send complete Test Package FREE.

This way you simply comb clear liquid through hair. Gray goes. Any shade wanted comes—black, brown, auburn, blonde. Won't rub off or stain. We do not ask you to buy—just try it at our expense.

FREE TEST 3,000,000 women have received this test. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. Mail coupon for *Test Package.*

—MARY T. GOLDMAN—
8121 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Color of your hair?

A Place of the Gods

Continued from page 57

and reaped with its swift sharp sickle not ones or tens but by thousands. Hindu mothers watched with breaking hearts their little ones dying for lack of bread and water. Skies were brass and the breasts of mother earth were dry.

We leave this dreary soul-sickening sight and journey on the Dhar. Like the lovely bloom of the forbidding cactus, Dhar is one of nature's gems set down in the midst of bleak plains and barren hillsides As we climb the rock-strewn hill that bars our approach, a scene of enchantment bursts on our vision. Below lies a valley of fairy lakes, red-tiled roofs and shining white domes. A fort, a huge but shapely monster in red sand-stone dominates not only the town but the landscape. Beyond a noble stretch of mango-trees lies the Maharaja's garden and in front of this on a mount is the famous temple of Kali Devi. A monument of carved stone, surrounded with beautiful gateways, and all fronted with a magnificent facade, a dream of lattice-work and pillard galleries sweeping down a stairway to the terrace below. Up and down this stairway flitted white robed Brahims, while along the river steps, busy women were coming and going to fill their shining brass water-pots and all pausing to mutter a few words of worship at one of the many shrines.

Standing at the end of the village in the early evening, watching the laborers gathering in from the fields, and the cattle winding their dusty way from the distant jungle, with a babble of strange chattering voices buzzing in the ears and a quickly changing panorama of oriental colors against a background of grey dust and mud, with here and there the glimpse of whitewashed walls or glistening temple, one can almost imagine himself dropped into some picture in the Arabian Nights. This is the time when the village is bustle and life. The fields without are deserted by man and beast, except for the prowling tiger, the panther and the howling jackal; but within the security of low mud walls the tired villagers group themselves together in happy gossip. It is the impressionable time of the day the hour, which from time immemorial has been dedicated to the discourse on the beauties of the Ramayans and Mahabharata. Little fires whose smoke filled the air with a pungent odour were being lighted and all eagerly prepared their evening meal.

It is a land of mystery shut off by mountain barriers from the rest of the world. Up through its crumbling arches and rent domes tower giant trees, while thick-knotted creepers grasp and tear at its walls. Such are the sphinxes of India, in whose crumbling stones must be read her chequered story.

Where Rest is Paramount

Continued from page 26

framed mirror. The dressing-table, with its less severe lines, has a mirror of interesting outline.

The chaise longue and its matching armchair, each has a companion table within a hands' reach and a reading-lamp emphasizes the invitation of the chaise longue. The tall slender lamps on the dressing-table carry the light to the right height for the mirror—and isn't their emphasized slimness attractive?

The pictures are types well suited to bedroom use — charming prints, with their wide white mats and narrow black frame and interesting oval plaques that seem to suit the curving lines of the bed alcove.

This room, we have already admitted, is carried out in a luxurious key which would not suit all furnishing budgets. But let us consider how it might be adapted on a much less costly scale.

Plain walls are always possible — through the medium of velvety flat paint, or soft water paint or plain papers. The pastel shades that belong so peculiarly to the bedroom, are equally possible in all three.

The plain all-over rug might be achieved in something less expensive than the fine grade axminster broadloom. Or perhaps the floor will be painted to the color desired and two or three small rugs placed where they will be most telling. Charming little bedroom rugs are now available in many types.

The heavy silk brocade of the long window-curtains might give way to a charming chintz, but if the windows would lend themselves to this long graceful treatment, I would advocate following it closely. Sheer net is used for the curtains. Beds that follow the lines of the lovely French enamel ones shown are so popular at the present moment that they are available through a tremendous scale of prices. Both wooden and metal beds with the pastel enameled finishes, or wood finish, are shown with the normal head and no footboard — showing but two brief posts at the foot.

The taffeta hanging might be replaced by an interesting print, or it might be omitted. The bed-spreads could give way to similar ones of organdy, muslin or net.

Simpler upholstery materials need lack charm in neither color nor design.

The electric light fixtures could be replaced by simple ones of pastel enamel finish. The lamp shades could be plain silk or organdy.

In short, the new bedroom, whatever its budget permits for furnishing, could be right up-to-the-minute and a room of infinite beauty and charm.

"Squeak" the Story of the Striped Gopher

Continued from page 56

very restless until allowed to do so. His appearance was ludicrous at these times and suggested that he was suffering from severe toothache.

Twice Squeak escaped outside and hid in the wood-pile but after a day or so of freedom he came to the door and seemed glad to be caught. As a rule, when free in an enclosure he did not like being touched but once in the hand he lost all fear however long a chase we had had to get him. Even when free he would take tempting morsels of food from our fingers although just keeping out of reach.

We have always tried to learn something from our pets and Squeak has given us quite a lot of information about the group of rodents to which he belongs. The main fact that he has impressed upon us is that he is a lover of sunlight—the brighter and warmer the sun the better he likes it and I am tempted to refer to the ground-squirrels as "sun-worshippers." We have found, too, that he is almost entirely a vegetarian, which, I believe, is more than can be said for his cousins the Richardson's and Franklin's ground-squirrels. Also we have found him fairly intelligent and gentle. He is inquisitive and somewhat fussy but these are characteristics of all the squirrels. Finally, let me add, when another member of my family was asked about what we had learned I was told that "he is a perfect little nuisance and 'bosses' the house!"

However, we have enjoyed his society and would have had striped gophers for pets years ago if we had been better acquainted. Although I have referred to him in the past tense, he is still with us and, we hope, will stay for a long time to come. Unlike most Nature stories this one will not have an unhappy finish and the onl tail coming to an untimely end is the one actually attached to Squeak himself.

What About Your Winter Fuel?

Nature has supplied Western Canada with an abundance of fuel for every requirement.

The coal her miners, wholesalers and dealers can supply is dependable, economical, and safe to burn. Use more of it.

Your local dealer can advise you of the most suitable size and brand for your needs—consult him.

He is in business to serve you—not only to earn his profit—but to make sure that you get "fuel satisfaction." Let him inspect your heating equipment and give him a chance to PROVE the value of his service.

Western Canada
Coal Review
"Canada's Independent Fuel Trades Journal"

"Beyond the Law"

By Mary Imlay Taylor

A thrilling manhunt story, complete in two instalments, of The Western Home Monthly. Read Part I in the October number. It is a story of the wilds and wastes of Northern Canada, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and the love of a woman. Thrills and action from start to finish.

Not According to Fiction

By P. W. Luce

"WELL! Well!! Well!!! Old Bill Durnley himself! Gosh, it must be all of forty years since I ran across anybody from our boyhood home. Sit down and tell me all about everybody in Cannyburgh, Bill. Who's dead, to begin with?"

"Everybody," grinned Bill Durnley. "Always was."

"I thought so once myself," admitted John Harkback, "but I'm not so sure now. After all, we did have some good times in old Cannyburgh. Except Johnny Timms, of course. He was teacher's pet and the model boy at Sunday School, but I guess he snapped out of it when he grew up and went to the dogs. Those goody-goody boys always do."

"Not Johnny, though," corrected Bill Durnley. "He's senior deacon of the church now, and has never missed a prayer meeting in forty years."

"Oh! And Joe Slugg—Tough Joe—who was always in trouble over fighting or stealing or smashing things. I suppose he reformed and is now an exemplary citizen?"

"He never reformed and he isn't a citizen any more," said Mr. Durnley. "Tough Joe was officially extinguished for a double murder fifteen years ago after he'd served three terms in the penitentiary."

"Too bad! And what about his chum, Sam Scribus, the fellow who was such an awful liar that nobody ever believed a word he said. I guess he was handicapped by that vice all his life."

"I don't know as you'd call it a handicap, this being able to lie steadily and fluently," murmured the visitor. "Sam Scribus sort of capitalized on his failing and today he's one of our most famous novelists and scenarists. He's changed his name to Vertigo Vermiform, or Vermiform Vertigo, I never can remember which."

"Things don't always work out as they should," admitted John Harkback, with a sad shake of the head. "There was one, though, who must long since have filled a pauper's grave: Ben Squander, a spendthrift if ever there was one. What a contrast he was to little Frank Gribble, who believed in thrift and saved every penny he ever got his hands on!"

"Ben Squander couldn't stop spending, so he simply had to make enough money to satisfy his extravagance. Now he's immensely wealthy and has endowed the county poorhouse. Frank Gribble is the assistant janitor there, and still saves all his dimes."

"It doesn't seem right, somehow," frowned Mr. Harkback. "The rewards of industry should be better distributed. 'As a man sows, so should he reap.' By the way, what became of those two brothers Starling, Fatty and Skinny? Fatty always obeyed his mother and Skinny never did."

"Fatty's still obeying his mother," grinned Bill Durnley. "The old lady never allowed him to get married. Skinny's been married twice, and is the envy of every man in Cannyburgh."

"How's that?"

"He knows how to boss his wife."

John Harkback sighed, mused awhile, then asked:

"Wasn't it Len Turnbull who was very keen on physical culture and who practiced the belief that an apple a day would keep the doctor away?"

"It was," answered Durnley. "The apple racket worked all right, too, up to a point. And then one day Len got a pip in a blind channel and died of appendicitis."

"Too bad! And now tell me how big a man is Peter Clack after this long lapse of years. There's a lad who must have got on! He was never afraid of honest work and was always willing to take on any hard job that others would shirk. I'll bet he started at the foot of the ladder and pushed his way along."

"You're right. Peter took a job as railway car sweeper in the late eighties, and a month ago he came into Cannyburgh in a private car all by himself."

"Good for Peter! What's he now, corporation counsel?"

"No. He's still doing honest work. He was cleaning out that private car while they were switching it around so as to send it south to pick up Mattie Hooper-that-was. You remember her: a terrible flirt that all mothers held up as a horrible example to their dutiful daughters."

"And what is she now?"

"She's the wife of the railroad president, and all the girls who followed their mothers' good advice are still in Cannyburgh, either old maids and sorry for it, or married and sorrier still."

Banff Highland Gathering

Continued from page 29

McInnes, a noted authority. The plays, too, were a fascinating reminder of the beloved genius of Robert Burns and the sibilant truth that art is a vine bridging the dead ages. Which, irrelevantly or no, calls up the less ethereal but irresistible appeal of the Gaelic banquet compounded of everything calculated to tempt Highland fancy and undermine Scottish reserve and available on the instant by whatsoever name you dared to call it!

Where, then, shall so incomplete a resumé of four days' sojourning, fancy-free, heart-whole and, as the minstrel has it: "Beating out the glory of God with voice and timbrel in His most high and holy mountain," be ended? Where, indeed, except with a backward glance at the gathering at the Devil's Cauldron, that secreted mountain tarn under the flanks of brooding Mount Rundell; assembled there on a Sabbath afternoon to commemorate the old time religion, offering up once more on the altars of the everlasting hills a sacrifice of heart and mind and sincere aspiration.

The service was conducted, as on former occasions, by the Rev. C. W. Gordon, D.D. (Ralph Connor), and one inclines to believe that, illustriousness notwithstanding, no more transcendant moment could have been realized by a shepherd of souls. To see before him such a concourse of Highland folks and to hear, resounding through the hills his art has endeared to thousands, the deathless psalms of a conquering but kindly people! Dull indeed that soul must be who, up-borne on such a tide of devotion, had not felt a bending down of those eternal forces which gave such grace of heart and enduring felicity to the long-suffering Scot whether at home on his loved moors and cherished mountains or in forced exile on foreign shores. Duller still he who had not discovered in this upwelling of spontaneous goodwill under the friendly Western sky and shadowing splendor of majestic mountains the predestined fruits of the dearly defended faith of their fathers and a wider significance in that sixteenth-century "buckler" to many a harrassed Covenanting heart:

"Thy foot He'll not let slide nor will
He slumber that thee keeps,
Behold, He that keeps Israel
He slumbers not nor sleeps."

The LAMP that says "Welcome"

LET your home bid a cheery greeting to your guest. Light up with Edison Mazda Lamps . . they help friends to distinguish your home and they add warmth to your welcome. Use Edison Mazda Lamps in every room. Their light is free from glare . . and they give *full value for current consumed!* For convenience, buy them by the carton.

L-30

EDISON MAZDA
INSIDE FROSTED
LAMPS

A CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

The Xmas Voyage of Your Dreams

REDUCED FARES ◆ MODERN SHIPS

SAILINGS

Oct. 10	Montreal	Duchess of York	Liverpool		
Oct. 11	Montreal	Minnedosa	Belfast	Glasgow	
Oct. 15	Montreal	Montclare	Cherbourg	Southampton	Antwerp
Oct. 17	Montreal	Duchess of Richmond	Glasgow	Liverpool	
Oct. 24	Montreal	Duchess of Atholl	Liverpool		
Oct. 25	Montreal	Melita	Belfast	Glasgow	
Oct. 29	Montreal	Montcalm	Cherbourg	Southampton	Antwerp
Oct. 31	Montreal	Duchess of Bedford	Glasgow	Liverpool	
Nov. 5	Quebec	Empress of France	Cherbourg	Southampton	
Nov. 7	Montreal	Duchess of York	Glasgow	Belfast	Liverpool
Nov. 14	Montreal	Duchess of Richmond	Glasgow	Liverpool	
Nov. 15	Montreal	Montclare	Cherbourg	Southampton	Antwerp
Nov. 21	Montreal	Duchess of Atholl	Glasgow	Belfast	Liverpool
Nov. 26	Montreal	Duchess of Bedford	Glasgow	Belfast	Liverpool
Nov. 28	Montreal	Melita	Cherbourg	Southampton	
Dec. 5	Saint John	Duchess of York	Glasgow	Belfast	Liverpool
Dec. 12	Saint John	Duchess of Richmond	Glasgow	Belfast	Liverpool
Dec. 13	Saint John	Montclare	Cherbourg	Southampton	
Dec. 16	Saint John	Duchess of Atholl	Glasgow	Belfast	Liverpool

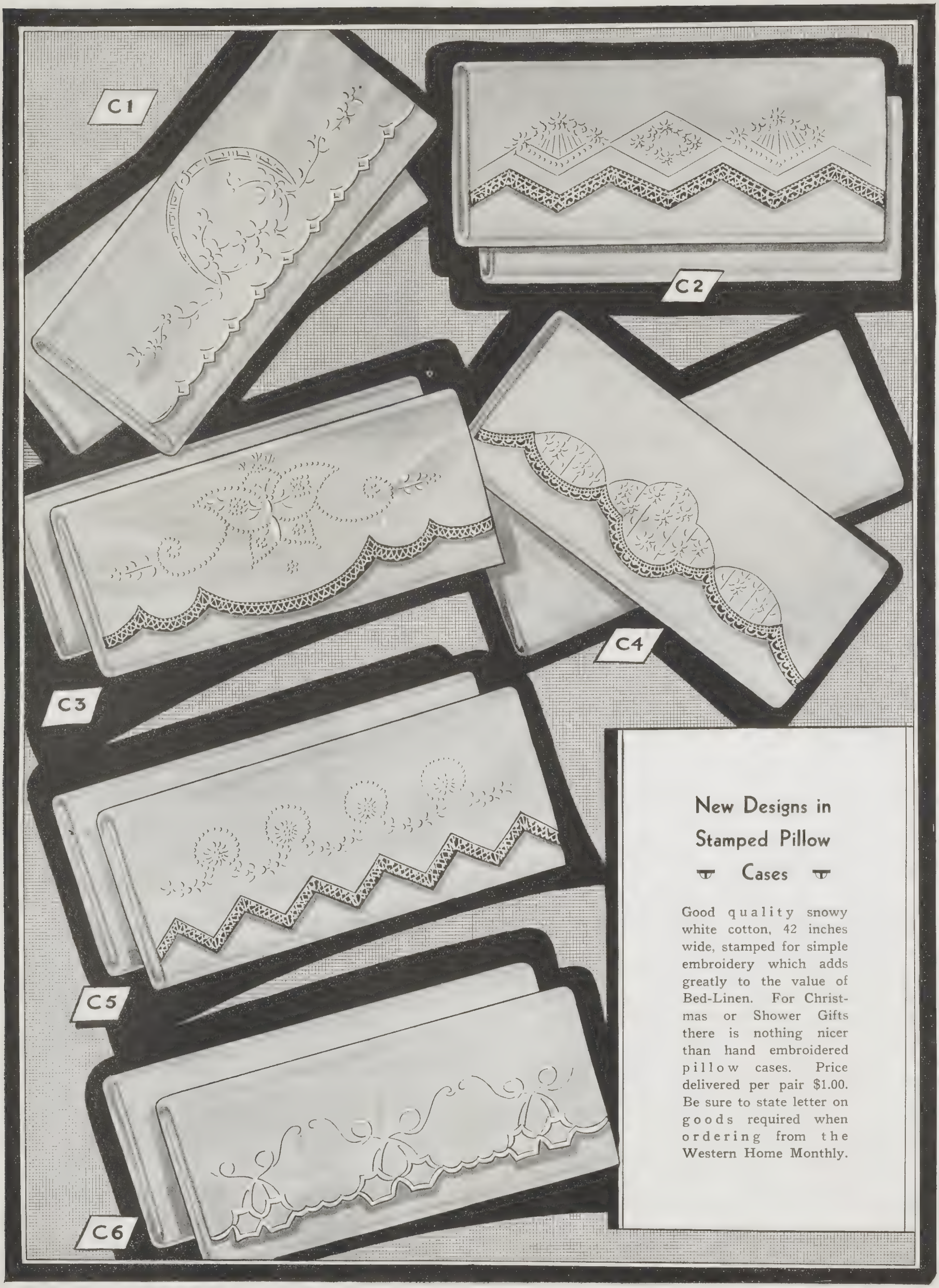
SPECIAL TRAINS and THROUGH CARS DIRECT TO THE SHIP'S SIDE

Book Your Passage Now for the Choice of Accommodation.

Apply to Local Agents or

R. W. Greene, C.P.R. Building, Edmonton; G. R. Swalwell, C.P.R. Building, Saskatoon, or W. C. Casey, General Passenger Agent, C.P.R. Building, Winnipeg.

CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS



New Designs in Stamped Pillow Cases

Good quality snowy white cotton, 42 inches wide, stamped for simple embroidery which adds greatly to the value of Bed-Linen. For Christmas or Shower Gifts there is nothing nicer than hand embroidered pillow cases. Price delivered per pair $1.00. Be sure to state letter on goods required when ordering from the Western Home Monthly.

An Inviting Breakfast

Robin Hood Rapid Oats, the genuine "PAN-DRIED" rapid cooking flake, comes in a modern "Double - Sealed" package. The flavor is sealed in, keeping the oats fresh and full flavored indefinitely.

MANY of us are up and at work before the sun has a chance to shine on the breakfast table—but every home in Canada can have Robin Hood China and Robin Hood Oats. The delicious "PAN-DRIED" flavor of this universally popular breakfast cereal appeals to everyone.

The scientific "PAN-DRIED" process of making porridge oats, as used by Robin Hood Mills, is adapted from an old Scotch formula. This is a method of pre-cooking in the hull which retains the valuable food elements of the oats and *improves the flavor exactly as baking improves the flavor of a potato.*

China You Will Be Proud Of

Every piece of China shown in this picture was taken from regular "CHINAWARE" packages of Robin Hood Rapid Oats. Note the large porridge bowl, attractive cup and saucer, dainty cream pitcher, sugar bowl and fruit and cereal plate. The spirit of thrift prompts smart women to buy Robin Hood Rapid Oats. It helps them add to their table service without extra expense and the superior flavor of the oats wins the approval of every member of the family. Dealers who handle quality products can supply you with Robin Hood Rapid Oats.

36 Page Cook Book GIVEN FREE

You doubtless know that we also make Robin Hood Flour which is noted for the same high quality that has made Robin Hood Oats famous. Will you accept, with our compliments, a beautifully illustrated 36 page cook book containing 77 HOME TESTED recipes for making cakes, pies and bread? SIMPLY MAIL THIS COUPON.

ROBIN HOOD MILLS LIMITED

Millers of Robin Hood Flour

Moose Jaw - Calgary - Saskatoon - Vancouver - Toronto - Saint John

Eastern Sales Offices - Montreal

Robin Hood Rapid Oats (PAN-DRIED)

FREE

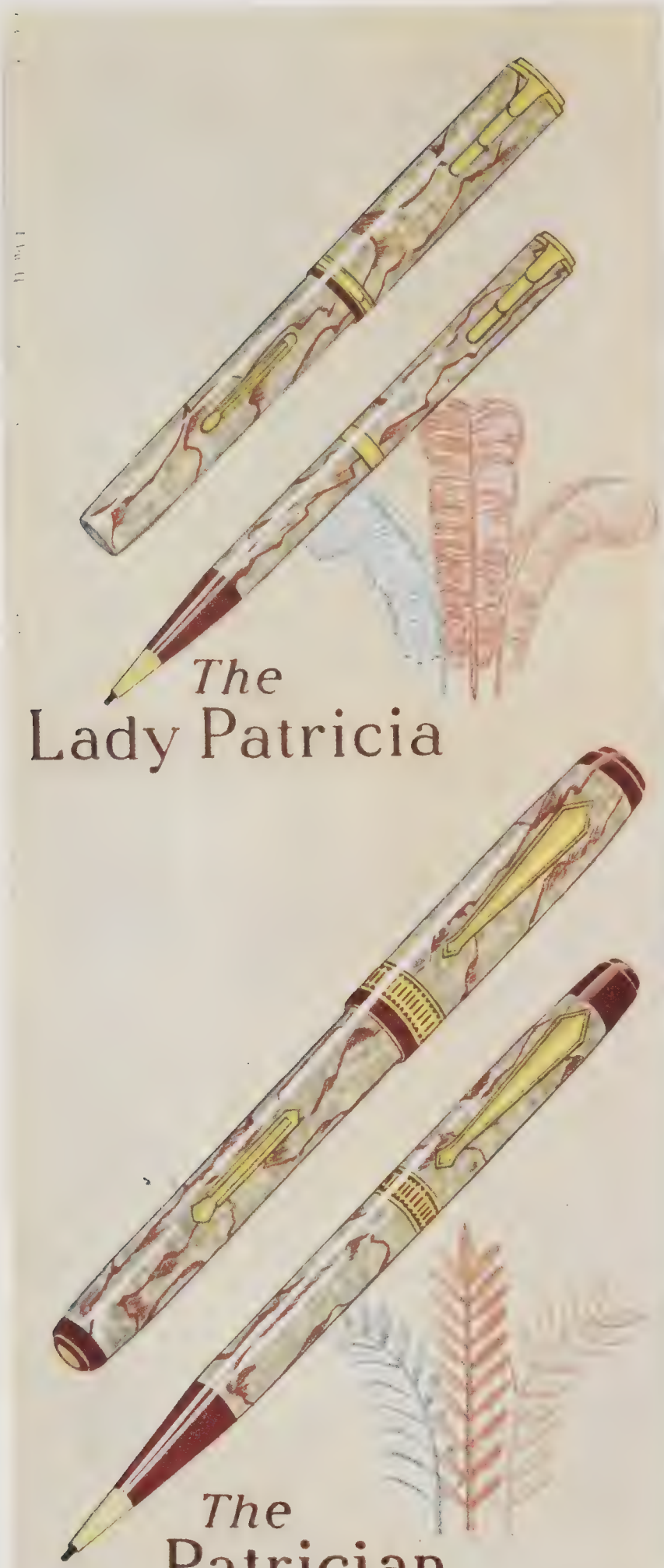
Write for this 36-page Book, beautifully illustrated. Tells how to make most delicious cakes, pastry and bread.

Robin Hood Mills, Ltd.
Dept. W.H.M. 4, Moosejaw, Sask.

Please send FREE book "77 Winning Recipes"

Name .....

Address .....



Waterman's

announce

an aristocratic pair of pens

The Patrician and

The Lady Patricia

After making the finest pen possible for men — the Patrician — Waterman's decided that this called for the finest of sister pens — and so the Lady Patricia was designed . . . the first pen ever created expressly for women. Lady Patricia embodies everything that a woman wants in a pen . . . it is smaller, charming looking, colorful as the fashions she wears; and may be had with just the pen point she likes.

Lady Patricia . . . a slender, smaller, graceful size, keyed to a woman's grasp. Instead of the masculine clip, there's a lovely carved clasp — which holds Lady Patricia in your handbag where you can locate it in an instant. Three beautiful colors, Onyx as shown, Persian and Jet — the pen, boxed, is only $5.00, pencil to match for $3.00.

The Patrician . . . aristocrat of Waterman's men's pens, is crafted like a fine car — colored like a fine jewel. A choice of seven pen points promises writing ease to every hand. In Onyx, Nacre, Turquoise, Emerald, or Jet, the pen is, boxed, $10.00. Pencil to match, $5.00.

Desk Set . . . An exquisite gift with pen and base matching perfectly — the base of French Onyx is echoed by the beautiful cream-and-tawny tones of the pen — complete, $8.50.

Every Waterman's is guaranteed forever against defects. Service Stations are maintained at the addresses below for the purpose of making good our guarantee and for servicing our pens as required.

L. E. Waterman Co., Limited
263 St. James St.,
Montreal.
New York Boston Chicago San Francisco

By Gertrude Dutton

An Entree for the Main Dish

A DICTIONARY of cookery terms would define an "entree" as a "made" dish served between courses. In the days of formal dinners of many courses, somewhere in their great length, possibly between the game and the meat course, would come an entree, of something in a sauce, or fritters, or croquettes, etc. Nowadays, we feel that such foods may well take the place of roasts, etc., instead of being a mere taste, causing more work than such an unimportant part of the meal was worth. It furnishes a most excellent opportunity to utilize left-overs.

The term covers such a large variety of dishes, that it may be as simple and inexpensive as one may wish, or as elaborate and costly as the housekeeper cares to make it. Its real success depends on the dainty and attractive manner in which it is served, and the care with which it is seasoned. In every home there should be at least one set of individual cooking dishes, such as ramekins, custard cups, of earthenware or oven glass, or granite. Shirred egg dishes, scallop shells, and so forth. Baking dishes of family size, casseroles, and such dishes are perfectly suitable for many occasions. Many times we use croustades, patty shells, timbale cases, which give us eatable containers.

We have three classes of entrees: (1) Those served in some kind of sauce; (2) Those which are fried in deep fat or sauted in the frying-pan; (3) Those which are baked or boiled.

Fish, poultry, meats, vegetables, creamed, au gratin, a la king, a la Newburg, a la Creole, a la poulette, belong to the first class. In the second we have croquettes, cutlets, rissoles and such dishes. The third class includes souffles, mousses, puddings, custards, grills and the like. The puddings and custards are not those used as desserts.

The sauces most frequently used for entrees are of four kinds—cream or veloute, espagnole, or brown, bechamel and poulette.

These are varied by the use of mushrooms, tomato, etc., on occasion. We are often told that a good cook is known by the sauces she makes. They really are so simple that no one should have difficulty in always having them perfect. Mix together 1 cup of cold milk and 2 or 3 tb of flour till perfectly blended, then put on the stove and cook till it boils, stirring all the time, or scald the milk in the double boiler and pour it into the flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little of the milk which has been reserved for that purpose. Add the salt, pepper if wished, and the butter, using 1 or 2 tb. This gives a much more delicate flavor than cooking the flour and butter, then adding the milk, either hot or cold. The amount of flour and of butter used, depend entirely upon the thickness and richness desired.

Some of the many dishes in which entrees may be prepared and served.

For a veloute sauce, we use a white stock as the liquid, instead of milk. It may be made either from chicken or veal stock.

Brown sauce, or espagnole (suggesting Spain), is made by browning a little onion in the butter, then adding the flour after removing the bits of onion, and browning it in the butter, then using a brown stock for the liquid. Other seasonings such as carrot, bay leaf, parsley, etc., may also be browned in the butter, the sauce being strained to remove them before serving.

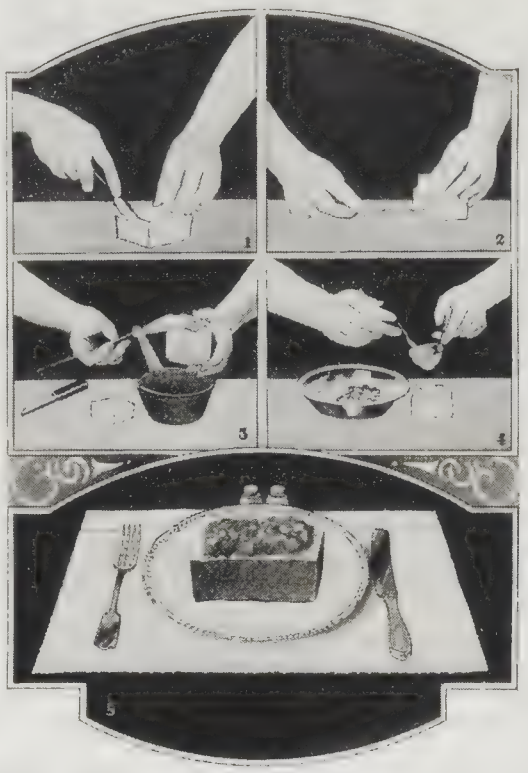
When making bechamel sauce, we cook a little onion, carrot, bay leaf, parsley and peppercorns in white soup stock for 20 or 30 minutes, then straining. To one cup of this highly flavored stock we add 1 cup of hot milk, 4 tb. each of butter and flour, and salt and pepper to taste. For a yellow bechamel sauce we add the slightly beaten yolks of two or three eggs.

A poulette sauce is merely a white sauce to which eggs, slightly beaten, are added.

Croustades or Bread Boxes

Croustades are much more easily made than one might think. Cut rather stale bread in thick slices or cubes, scoop out the centres, cut off all crusts, leaving walls about a quarter-inch thick, brush all over with melted butter, inside and out, and brown in a hot oven. Fill with the entree mixture and serve hot. Stale unsweetened crusted buns may have the centres removed and prepared in the same way as the cubes of bread. The crumbs and crusts are used for some other purpose.

Patty shells are made from pie-crust baked in muffin or patty pans, then filled. Or shells may be made of biscuit dough.



1. To make bread boxes, cut the centre from a cube of bread.
2. Leave walls and bottom one-fourth inch thick and remove centre.
3. Brush the entire box with melted butter and brown in the oven.
4. Fill the box with any suitable mixture.
5. A croustade filled and ready to serve.

Fried Sardines

Drain the sardines, pour boiling water over them to remove the oil, then skin them. Dip in a batter made of 1 1/3c flour, 2 t. baking powder, ¼ t. salt sifted together, 2/3 c. milk and 1 beaten egg slowly added. Beat well. Fry in deep fat and drain on brown paper. Serve hot with any sauce suitable for fish, Tartare or tomato sauce being specially good. To make Tartare sauce, mix together in a bowl, 1 tb. vinegar, 1 tb. lemon juice, 1 tb. Worcestershire sauce, a little salt, set the bowl in hot water till the sauce is heated, then strain in 4 tb. melted butter.

Mutton Rissoles

Beef may be used instead of mutton. Put left-over cooked meat through the chopper, after removing bits of gristle, and excess fat. Season well with salt and pepper and a little chopped onion cooked in the frying-pan in a little butter or dripping till soft and yellow. Moisten a little with gravy or soup stock, but do not have it sloppy. Make a good pie crust, roll to ¼-inch thickness, or a little less, cut in rounds about 3 inches in diameter, put a spoonful of the meat mixture on top, turn one-half over the other like a turn-over. moisten one edge with cold water. and pinch the edges together. Brush with a beaten egg, diluted with 1 tb. water. Fry till golden brown in deep fat, drain on brown paper and serve hot, garnished with parsley, and if wished served with gravy or brown sauce.

Rissole Fillings

1. Chopped cold cooked chicken with thick white sauce or chicken stock.
2. Chopped cooked veal, moistened with gravy.
3. Chopped cooked veal and chopped boiled ham, with gravy or stock.
4. Chopped roast lamb with well seasoned sauce.
5. Cheese mixture made by melting 2 tb. butter, adding ½ c. milk, 1 tb. heavy cream, 1 egg-yolk slightly beaten, ¼ c. grated or chopped well-flavored cheese, salt and pepper. Cook till thick, and cool.
6. Chopped cooked ham, moistened with stock.

Rissoles may be baked instead of fried in deep fat, if preferred.

Cheese Croquettes

Butter 3 tb. — Cheese, chopped or grated, 1 c. or more
Flour 4 tb.
Milk ¾ c. — Egg yolks 2
Salt and pepper to taste

The amount of cheese will depend upon the strength and flavor. Make a white sauce of the flour, butter and milk, add the egg-yolks, then the cheese, and stir over the fire till the cheese melts, and season . Spread in a shallow pan and cool. Cut in any desired shapes, dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs, and fry. A tomato sauce or brown gravy may be served with them.

[Continued on page 64]

EIGHTH REASON

Why I always drink Salada

"I believe that when any article has the largest sale in its field it must be the best—Salada certainly bears out my belief."

Everywoman

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

They'll look forward

Everyone who has once tasted "Camp" Coffee looks forward to enjoying it again. "Camp" has the true coffee flavour and aroma, for it is made by experts from high-grade coffee.

"CAMP" COFFEE

R. Paterson & Sons, Limited, Glasgow.

Ready instantly Just add boiling water

Real dyes so easy to use!

Dresses, drapes or lingerie look *new* when they're re-dyed with Diamond Dyes. No spotting or streaking; never a trace of that re-dyed look. Just rich, even, bright colors that hold amazingly through wear and washing.

Diamond Dyes are the highest quality dyes you can buy *because they're so rich in pure anilines.* That's what makes them so easy to use. That's why they've been famous for 50 years. 15 cent packages—alldrugstores.

Diamond Dyes

Highest Quality for 50 Years

Better Cookery

Rice and Tomato Croquettes

In a double boiler cook ½ c. of rice in ¾ c. of soup stock till the rice is tender and the stock absorbed. Add 2 c. of tomatoes which have been cooked 15-20 minutes with 2 slices of onion, a small carrot, a sprig of parsley and a few peppercorns and 1 t. sugar, then rubbed through a strainer. Add 1 slightly beaten egg, ¼ c. grated cheese, 1 tb. butter, and salt and pepper. Mix well and spread on a plate to cool. Shape in cones, flat cakes, cutlet shape, or cylinders, dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs, fry in deep fat, drain and serve hot.

Rice and Fish Croquettes

Mix together 1 c. cooked rice, 1 beaten egg and ½-¾ c. flaked cooked or canned fish, form into croquettes, and either bake in the oven, saute in the frying-pan, or fry in deep fat.

Salmon Croquettes

Mix the canned or cooked salmon with half as much thick white sauce (made with 4 tb. flour to 1 c. milk), or with an equal amount of mashed potato (hot). Season with salt and pepper, shape, dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs, and fry in deep fat.

Veal Fritters

Make a batter of 1 1/3 c. flour, 2 t. baking powder, ¼ t. salt, 2/3 c. milk, and 1 egg.

Mince some cooked veal, and if available, a slice of cooked ham. Add salt and pepper, and onion chopped and cooked in a little butter or dripping, and enough thick white sauce to bind the mixture together. Cool, then form into cylinders. Dip each one in batter, then fry in hot fat till golden brown.

Veal Croquettes

Chopped cooked veal 2 c.	Thick white sauce 1 c
Salt and pepper	Chopped onion 1 t.
	Yolk of 1 egg

Mix the ingredients, cool and shape. Either fry in deep fat, cook in the oven or saute in the frying-pan.

Fillets of Beef With Mushrooms

Thick steak 1 lb.	Mushrooms ¼ lb.
Brown stock ¾ c.	or 1 can
Flour	Dripping
	Salt and pepper

Cut the steak into fillets as uniform in size as possible, and cook till done, then put on a heated serving dish. In the meantime, in another pan, cook the mushrooms in a little dripping. Arrange the mushrooms on top of and around the fillets of beef. Sprinkle a little flour, about 2 tb., in the dripping in the pan, and crown it, then add the brown stock, and let boil up while stirring. Add seasonings and pour around the beef and mushrooms.

Chicken Croquettes

Mix chopped cooked chicken with thick white sauce made either with milk or with chicken stock as the liquid. Spread on a plate to cool, then shape and fry.

Timbales of Beef

Line buttered small molds such as custard cups, or one large mold, with spaghetti which has been cooked in boiling salted water. Fill the centres with cooked beef which has been put through the food-chopper, and well seasoned with salt, pepper, a little chopped cooked onion, celery salt, 1 beaten egg and brown gravy to moisten. Put a layer of spakhetti on top, cover with paper which has been greased, and either steam in a steamer or in a pan of hot water in the oven, for about half an hour. When ready to serve, turn out carefully on a hot platter, decorate with green beans, green peas or tiny hot beets, and serve with it, more of the gravy.

Salmon Timbales

Make like timbales of beef, using flaked and moistened salmon for the filling.

Veal and ham, cooked and chopped, or chopped chicken with white sauce or chicken stock, make equally good fillings.

Rice Timbales

Boiled rice may be used to line the molds to make timbales, in place of macaroni or spaghetti.

Ham and Rice Ramekins

Chopped cooked ham 1 c.	Butter 2 tb.
	Minced onion 1 tb.
Cooked rice 2 c.	Flour 1 tb.
Tomato juice 1½ c.	Salt and pepper

Make a sauce of the butter with the onion cooked in it, the flour and tomato juice and season well. Put the rice in the required number of buttered individual dishes, cover with the minced ham, then with the tomato sauce, and brown in the oven. Sprinkle the top with minced parsley.

Italian Macaroni

Chopped beef ½ lb.	Macaroni ½ lb.
Onions 2	Grated cheese 1 c.
Tomato 2 c.	Salt and pepper
Mushrooms 1 small can	

Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water. Brown the beef in bacon fat, add the onions sliced, and cook till brown. Add the tomato and mushrooms if they are used, and simmer till real well cooked. If mushrooms are not wished, the dish is quite good without them. Add more water if needed. Put alternate layers of macaroni, sauce and cheese in a bake-dish, and bake for half an hour.

Fish Souffle

Use either canned salmon or haddie, or some such freshly-cooked fish as halibut or salmon, having 1 lb. of fresh fish, or 1 of the canned. Mash the fish till very fine. Season with salt, pepper and a little lemon juice. Fold in either ¼ c. of thick cream whipped till stiff, or ¼ c. of white sauce, and the stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs. Put in individual buttered molds set in a pan of water, cover with buttered paper, and bake in a moderate oven, 20-30 minutes.

Sweetbread Ramekins

Clean and parboil a sweetbread and cut in dice. Add to it 1 c. diced cooked chicken or veal, or veal or chicken with a little stewed celery cut in inch pieces. Make a sauce of 2 tb. butter, 3 tb. flour, 1¼ c. chicken or veal stock, salt and pepper and a few drops of lemon juice. Add 2 tb. of cream and the meat. Put in ramekin dishes, cover with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven.

Chicken Molds

Cook ½ c. rice in 1 c. white stock and ¾ c. strained tomato juice, season with salt and pepper, then put in the bottoms of the required number of buttered molds. Cover with finely chopped chicken seasoned and mixed with 1 slightly beaten egg and enough white sauce to moisten it. Cook in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Turn from the molds and serve with brown sauce, to which mushrooms may be added.

Oysters With Peppers

Green peppers 2	Oysters & liquor 1 c.
Onion 1	Butter 2 tb.
Water ½ c.	Salt and pepper

Remove the seeds and membrane from the peppers, wash them and cut in half-inch squares. Chop the onion and add. Cook them in the boiling salted water till tender, then drain. Add the cleaned oysters and their liquor, and cook till the oysters begin to curl on the edges, then the butter, salt and pepper, and if not moist enough, a spoonful or two of cream. Serve very hot on buttered toast.

[Continued on page 65]

Quenelles of Chicken

Chicken, raw, 1 lb.
Salt and pepper
Egg 1
White sauce
Cooked or canned peas
Butter 1 tb.
Flour 1 tb.
Stock ½ c.

Put the chicken through a meat chopper, then pound till very fine. Make a sauce of the butter, flour and stock and when cool, add the chicken, seasonings and egg. Beat and pound till well mixed and very fine. Form into quenelles, which are either round balls, or ovals made by shaping with two spoons. Drop into a kettle of boiling water or stock, carefully, and poach for 12 minutes. They should be firm when cooked. Skim out of the liquid, drain and arrange on a serving dish. Cover with good white sauce, or tomato sauce, and garnish with green peas.

Eggs and Ham Scrambled.

Ham 1 slice
Butter 1½ tb.
Eggs 5
Rich milk ¼ c.
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut the ham in cubes and brown slightly in the butter. Mix the milk and unbeaten eggs, and pour into the pan with the ham. Season. As it cooks, stir from the bottom with a fork, just enough to keep it from scorching and becoming too hard underneath. When set, fold over like an omelette and garnish with sections of tomato or with parsley.

Cheese Fondue

Hot milk 1 c.
Bread crumbs 1 c.
Cheese 1 c.
Butter 1 tb.
Eggs 3
Salt and pepper

Mix the bread crumbs, hot milk, butter, and cheese together, and season with salt and paprika. Add the well-beaten egg-yolks, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, and bake in a buttered bake dish for about 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

Fish Au Gratin

Cooked fish 2 c.
Milk 2 c.
Butter 3 tb.
Flour 3 tb.
Cheese ¼ c.
Parsley, sprig
Onion, sliced, ½
Bit of bay leaf
Salt and pepper
Buttered crumbs

Scald the milk with the onion, parsley and piece of bay leaf, then strain and use with the butter, flour and seasoning to make a white sauce. Flake the fish and arrange in alternate layers with the sauce in a buttered bake-dish or individual dishes, cover with the crumbs and sprinkle the grated cheese on top, and bake till the crumbs are brown.

Scallop of Ham and Eggs

Minced cooked ham 1½ c.
White sauce 1 c.
Buttered crumbs ¾ c.
Chopped hard cooked eggs 4

In a buttered bake dish, put a layer of crumbs, then of ham, white sauce, sprinkle with paprika, then a layer of coarsely chopped eggs; alternate the layers of ham, sauce and egg till all are used. Put a layer of crumbs on top, dot with butter and brown in oven.

Scalloped Finnan Haddie

Finnan haddie, 1½ lbs. or 1 can
Butter 4 tb.
Flour 4 tb.
Milk 2 c.
Hard-cooked eggs 4
Salt and pepper
Dried crumbs ½ c.

Put the fish in cold water, bring to a boil and simmer for 20 minutes, then remove the skin and bones, and flake, or use canned finnan haddie. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour and milk. Slice the hard-cooked eggs, and arrange in alternate layers in a bake dish with the fish and sauce. Cover the top with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven.

Cheese Souffle

Make a white sauce of 2 tb. butter, 3 tb. flour, ½ c. scalded milk and salt and pepper. Stir in ¼ c. grated well flavored cheese, then remove from the fire. Add the well-beaten yolks of 3 eggs. Cool and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the three eggs, pour into a buttered bake dish or individual dishes, and bake till set in a slow oven, which will take 20 minutes or half an hour.

Eggs Au Gratin

Scald together 2 c. milk, onion sliced, with 6 cloves stuck into the onion slices. Add 2 tb. butter and 2 tb. of flour, after straining out the onion and cloves, to make white sauce. Season with sauce and paprika, and put half of the sauce in a shallow baking dish. Put on it half a cup of bread crumbs mixed with ¼ c. grated cheese. Put in the oven to become very hot, then break the required number of eggs carefully on top of the crumbs, keeping them separate if possible. Surround with the remaining sauce, cover with another half cup of crumbs and ¼ c. of grated cheese, and bake till the eggs are set.

To Serve in Croustades

Creamed chicken
Creamed eggs
Oyster rarebit
Creamed carrots and peas
Asparagus with cheese sauce
Creamed dried beef
Creamed shrimps
Minced meat in gravy
Savory oysters
Poached eggs in tomato sauce
Chicken a la King
Eggs with mushroom sauce
Creamed oysters with mushrooms

Oyster Rarebit

Oysters 1 c.
Cheese, grated 1 c.
Eggs 2
Butter 2 tb.
Milk 1 tb.
Salt and pepper

Pick over the oysters, strain the juice and heat it to the boiling point, add the oysters and cook till the edges begin to curl, then strain from the juice, reserving it; also, melt the butter, add the cheese, and as soon as it melts, the oyster liquor and milk, then the beaten eggs. Cook over hot water till the eggs are done, season and add the oysters. When heated through, serve in croustades.

Savory Oysters

Oysters 1½ c.
Butter 4 tb.
Flour 4 tb.
Brown stock
Worcestershire sauce
Salt and pepper

Pick over the oysters, cook in the liquor till the edges begin to curl, then drain. To the oyster liquor add enough brown stock to make 1½ c. of liquid. From it and the flour and butter, make a sauce, season with the Worcestershire sauce and salt and pepper, heat the oysters in it and serve in croustades.

Poached Eggs in Tomato Sauce

Make a well seasoned tomato sauce, and put some in each croustade. Poach the required number of eggs and lift one carefully into each croustade, cover with the remaining tomato sauce, and serve.

Chicken a la King

Cut up cooked chicken and heat in a sauce made of chicken stock to which cream is added, and pimento and green pepper cut in tiny strips. Garnish with hard-cooked eggs and parsley.

Mushroom Sauce

Make a brown sauce of 2 tb. butter in which a slice of onion is browned, then removed from the butter, 2 tb. flour, 1 c. brown soup stock, salt and pepper. To the sauce add mushrooms, cooked if fresh ones are used. When using canned mushrooms, drain and rinse in cold water, cut in slices, and heat in the sauce.

a healthy dish made QUICKLY..

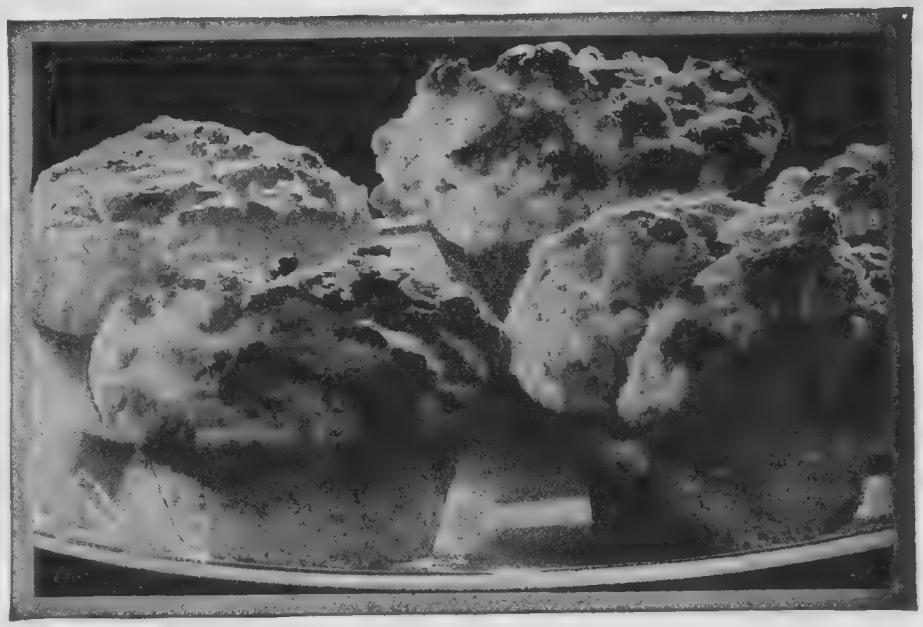
GRAHAM Muffins, in addition to being wholesome and pleasant to eat, have the added advantage of being very easy to make.

Just a few minutes in the kitchen and they are ready for the oven. In another few minutes they come out, their crusted tops just bursting with tasty goodness.

Served hot and generously spread with butter, they will lend added interest to any meal.

But when making them, or any other baked dishes, to get the best results be sure to use Magic Baking Powder, the kind that 3 out of every 4* Canadian housewives say they use because it gives consistently better baking results.

*This fact was revealed in a recent Dominion-wide investigation.



Recipe for GRAHAM MUFFINS

2 tablespoons butter
½ cup sugar
2 eggs
1 cup white flour
A pinch of salt
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
2 cups Graham flour
1½ cups milk

● Cream butter and sugar, beat in eggs, then sift flour, baking powder and salt, and add to first mixture alternately with milk. Put in well-buttered muffin pans and bake in hot oven.

STANDARD BRANDS LIMITED
GILLETT PRODUCTS
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver
and offices in all the principal cities of Canada

● Look for this mark on every tin. It is our guarantee that Magic Baking Powder does not contain alum or any harmful ingredient.

● If you bake at home the New Magic Cook Book will provide dozens of attractive suggestions that will help you with your baking. Mail the coupon and copy will be sent free.

STANDARD BRANDS LIMITED
GILLETT PRODUCTS
Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.
Please send me the new Magic Cook Book. WHM-10
Name .....
Address .....
City..... .....Prov..... .....

"If I Only Knew!
If I Only Knew!"

So many people thus hesitate—in doubt about which tooth paste really will help. Our answer is, "If only you'll try PEBECO—*then* you will know." For Pebeco's ability to do more than simply wash your teeth is foretold by its very taste. This distinctive tang says Pebeco is *working*, is cleaning, whitening and helping Nature check decay by increasing the flow of saliva. And also, it gives the most refreshed feeling your mouth ever had. But you'll *never* know until you try it. Why not today?

Distributed in Canada by
LEHN & FINK (Canada)
Limited

A Gypsy Party for Harvest Time

AN AUTUMN party that follows the Gypsy trail is certain to be filled with adventure, magic and romance. For autumn's golden sunlight is dear to the heart of the Romany, who spends these last days of lingering warmth in woodland feast and merry-making.

Covered wagons may invite your guests to join the Gypsy caravan. Drawn with pen-and-ink and cut from folded paper, the invitations may bear inside the call of the Gypsy band:

"Come while the warm sun lingers,
Be a Gypsy for one afternoon,
We'll pick up the trail in the sunlight
And follow it home by the moon."

Below is written the date, hour and name of the hostess and also the caravan number. These numbers will later be matched to arrange partners for the trail.

The trail starts at the home of the hostess, and leads either on foot or by car, to some selected spot which is to be the scene of the Gypsy encampment. If the site is not too far, the guests will no doubt enjoy walking, but it will be well to have a "supply wagon" go ahead with the camp supper and the cooking utensils.

A charming and ancient Gypsy custom is that of the Gypsy lover who leaves flowers by the roadside as his caravan passes, that his Gypsy sweetheart, who follows, may discover them. Such an autumn bouquet may be dropped by the supply car at some spot along the trail, not too difficult nor yet too easy to find, and the woodcraft of the "Gypsies" may thus be put to test to see which one has keen enough sight to find the bouquet. This token rightly belongs to a Gypsy maid, since it bears a message "For My Gypsy Queen," so if it should be discovered by one of the men in the party, his partner is the lucky one and becomes tribal "queen" for the evening.

At the near-end of the trail the supply car is parked. As the guests arrive at the car, the Queen presents each Gypsy with a colorful hat and sash, made of red and yellow crepe paper. Very picturesque entire costumes may be easily made, if one desires, by using scarlet for the cap and skirt, a scarlet sash bordered with deep greens and blues, a black bolero jacket piped with gold, and orange-colored ruffs at neck and wrists.

Each guest also receives from the car, a long forked stick to which is attached a bundle tied in the picturesque gypsy bandanna. Those interesting bundles contain sandwiches, apples and marshmallows to be toasted. The long sticks, which should be cut from green wood so that they will not burn, will prove very useful toasting utensils. Then, wearing their Gypsy regalia and swinging their sticks over their shoulders, the caravan of Gypsies winds its way along a few hundred yards farther and arrives at the chosen camp-site.

One of the men's caps bears the words "Chief Fire-Maker," and it becomes his duty to direct the gathering of firewood and laying the fire ready to cook supper. While the men busy themselves with the fire, the hostess may select two guests to tie tiny favors to nearby bushes and trees. These favors will be the object of a later "hunt." They are little orange tissue-wrapped packages for the women and red ones for the men, and contain real emblems of Gypsy chiefhood, which the hostess may explain—a brass bell, a bit of peacock's feather, or other plumage, a few grains of wheat. They are tied with different colored ribbons and each color has a different meaning. The meanings are written on fortune cards enclosed. For example, the yellow beribboned package will have some such verse as:

"Golden treasure without end
Goes with this bit of yellow, my friend."

A white ribbon meant happy marriage to the Gypsies, and this fortune may read:

"You will be most happily wed
Who finds the white bow, it is said."

"Throwing the Slipper" is an old Gypsy game which will fascinate the fair guests. The hostess provides a slipper and tells the girls to try their luck, Gypsy fashion, throwing the slipper onto the tree nine times. If it is caught in the branches she wll marry within the year. The number of times one has to throw indicates the number of months to wait before marriage.

An Inexpensive but effective Gypsy Costume

The men may show their skill in "Ringing the Gypsy's Finger." A peg driven in the ground represents the finger, and the rings are wooden hoops, one painted gold, one silver, and one red. The man who rings the gold hoop will marry a rich wife, the silver hoop represents a beautiful wife, and the red hoop a "scold." Those who are unsuccessful at ringing the peg at all, will remain unmarried.

Since this is a Gypsy feast, the guests will, of course, have brought along guitars, ukeleles, and possibly some of the women may have tambourines, so that the feast by the fireside will be merry with music and song. If the group is not a musical one, a small victrola with some records of Gypsy love-songs and ballads will be very acceptable. Prizes may be offered for the best dancing, and these prizes may appropriately be beads or ear-rings, and perhaps leather wallets or smoking accessories for the men.

The campfire feast should be simple to prepare, and include some ready-prepared sandwiches and a salad and dessert as well as plenty of food to cook over the blaze and serve sizzling hot. Here are some new ways with old favorites—the recipes are all tested ones, and savory enough to satisfy the "Gypsy" appetite:

Gypsy Camp-fire Menu

Romany Sandwiches Sunset Salad
Roasted Vienna Sausages Broiled Bacon
Roasted Cheese Potatoes
Olives Pickles
Pumpkin-Raisin Tarts Coffee
"Gypsy Sweetheart" Panoche
Marshmallows

Romany Sandwiches—Mix well together one small can of deviled ham, one teaspoon of chopped mustard pickles, one tablespoon of chopped walnuts and one tablespoon of mayonnaise. Spread between thin slices of buttered rye bread.

Sunset Salad is excellent for out-of-door serving because it may be carried in loaf form and sliced jut before serving. Soak two tablespoons of gelatin in two tablespoons of cold water, and then dissolve in one cup of boiling water. Add two tablespoons of sugar and three tablespoons of lemon juice and one-fourth teaspoon of salt, and cool. Add the juice from one-half of a number two can of crushed pineapple and when it begins to set, add the half-can of pineapple and one cup of grated raw carrot. Mold in a small loaf and cut in slices when ready to serve. Nest each slice in lettuce hearts and top with mayonnaise dressing.

Roasted Vienna Sausages are a campfire delicacy. The sausages may be bought in cans, tender and juicy—thus requiring less time to broil than the usual frankfurters. They are small in size and may be roasted on a forked stick with a slice of bacon. When nicely browned, slip quickly between slices of buttered bread, or a roll split and buttered.

Roasted Potatoes with Cheese is a new version of the usual campfire potatoes. When well done in the coals, remove the potato, scrape the outer blackened skin with a sharp knife, slit the top of the potato and place a square of fresh cheese inside. Have the cheese fresh so that it will quickly melt into the potato.

Pumpkin-Raisin Tarts—Mix together one cup of canned or fresh pumpkin, one-half cup of brown sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of ginger, one teaspoon of cinnamon. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs and one cup of evaporated milk. Add one-half cup of seeded raisins and fold in the two stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Pour into small pastry lined tart shells and bake, having the oven hot at first, and then moderate. This makes 18 to 20 small tarts.

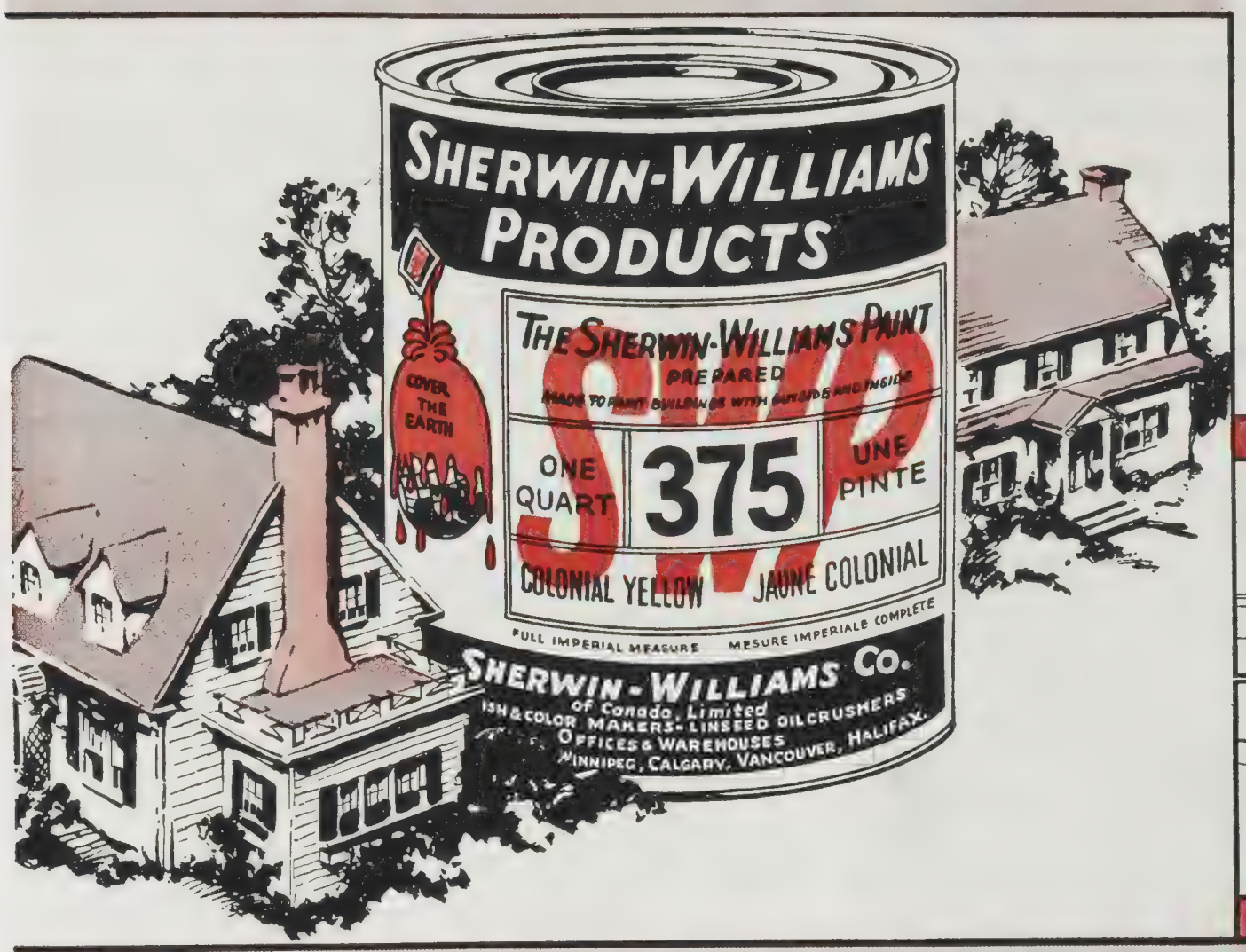
"Gypsy Sweetheart" Panoche — Melt two tablespoons of butter in a saucepan. Add two cups brown sugar and add one-half pint of thin cream. Bring to the boiling point and let boil until the mixture will form a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from the fire, beat until creamy and add one cup of chopped walnut meats and one-half pound of figs cut in small pieces. Turn into a buttered pan, cool slightly and cut in squares.

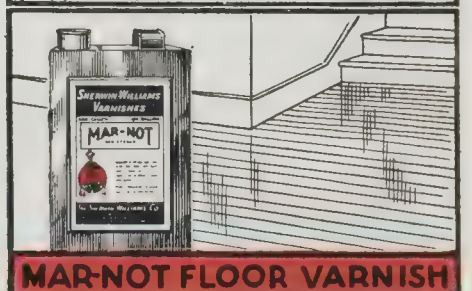
A freshman was spending Saturday afternoon on a farm, the home of his best girl, and the scenery filled him with romance. As they walked through a pasture, he noticed a cow and calf rubbing noses.

"Such a lovely sight," said he, "makes me want to do the same."

"Go ahead," said the girl, "It's Pa's cow. He won't care."

PAINT THIS FALL





PAINT NOW — AGAINST THE RIGORS OF WINTER

USE FINE OLD S.W.P. — AND SAVE MONEY

You could hardly wish for a better time to paint than the Fall. The heat of the Summer has thoroughly dried out the wood—flies are absent—weather is more dependable—in fact, conditions are just right. « «

Use fine old SWP for outside jobs. It goes further and lasts longer. The colors are weather proof and the film as tough as pigskin. If you use S W P, repainting is only necessary, on the average, once every five years—while cheaper paints last only a year or so. « « «

The Fall is also a good time for inside work. The evenings are long and you can make your house fresh for that long Winter indoors. « «

Use Sherwin-Williams Products—unsurpassed for quality. See the nearest S-W Paint Headquarters for color cards, suggestions and the famous S-W Household Painting Guide which makes it easy to select the right product for your purpose.

HOME PAINTING SUGGESTIONS

SWP

The world's standard of house paint quality. Costs less on a house than cheaper paint. Famous for its long life and the permanency of its many beautiful colors.

FLAT-TONE

A washable flat wall paint for interior decoration on smooth plaster, wall board and other interior wall surfaces. Dries without streaks or brush marks.

MAR-NOT
Water Resisting
Floor Varnish

A pale, durable floor varnish that can "take it" month after month. Ideal for use on floors of Oak, Light Maple or Birch.

MAR-NOT
FLOOR ENAMEL

A beautiful enamel finish made expressly to withstand sliding, scuffling feet and daily scrubbing. Ideal also for Linoleum and concrete floors.

BE SAFE - SPECIFY S.W.P.

FOR BEST RESULTS USE

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

PAINTS VARNISHES ROGERS LACQUER

Clean Your Painted and Highly Polished Furniture—Safely, with Sunlight Soap and Water

PURE Sunlight Soap is as successful with furniture as it is with clothes. It removes only the dirt. Never harms either the finish of the furniture or your own precious hands.

Cleans safely because it contains no harsh chemicals or grit.

Sunlight Soap brightens and beautifies all varnished and painted surfaces of every kind, safely

$5,000 Guarantee of Purity.

'Save the surface and you save all" say the paint manufacturers. "Save it with Sunlight" say the millions of women who have found this pure soap trustworthy

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

Soap makers by appointment to their Excellencies the Governor-General and Viscountess Willingdon.

S807

When the Soup is weak or thin put a little BOVRIL in

Strength Without Fat

11

The BEST Gray Hair Remedy is Home Made

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

DO YOU STAMMER?

Don't suffer under this handicap any longer. Successful pupils everywhere recommend our methods of treatment. Write for free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, ONT., CANADA

When Writing Advertisers, Please Mention The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Little Millions

Continued from page 15

in the lap of luxury again?" The failure got up and strolled to the window.

"There it is again," he said over his shoulder. "Kate's coming out here next month — with the President Calliday party on an inspection trip. I'll cut a lovely figure, won't I? Permanent way running down, service all gone to smash, and the devil to pay generally. Mr. Calliday will fire me out of hand; and you'll be lucky if he doesn't fire you."

"Well?"

"It isn't well; it's——"

As we have seen, the bay-window looked out upon the busy yard. At the break Upham struggled desperately with the sash, shot it up, and yelled fiercely down into the clamor of shrilling wheels. The shifting-engine was shoving up a string of boxes, with no one to pilot the blind end. A refrigerator car stood on the adjacent siding, half its length below the "clear post." At the yelling instant came the crash of a cornerwise collision which crushed the ice tanks of the refrigerator and tore out the end of the leading box.

Upham did not wait to find the stairway. Cat-like he climbed through the open window to spring from the roof of the platform porch to the top of the smashed box-car; and there were no courtesy titles in the torrent of expletives which he poured out upon the up-running yard-crew.

Brice went to the window, looked down, and closed the sash with a smile. "There's hope for him, yet."

And the yardmaster's comment, worded in the shelter of the switch shanty at the noon pause, was even more encouraging.

"Damned if 'Little Millions' can't crow like a man when he's put to it, boys. 'Tis a great thing to have a college education and be able to swear like Father Flaherty making the benediction. 'Tis a gift, my son; and one that the little boss has been sore neglectin', I'm thinking."

THAT night there was a beautiful freight wreck in the canyon of the upper Boiling Water; and Upham, who had left orders with an astonished Cranston directing that he be called hereafter in all cases of emergency, made one in the crowded caboose of the wrecking train.

At first the men were inclined to let him ride in solitary state, so far as the narrow limits of the car would permit; indeed, a goodly number of them crowded into the tool-car and sat or sprawled on the tool-boxes or coils of hawsers. But for once, in a way, the superintendent refused to be ignored. Out of Halsey, the conductor, he got the wire story of the wreck, and in the hearing begged a filling of cut-plug for his pipe from Simmons, the derrick-man. After that the crew tolerated him, suspiciously, since human nature, in the rough or otherwise, is wary of sudden conversions.

Nevertheless, before the dawn breaking of the toilful night Upham had gained something. Hitherto he had figured in wrecking mêlées merely as a silent and presumably contemptuous onlooker. But this night he displaced Grimmer, the master mechanic, and gave the crew an exhibition lesson in scientific track-clearing. Never in the short history of the D.U. & P—short in months, but long in disasters—had the wrecking crew known what it meant to have a skilled engineer in command.

Smashed boxes rose out of the ditch at the end of the derrick-fall, righted themselves in mid-air, and were swung deftly into the long line of "cripples" on the temporary siding. Loose wreckage, which would have been fished up by Grimmer a piece at a time, was gathered in ton masses by the grab-hooks and landed successfully on the waiting flats of the work-train. And when it came to the overturned engine, it was "Little Millions" himself who waded into the stream where she weltered and made the critical hitches with his own hands —though by this time there were volunteers who would have gone into worse places at his nod.

This was the beginning, to be taken for what it was worth. Round-house, freight-yard, back-shop comment gave it a hearing, and waited for more. Bloodgood, who was posing as a boss-hater from principle, scoffed openly; but Jurgins, the round-house hostler, counselled charity. "He ain't to blame for thinking his daddy's money makes a little tin god out of him," was the form the charitable plea took. "Mebbe there's a man inside of them store-clothes of his, yet—there's a mighty fine wreck-artist, anyhow; and don't you forgit it!"

It was Bostwick, engineer of the 1018, ore-puller, who brought the next word of hope. Bostwick was a careful man, and hot-tempered, and hitherto he had kept out of the way of laissez faire and the untoward happenings. But one night on the run down from Dolomite he had allowed himself to wink once when he should have winked twice, and an open switch had caught him.

"Of course, 'Little Millions' sent for me before I could get off of the relief engine," was his report of it to the round-house contingent, "and I went up, looking for the same kind of cold hell he's been giving the other boys—'Um-hm, Mister Bostwick; been getting into the ditch have you? Thirty days. Good morning.' But say, that little eejit was just jumpin', hollerin' mad when I went in! Blamed if I didn't think he was going to hit me! Minded me of old times on the C. & G. R. when you could find your way around in the dark by the light of old man Targreaves's cussing."

The grin went abroad, and Hollingsworth, who was one of the listeners, said: "Reckon you needed it, Mac, didn't you?"

"Sure! It was on me right enough. When he ran out of breath I was gaping like a chicken with the pip, and he let out again. 'Why don't you talk back, you—!' Say, boys, it's worth a month's pay to hear that little cuss string out the pet names when he's right good and hot—it is, for a fact! I got action after a while, too, and when we both got tuned up you could have heard the fireworks plum across to the Cliffs Hotel. Then we come down to business.

"'This thing won't do, Mac'—he called me Mac, by grabs!—'this thing has got to stop right here and now', says he. 'What I want to know is if you're going to do your part toward stopping it.' Naturally, I said I would, after I'd wore out my lay-off 'Humph,' says he, savage as a bear with a sore head, 'don't you be reminding me that I ought to lay you off. You go home and sleep the clock around once or twice, and see if you can't get over taking cat-naps on your engine.'"

"My God!" said Jurgins, "didn't hang you up?"

"No, he didn't hang me up."

AGAIN the wind-straw was taken for what it might indicate, and the expiring esprit du corps of the Dolomite Short Line began to show signs of returning animation. One black night Jerry Lafferty, on whose section the beautiful freight wreck had occurred, was moved to turn out of his comfortable bunk shanty, after working hours, to have a look at a dangerous bit of bank in a rock cutting; result, the finding of a sizable land-slip on the track, and the saving of Number Four from a probable wreck.

A few nights later, Dolan, running a heavy ore train down from Dolomite, felt the surge and jerk betokening a broken coupling. He might have jumped. In similar straits other men had been saving themselves and letting things take their course. But Dolan yelled at his fireman and stuck to his engine; played touch-and-go with the runaway tail-end until he had brought all safely to a stand and—but the sequel was in the superintendent's office.

"Want to see you, Mike? Of course I did. You're a man after my own heart; put it here"–namely into the outstretched palm of the boss. "'The first vacancy in

the passenger runs is yours. Not a word—I know what you'd say if you could get your wild Irish tongue loose, and I'm too busy to listen to you this morning. Go home and rest up."

"Holy Mother!" muttered Dolan to himself in the outer office—to himself, but in the hearing of little Cranston; "'Tis a man, after all—a man, mind you, with two legs and a fist and a heart in him!"

Thus and thus came the embers of a common humanity to a glow. All along the line of the hazardous, man-killing mountain railroad the happenings grew less frequent, as little by little the loose threads of the rank and file became knitted into the firm strand of loyalty. Yet it was a little deed of Upham's—of the man, Gebbart Upham, minus his title and official position—that finally fanned the embers into the blaze of brotherhood.

It chanced on the run of the president's inspection special from Shunt Pass to Castle Cliff, on a certain radiant October afternoon when disaster seemed afar off, and for Upham the world held nothing more alluring than the slim, lithe figure of a sweet-faced young woman who had been sitting out the glorious afternoon with him on the rear platform of the private car. But the fates were busy, just the same.

The private car, drawn by the hundred ton eight-wheeler, 1026, Bloodgood, engineer, was running as second section of the day express, with fifteen minutes between. In a park-like opening of the canyon, on Pat Cannon's section, an east-bound freight lay on the blind siding which was its meeting-point with Number One. The orders were all straight. Johnson, conductor of the freight, read them a second time to Hollingsworth, his engineer. The first section of Train One had passed, carrying a flag for the second section, and Shannon and his men were replacing a worn rail in the main line just opposite the waiting freight-train's engine.

"I wouldn't take chances on that, Pat, between trains, if I were you," called Johnson, from his post at the freight engine's step, thereby showing how far expiring esprit du corps had come on the road to recovery.

"'Tis all safe; the slow-flag's out," said the trackman, with a fling of his hand toward the bit of green bunting fluttering between the rails a hundred yards up the line. Then he added: "There's plenty of time. It's the president's private, and I'll be giving her the new steel for her christening of it. Move, now! Move, now!"—to his men. "Out with it, lively, boys!"

The rail replacement went on swiftly. Hollingsworth, squatting in the gangway of his engine, glanced at his watch.

"Pat is taking chances," he remarked to Johnson. "Bloodgood'll be due here in two minutes, making Number One's time, which ain't a rod less than forty miles an hour. If he don't happen to see that green rag——"

The sentence was never finished. Out of the canyon portal stormed the 1026, working steam! Hollingsworth tumbled from his perch with a yell that dominated the roar of the oncoming train.

"Patsy, your flag's down!"

Simultaneously there was a frantic dash of three men up the track, with Hollingsworth in the lead wildly swinging his striped coat. At the same instant the fireman on the freight engine set the canyons clamoring with a shrill call for brakes.

"What's that?" demanded Upham, starting up out of his love reverie at Miss Hazleton's side.

The answer came up out of the dust whirl under the rear trucks of the flying car in the shape of a green flag, tattered and with a broken staff. Upham jumped for the platform brake-cord, and the whistle of the air was exactly coincident with a plunging shock from the big engine. Then he swung far out over the hand-rail for a look ahead. What he saw, as the car slowed to safety under its own air-brake, was the great engine, free and apparently beyond control, thundering down upon a gap in the rails.

"Good God!" he gasped, as the car stopped jerkily, and the big engine, having reached the gap, reeled and toppled over into the river.

"Don't look, Kate—it's too horrible! Stay where you are until I come back!" Whereupon he cleared the handrail at a bound and ran to join the little group of train and section men at the point of disaster.

"Where are the enginemen? Did they jump?" he cried.

It was Hollingsworth who answered, shouting to make himself heard above the hissing spluttering din of the half-submerged engine.

"Johnny Shovel got off; but Bart went down with her. He's in the cab."

Upham had drawn off his shoes and was struggling out of his coat. Pat Shannon, crying like a child, laid hold of him.

"'Tis no use at all, Mr. Upham!" he wailed. "'Twould cook the meat off your bones!"

Upham shook him off roughly and turned to Brice, who had just come up with the entire private-car party at his heels.

"Take charge here, Dick," he snapped. "I'm going to dive for him. Get the men in line to help us out."

"You will be scalded to death!" said the president, trying, as Shannon had, to dissuade him.

"It's a man's life," said Upham, coolly, and with that he picked his place and plunged.

It was a terrible interval before he reappeared, some distance below the boiling cauldron, but he was gripping a bruised and disfigured, but still struggling Bloodgood, when the human life-line formed quickly and drew him out. What happened afterward was told graphically by Hollingsworth to an eager audience in the roundhouse tool-room that same night.

"It's just as I'm telling you, boys; he was about as near dead as Bloodgood when we snaked them out of the river, but he was hanging onto Bart's collar so we had to pry his fingers apart to get them loose. Then that little gal came fluttering down the bank and—oh, my! it made me wish I was young and pretty again—pitched her arms around 'Little Millions' and cried over him right there and then, before the whole kit and b'ilin' of us; and there wasn't anybody snickering now, you bet!

"Soon as he could stand up and get his breath he laughed like it was a piece in a play. 'See here,' he says, 'you're all daffy over the wrong man. Bloodgood is your hero. Don't you see he broke loose from that car because he knew he couldn't hold it and his hundred tons of locomotive too? Get him up into the car, men, and we'll take that freight engine and hunt a doctor. He's pretty badly hurt."

There was little said by the listeners. There be some deeds too large for comment. But that night into every telegraph office on the line there trickled, between the business clicking of the sounders, the story of "Little Million's" plunge into the boiling pot.

And Upham? Two men sat late that night in the smoking-room of the Cliffs Inn at Castle Cliff; sat long after the president and Arthur and Reddick and the deputation of welcoming citizens had departed.

"I suppose it's you to quit us and go home, Gebby—now that you know Miss Hazleton's sentiments at large," said Brice when the bedtime pipes were gurgling in the bowl.

Upham rose and put his back to the fire in the great stone arch.

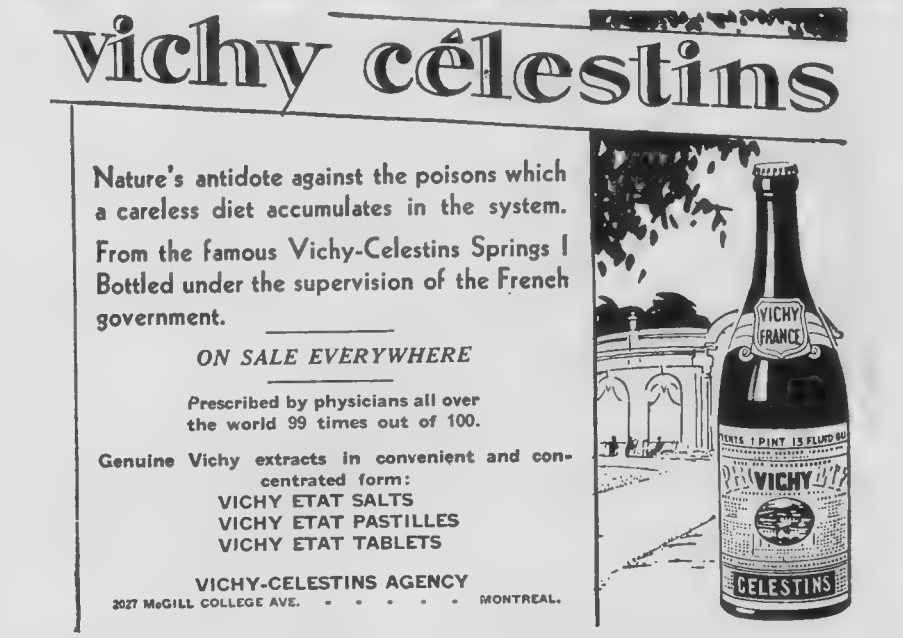
"Do I?" he queried. "You think I'd better quit while my record is good? Not for a farm in Paradise, Dick. I've had it out with Kate, you know, and here I stay until I've made good with the rank and file. I'll get the hang of it, after a while."

"Ah," said Brice, "I think you've got it now, Gebby. Do you know what they call you?"

Upham made a wry face. "'Little Millions', isn't it?"

"Yes, and from this day it will be 'OUR Little Millions,' and you'd be foolish to swap it for a title. Your troubles are over."

And they were.



Are You Interested in Railroad Life? Read Francis Linde's Thrilling Story

"Little Millions"

In this issue of The Western Home Monthly.

Mr. Lynde, who has been an outstanding figure in literature of the past thirty years and noted for his many short stories in leading magazines, spent several years in the railway service and his stories of the railroad have brought him wide note, not only among general readers, but practical railroad men.

The World's most Beautiful Child

LIONEL BARNETT.

"I took Virol myself before baby was born. Since his birth Virol has been part of his daily diet."

(Sgd.) **Mrs. M. E. Barnett,** Mother of the child whose photograph is shown above.

Give *your* child the same chance

IN TINS, 16 oz., 8 oz. and 4 oz. *Canadian Importers:* BOVRIL, LTD., MONTREAL.

Bruises—sprains

what makes them swell?

When you get a bruise the blood becomes congested at the injured spot and causes a swelling. This swelling feels hot and is often very tender and painful. What bruises need is healing white blood cells to rebuild injured tissue and carry away dead parts. You can bring white blood cells quickly by gently applying Sloan's Liniment to bruises and sprains. Rich blood rushes to the injured spot as soon as Sloan's is applied. This blood carries the white cells that rebuild injured tissue. Sharp pain quickly goes. Swelling is relieved. Get a *fresh* bottle of Sloan's Liniment from your druggist today. Only 35¢, or send for free sample to Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Dept. Y-10, 113 West 18th St., N. Y. C.

SLOAN'S Liniment

DO YOU KNOW THAT CHEESE

is a good meat substitute, it is so nourishing? But be sure you use a little

H.P.

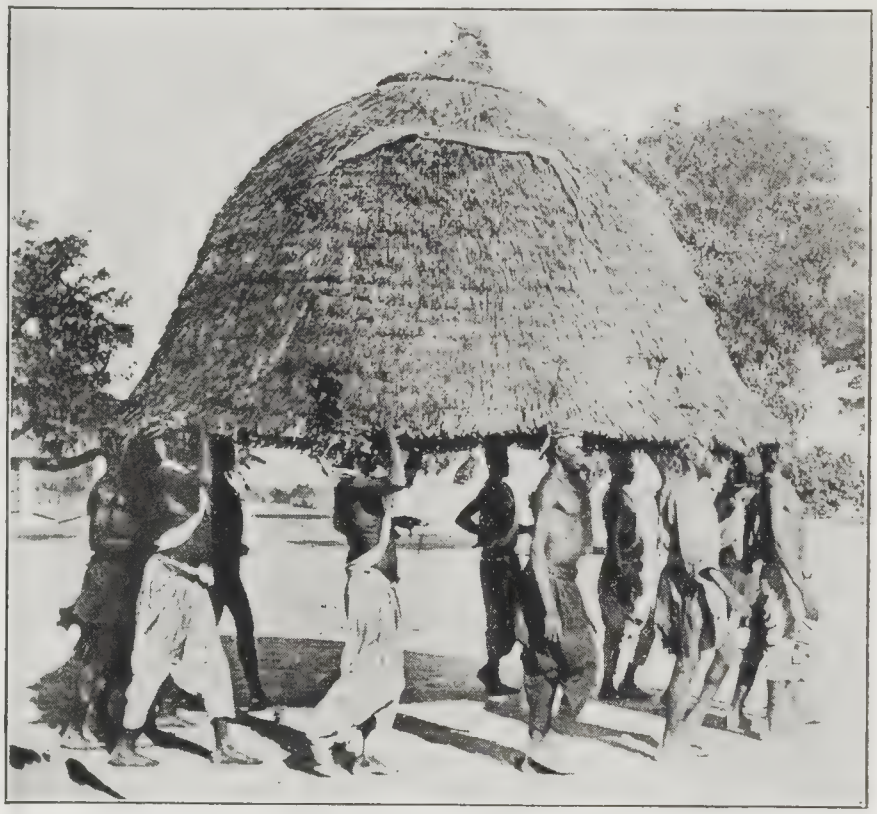
(Houses of Parliament)

SAUCE

to bring out the flavor and aid digestion.

House Moving in the French Congo

By William Thompson, F.R.G.S.



Can you carry your house on your head?

IT IS not every householder who can move his habitation by hand. In the French Congo houses are made of palm leaves interwoven with bamboo poles. The palm yields a very strong fibrous leaf, of great durability, and light in weight.

Squatting is a favorite vocation for the dusky native, and when tired of one location moves on to a spot more to his liking. The weaving of the palm leaf, which is torn or cut in strips, is executed with much skill. As many months pass without rain, when it does rain it is so welcome that a leak in the roof is a joy rather than a discomfort.

Carpenters are not required, as each man knows the art of making his own dwelling-place. Often his friends lend a helping hand and he in turn gives his time and labor to those who have helped him. The doorway is low and the door made of bamboo and palm leaf. The bamboo stalk is used also for making the frame. The interior of the house is very hot as the French Congo lies near the equator, in French Equatorial Africa which has an area of 982,049 square miles.

Wanted—New Uses for Wheat

Continued from page 18

he had refused the offer of a princely salary from Thomas A. Edison, who wished to have the professor join his laboratory staff at Orange, N.J. He also has refused offers from others, preferring to remain with his own people and help them solve economic conditions in the South.

"'I've never received any money for my discoveries,' Dr. Carver said. 'Somebody who had profited by one of my products from the peanut sent me $100 the other day, but I sent it back to him.'

"His most important and most recent discovery in a peanut product is a pulmonery remedy. While Doctor Carver would not admit that he was on the trail of a discovery for the cure of the dread tuberculosis, he declared that his new product, which he called a creosote solution, was a step forward for the treatment of all pulmonary troubles, and that it was a food as well as a medicine. He showed that it was perfectly easy to emulsify creosote with the peanut product. The whole difficulty in chemistry up to now, he said, had been to find something with which creosote would emulsify.

"Some in the audience tittered when the professor began to talk about the peanut. First he showed how, with the arrival of the boll weevil evil, the South was looking for some other money crop than cotton, then how the sweet potato left the soil useless while the peanut fertilized it. He also recommended the peanut as a muscle-builder to those who wished to avoid fattening products like the sweet potato.

"'I reckon some of you folks don't think so much of the peanut,' he said. 'Why, I've discovered 32 different kinds of milk in the peanut, and richer than cow's milk.'

COMMENTING on the above report, The Times says in the editorial column of a subsequent issue:

"It is for chemists to determine to what extent Dr. George W. Carver, of Tuskegee, is worthy of recognition. Whether eminent or not, he seems to have done useful work in discovering and developing new uses for several common Southern products, and therefore, it can be claimed for him that he has shown ability of a sort not present in many of his race. It, therefore, is to be regretted, and that by none more than the intelligent members of that race, that Dr. Carver in discussing his own achievements should use language that reveals a complete lack of the scientific spirit. Real chemists, or, at any rate, other real chemists, do not scorn books out of which they can learn what other chemists have done, and they do not ascribe their success, when they have any, to inspiraton. Talk of that sort simply will bring ridicule on an admirable institution, and on the race for which it has done and is still doing so much. All who hear it will be inclined to doubt, perhaps unjustly, that Dr. Carver's chemistry is appreciably different from the astronomy of the once-famous Rev. John Jasper, who so firmly maintained that the sun went around a flat earth."

For that matter, it may be added in conclusion, many notable contributions to science have been made by men who were not scientists at all.

FIFTY YEARS OF CONSTANT ENTERPRISE

THEY ARE IMPERIAL

The men who work for Imperial *are* Imperial. Most of them have ownership in the company, for Imperial Oil has made it easy for them to acquire stock ownership. Through their committees, they also have their part in managing the company. They share both Imperial's profits and Imperial's affairs.

Some of these men have been with Imperial almost since it began fifty years ago. Many of them have been in the company for twenty-five or thirty years. When they retire from active work, they remain "Imperial" men under the Imperial Oil Annuities Plan.

People trust Imperial Oil products because the men who make these products take pride in their work and share in its result—incentives always to do their best.

That is one reason why Imperial has grown in fifty years from a small plant at Sarnia, Ontario, to a great company operating Canada's six largest refineries, with miles of tank cars, ships on the Atlantic and Pacific, stations in every corner of Canada, thousands of partner-employees.

Fifty years of constant enterprise are in the products Imperial Oil sells today.

Marvelube is Imperial's finest motor oil.

Imperial Premier and Imperial Ethyl are its best gasolines.

Which means that nothing finer can be put in your car.

IMPERIAL OIL PRODUCTS

ALWAYS SO MUCH BETTER

IMPERIAL PREMIER GASOLINE
•
IMPERIAL ETHYL GASOLINE
•
MARVELUBE MOTOR OIL
•
POLARINE GREASES
•
IMPERIAL INDUSTRIAL LUBRICANTS

The Story of a Girl...

Snubbed at School, She discovers the Secret of New Charm and Happiness

MANY a girl would give up in despair when she found herself snubbed in school and unpopular in college, but not so Mrs. Norma Kussel Jones of 1567 Cramer Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"There is no heartache worse than being snubbed in school," says Mrs. Jones. "When I was seventeen I went away to college. Freda, my room-mate, was a very popular girl. I think she meant to be friendly. But soon she asked to have her room changed. It seems I kept her awake at night, I slept so restlessly—and —I snored!

"No one knows the misery I suffered. Freda and her friends made life miserable for me. I soon lost weight and appetite.

"One day Miss Dickinson, the physical education teacher, found me sobbing in the locker room; I told her my story. 'Why,' she said, 'sometimes sluggish circulation causes snoring and restless sleep. Why don't you try Nujol?' She said she used it herself.

"In two weeks Nujol had begun clearing out the poisons in my body (Miss Dickinson said we all have them), my skin had a clear healthy appearance, and everything looked brighter. 'What have you been doing to yourself?' asked my room-mate. 'You are a different girl. Everybody notices it!'

"The days and years that followed were filled with every activity. I was editor-in-chief of the college annual, coxswain of the winning crew—and not long ago Freda was maid of honor at my wedding. That's what Nujol did for me!"

Such a simple way to health and happiness! Your doctor will tell you that Nujol contains no medicines or drugs—it is simply bodily lubrication—harmless, normal, and it works easily so you will be regular as clock work. You can get a bottle in a sealed package at any drug store for what you would pay for two or three ice cream sodas.

Nujol was perfected by Nujol Laboratories, 2 Park Avenue, New York City. Get a bottle today and try it. If you are like most other people Nujol will make you brighter, happier, more able to succeed. Don't put off good health! Start being well this easy way, this very day.

The Darkest Hour

Continued from page 22

at that—heh—we finished even, I guess . . .but, he went out and fought like a tiger in that final half!"

Fenn eyed them all appraisingly. A beaten team, if he ever saw one. Didn't seem to be worrying much, either!

Suddenly he became galvanized into action. "Say!" he cried harshly, "which of you fellows think Varsity can't WIN this game?"—as he shot out the query he was tearing off his coat—"come along, step up—. NO, coach, you keep out of this! You're licked, anyway, unless I can—."

"Well," he glared around defiantly, "who's first, hey? What—the whole bunch? ALL RIGHT!"

He crouched low, fists swinging, jaws set square.

They rushed him in a body—the entire Varsity team; smothered his flying fists—pinned him tight. Futilely he struggled in the grip of those muscular youngsters. Struggled with every last ounce of his strength — grunting, surging, heaving. Then he collapsed.

They drenched his head with cold water. He revived, and, gasping and spluttering, blinked wildly at the ring of grinning faces. Then a yell split the tense silence of the room:

"FENN—'08!"

He gasped, then struggled upright, staring blankly. Hands gripped his.

"Mr. Fenn"—there was a quiet, deadly-serious tone to the captain's voice—"we're going out there to lick those Greyhounds! *Fight?* Say, I know, now, why '08 was the best the old place ever had—*until '28!* There's the bell—*c'mon*, gang!"

NEWSPAPERS, reporting that final game, told an amazing story of a startling reversal of form in the third period; of a Varsity team, battered and beaten for two periods by a Soo team that looked immeasurably superior, coming raging out for the last period and skating, checking and stick-handling their opponents into the ice; of how they tied the score one minute before the end. The reporters did their best—giving descriptive powers and every adjective in and out of the dictionary full play—but none of them ferreted out and told just what was behind that thrilling last-trench stand. That was a jealously-guarded secret, shared only by Varsity players, officials—and James Fenn.

Fenn stood by the rail near the Varsity box, thrilled to the core, as he watched that fight. When the bell ended the period, making overtime necessary, he started toward the Varsity room—then turned back.

"No need for me butting in again," he muttered grimly, as he slumped into a seat and stared, unseeing, at the ice-sweepers.

A roar brought him back to his surroundings. The teams were coming out for the overtime. As they faced off a centre-ice, he surged up and bellowed:

"VARSITY — '28 — BETTER THAN '08!"

But the Soo early showed that the last-period panic, that had assisted Varsity's drive to escape almost certain defeat, had left them. Frantic coaches, seeing victory snatched from their grasp when it seemed as good as won, had not been idle. The Northern men struck the stride that had made them masters of the first two periods—and Varsity, backed into their own territory, were unable to work the puck from behind their own blue line

For five minutes, with scarcely a break, Soo sharpshooters rushed, stickhandled in close, and drove bullet shots at the Varsity goal; drives from wings, snap shots from close in, sizzlers from the blue line—all dead on—a score seemed inevitable, as one hair-breadth escape followed closely on the heels of another; Varsity defenders could not stop the thrusts which split them, jockeyed them out of position, beat them cleanly, as the Soo strove frantically to score. Luck, in goodly portion, enabled the gallant Varsity goalie to hold his fortress intact, during that first hectic five minutes of terrific pressure. But hold it he did.

Again, as they changed ends, James Fenn surged up in his seat, bellowing:

"VARSITY — '28 — BETTER THAN '08!"

Once more the Soo stormed to the attack. Sensing victory, they bombarded the Varsity net; tried every method of team and individual play, to get the desired goal. Varsity defenders, valiantly stubborn, were tiring fast; forwards were out of the picture—waiting, impotent, for a break.

The big clock registered close to the nine-minute mark when it came—the first Varsity thrust of the overtime.

Brown snared the rubber in a melee, circled and broke fast from behind his goal. After him sped frantic Soo forwards —in front crouched the rock-like Soo defence.

Past centre—over the blue line—in on the defence, Brown carried the rubber; for a split second he hesitated, as the burly defenders surged toward him; eager team-mates tap-tapped signals abreast of him; but Brown seemed to lose his head in the crisis—.

"VARSITY — '28 — BETTER THAN '08!"

Brown must have heard the bellow above the roars of the frantic crowd; he steadied—rapidly faked a pass to the right—wriggled through the momentarily split defence men—then blazed a shot into the meshes behind the spread-eagled Soo goalie.

PENN stood by the empty Varsity box, staring at the deserted ice. Crowds poured through the exits, roaring their pleasure at the Varsity victory. The big rink was fast emptying.

"*Gee!*—wasn't it *great*, Mr. Fenn?"

He swung around, startled, to see the beaming face of young Tim, his office boy.

"Worth a month's pay—er—I mean, I sure was tickled to see Varsity come from behind and win!" Tim cried enthusiastically.

Fenn started. Gazed after the disappearing small form. "*A month's pay!*" Why, Tim wouldn't get any pay—none of them would get any, if—. Breathing hard, he stared out across the deserted ice. Suddenly his eyes closed; in fancy he saw again those battling Varsity boys, fighting gamely to hold back the frantic Soo. Battling to hold on to what, by a desperate rally when all seemed lost, they had wrested from their brilliant opponents by sheer fighting spirit alone—.

He saw himself, back in their clubroom, hurling stinging words at them. "The darkest hour!" Why—.

He *might* get that Storm contract! His chance was at least as good as any of the others. Besides, he hadn't been fighting much, of late, just—.

He turned, and strode jerkily toward the exit near the Varsity room. As he went, his shoulders alternately sagged, then straightened.

He'd have to hurry, and get things in shape to pull out. But—leave that poor kid's wages unpaid? Well—somebody must suffer. Lord knows *he'd* suffered enough! The kid could get another job, but he—.

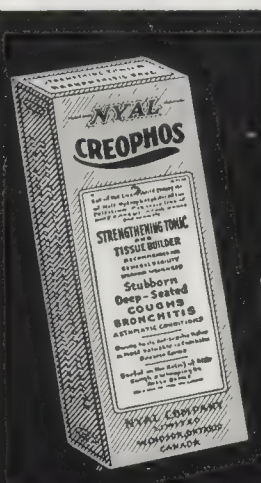
Suddenly the door of the Varsity room swung open—a horde of exuberant youths came storming out. They caught sight of Fenn, standing gaping like a mischievous schoolboy cornered in his mischief-making —and instantly the big rink resounded with their joyous yells and whoops. From the rafters came back a ringing echo:

"FENN—'08!"

A grin lightened Fenn's face. Turning swiftly, he ducked through the exit, dodging their clutching hands.

"Run away owing that kid his wages?" he growled savagely, "Not a Fenn—no *sir!*—not Fenn, '08! I'll stick and show 'em what FIGHTING means!"

Head erect — shoulders squared — he stepped forth into the night.



CREOPHOS

The Tonic

STRENGTHENING—Tissue Builder. A fine tonic after Grippe or Flu.
RELIEVES DEEP-SEATED COUGHS, BRONCHIAL TROUBLES, etc.
Order a bottle today from your Nyal Service Drug Store.
NYAL COMPANY, LIMITED
Windsor, Ontario

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM
SERVICE NYAL DRUG STORE

HAVE YOU THE URGE TO WRITE STORIES?

Learn the Methods of Successful Writers
Under the Personal Direction of
ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE
Famous Canadian Author

Capitalize your natural story writing abilities. Learn the fundamental, basic principles of successful story writing, through the expert instruction of Archie P. McKishnie. This outstanding author and teacher will give you a qualifying test of your ability. It is Free. S-1
Write for it Today.

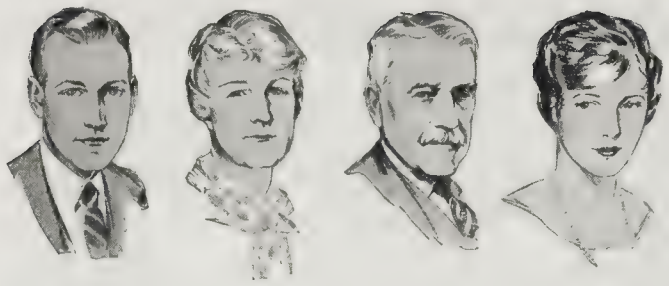
Dept. 3 , Shaw Schools Ltd., Toronto 5

WRITE TO-DAY FOR DETAILS

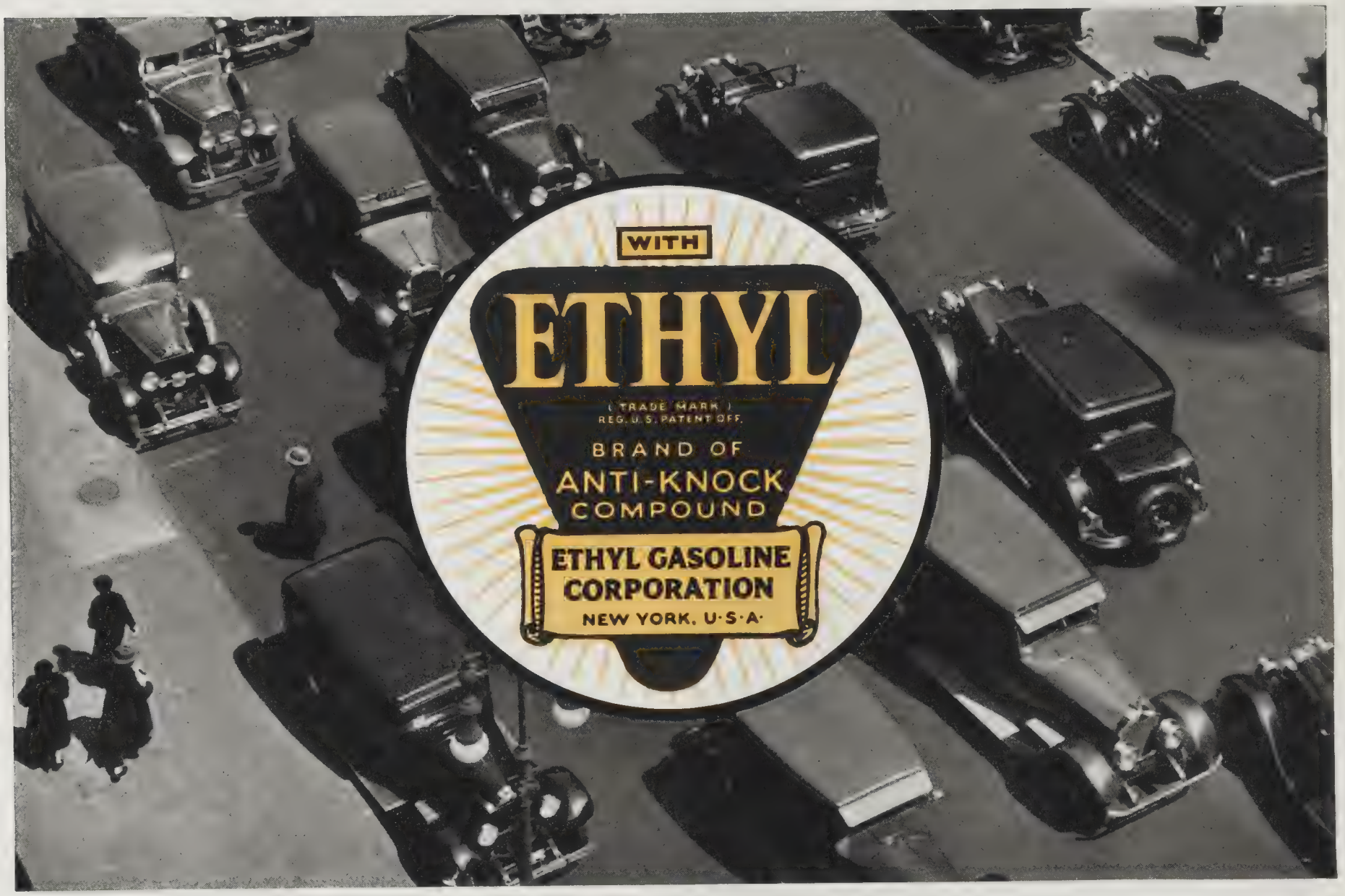
Don't be an

EX-BLONDE

"How much lighter your hair used to be." What a pity to hear this from old friends. You won't if you use Blondex. This special shampoo, for blondes only, prevents darkening—gradually restores natural, radiant beauty to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Good for scalp. Follow the advice of a million delighted users. At all standard drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.



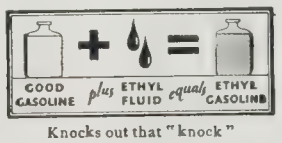
More people (*shrewd ones, too*) buying Ethyl *than any other gasoline*



ETHYL Gasoline has become the biggest-selling motor fuel in America. Checks made on representative highways throughout the country show that about one pump in five now bears the Ethyl emblem.

Stop at any of these pumps. All Ethyl Gasoline is good. Try it.

Each of the seventy-five oil refining companies now mixing and selling Ethyl Gasoline has agreed to maintain fixed standards. The base gasoline must meet Ethyl standards of quality and volatility, then to this good base gasoline enough Ethyl fluid is added to bring it up to the requirements for Ethyl Gasoline.



Knocks out that "knock"

Whatever car you drive, you will find that Ethyl gives greater power, quicker pick-up, and smoother, more efficient motor performance.

Any car runs better on Ethyl.

Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

© E. G. C. 1930

ETHYL GASOLINE

A
Symphony in Perfume
CREATED BY BOURJOIS
Originators of famous "Ashes of Roses"

AN enthralling symphony in Perfume---"Evening in Paris"... suggesting in its rapturous fragrance the pageant of lovely women.. the life, the movement, the color that is Paris ... the Paris of the haut-monde.

Carrying with you its vibrant appeal to the senses, you enjoy the triumph of an exquisite individuality ... the air of elegance immaculate which is of Paris ... fashion mistress of the world.

Now awaiting your joyous discovery in the better shops ... in striking amethyst blue, crystal stoppered flasks.

"EVENING *in* PARIS"
BOURJOIS
Poudre ' Rouges ' Compacts ' Talcum

To create a vivid personality

Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL

For the Bride
... embroider this
Vanity Dresser Set

Vanity dresser sets in lawn or cross barred dimity, embroidered in two shades of one color, edges in matching blanket stitch, are delightful for the bride's room. And so easy to work—ideal for the beginner. Use Clark's "Strandsheen"—rich, lustrous artificial silk with a choice of 49 exquisite shades. The convenient pull-out skein prevents ravelling and knotting and the sturdy silk covers the pattern like magic. You'll enjoy embroidery with Clark's perfected Anchor Threads, and this fascinating odd-moment hobby saves many dollars and makes possible frocks and furnishings of distinction. Begin with a smart Vanity Set—such as the one illustrated—one of many which you can secure from your local dealer. ¶ CLARK'S Anchor THREADS—Pearl Cotton, 15c ball; Stranded Cotton and Strandsheen 3 skeins (pull-out feature) for 10c.

4-30A

CLARK'S ANCHOR THREADS
for Embroidery - in FAST COLORS

MADE IN CANADA BY
THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO. MONTREAL, makers of COATS' and CLARK'S SPOOL COTTON

How to Achieve Beautiful Windows

By C. W. Kirsch

MODERN window draperies serve three major purposes. They secure privacy. They admit the necessary amount of light. They add to the appearance of the room and the objects in it.

Windows on the east, south and west sides of the home require heavier curtains and draperies than do those on the north side. This is necessary to eliminate the glare of the sun. Because no sunlight enters through north windows, draperies brighter in color and lighter in weight can be used.

Before selecting materials, keep in mind that whether plain or figured fabrics should be used depends upon the amount of color and design in the rug, furniture coverings and walls. When the general appearance of a room is colorful and figured, plain colored draperies will furnish a satisfactory balance. When a room is decorated in one color or one design, the result is monotonous and uninteresting.

Figured materials, on the other hand, liven up plain rooms and add to their charm. It is not advisable to use large figured fabrics in small rooms. The result is confusing and presents a crowded appearance. Materials with small figures or patterns should always be used in small, plain rooms.

Hanging curtains and draperies on draw cord equipment allows perfect control of light and air. It also permits hangings to be taken down and put up without disturbing the drapery hardware. When draw cord equipment is used, allow ample fullness in the width of the materials and your draperies will be both interesting and graceful.

It is not necessary to buy costly fabrics to give the appearance of richness. Many excellent effects are obtained by backing or lining the overdraperies. In spite of what you pay, however, keep the window curtains and draperies simple. Simplicity repays much in appearance and satisfaction.

When possible, hang a length of the material you choose in the room you are decorating. By doing this, you can decide whether you like it, and whether it harmonizes with the room before incurring greater expense. The important part played by draperies in decorating a home demands that every care and caution be exercised to make the rooms appear to their best advantage.

"What color should my draperies be?"

This question often is a very disturbing one and difficult to answer. The following rules will aid you in deciding. Red, blue and yellow are the three primary colors. Green, orange and violet are known as secondary colors. All other colors are obtained by mixing the three primary colors in many and various ways.

The best way of selecting the right color scheme is to first decide on the leading color, various tones of which are to appear, or do appear in the ceiling, walls, rug and upholstery. Then decide whether quiet or bright tone effects are desired. Quiet tone effects are arrived at by choosing similar colors and by combining the leading color with white, black or one of the primary colors. Quiet tone effects should be used in small rooms. Bright color schemes are brought about by contrasting colors in large rooms.

Avoid too many or too few colors. When too many colors are employed in decorating a room, confusion results. Too few colors result in monotony. Strike a happy medium between these two extremes.

Cool colors—such as blue, white and white tinted with blue, grey, green or with warmer colors in moderation—tend to make a small room appear larger. Warm colors—red, yellow, orange, etc., in medium tones—make a large room appear smaller and more intimate.

The correct color scheme, or combination of colors, often is suggested by a fine rug, an appealing picture or an interesting piece of pottery. One's own taste usually decides the color scheme to be used.

THE style and length of glass curtains is determined by considering the size and type of window, the amount of light entering through it, the dimensions of the room and the view outside. In all cases, inner curtains should be hung close to the window.

When it is advisable to shut off the view, or soften the light, glass curtains of closely woven materials are hung to draw to cover the entire window when desired. When the view is interesting and only a moderate light filters through the window, lighter curtains are necessary. Sheer curtains are especially appropriate when draperies are hung over them.

Short and small windows always appear best without over draperies. Moderate sized windows can be made to look longer by hanging curtains from the top of the woodwork, or above it, then draping them or permitting them to fall in straight, unbroken folds. Wide windows appear narrower when a part of the frame is allowed to show at the sides and the glass curtains reach within a few inches of the floor.

High windows can have curtains either straight or draped. The height of the window can be cut down by the use of a valance of the same material as the curtains or a decorated wood cornice of liberal depth.

Glass curtains on casement windows may be hung straight from a rod and free at the bottom, either stationary or to draw, or may be fitted tight against the individual windows, shirred on rods at both top and bottom. With short casements, the curtains should not fall below the sill.

When window curtains are hung on draw cord equipment, it is extremely easy to regulate the amount of light entering into the room. This type of equipment offers a further advantage of allowing the curtains to be taken off and put up again without disturbing the drapery hardware. It is always advisable to sew lead weights in the lower hems of glass curtains to make them hang straight.

At present there is a growing use of ornamental drapery hardware. The decorative ends and centre pieces of these new fixtures take the place of valances and add to the charm of windows without broadening or shortening their proportions. Over draperies may be hung straight or draped when artistic drapery hardware is used.

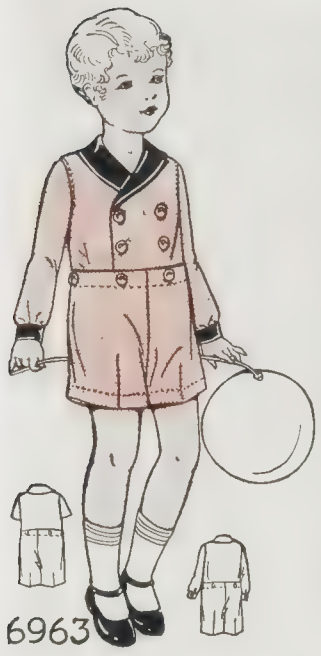
Just Keep on Looking On

If the day looks kinder gloomy,
An' your chances kinder slim;
If the situation's puzzlin
An' the prospects awful grim,
An' perplexities keep pressin'
Till all hope is nearly gone,
Jes' bristle up an' grit your teeth,
An' keep on keepin' on.

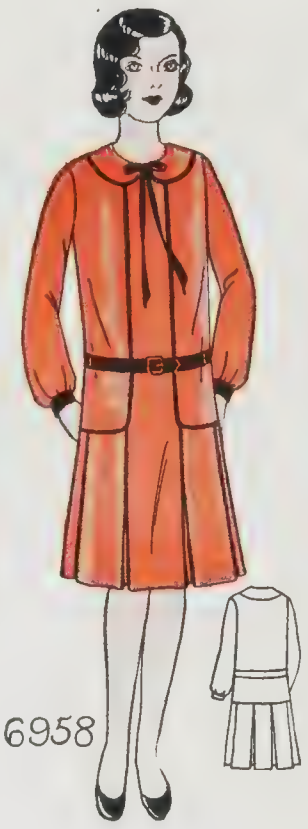
Fum' never wins a fight
An' frettin' never pays:
There ain't no good in broodin' in
These pessimistic ways;
Smile jes' kinder cheerful
When hope is nearly gone,
An' bristle up an' grit your teeth,
An, keep on keepin' on.

There ain't no use in growlin'
An' grumblin' all the time,
When music's ringin' everywhere
An' everything's a rhyme;
Jes' keep on smilin' cheerfully,
If hope is nearly gone,
An' bristle up an' grit your teeth,
An' keep on keepin' on.

Juniors' Autumn Toggery

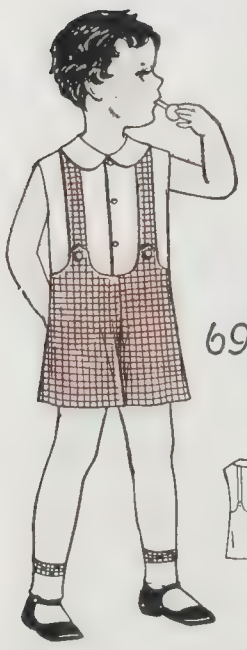


6930 — Checked gingham was used for the trousers and suspenders, and nainsook for the blouse. Pongee or linen is also suggested. The trousers are made with side openings, and with inserted ample pockets. The suspenders are buttoned to the trousers. This is a very comfortable model without sleeves, and the shoulder just long enough to touch the top of the arm, and with the trousers in "shorts" style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. To make the suit for a 4-year size, as shown in the large view, will require ⅞ yard of 35-inch material for the blouse, and 1 yard for the trousers. If made of one material the suit will require 1⅞ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



6958—Wool crepe in red or green is recommended for this attractive model. Braid or binding in a matched or contrasting shade may serve as trimming. Long waist portions simulate a jacket effect, and are joined to a narrow panel extension of the skirt, which also lengthens the waist at the sides and back. Wide plaits give desirable fullness to the skirt. The sleeve is a bishop model finished with a band cuff. A neat round collar and a belt of leather complete this picture. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. To make the dress in a 10-year size will require 2¼ yards of 39-inch material. Collar and cuffs of contrasting material require ¼ yard 39 inches wide. To trim with braid or bias binding as shown in the large view will require 3 yards 1½ inch wide. The tie of narrow ribbon requires ¾ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6929— In broadcloth or tweed, velvet or other pile fabrics, and also in silk, and linen, this model will be found attractive and serviceable. The capes may be omitted, or one may have only one or two capes if so desired. The fronts are lapped from right to left, below the collar. Inserted pockets are covered by shaped flaps. The sleeve is a comfortable one-piece style, finished with a straight cuff. As pictured the coat was developed in black velvet. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. To make the coat in a 4-year size with capes will require 3 yards of 39-inch material. Without the capes 2 yards will be required. To line the coat will require 1½ yard—39 inches wide. To line the capes will require 1 1/3 yard 39 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



6963— The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. To make the suit for a 3-year size will require 1⅞ yard of 35-inch material. For collar and cuff facings of contrasting material ¼ yard is required 35 inches wide and cut crosswise. The blouse alone will require 1 yard 35 inches wide for a 3-year size. The trousers alone will require ⅞ yard 35 inches wide. Pockets and inner waist bands of muslin will require 1/3 yard 35 inches wide cut crosswise. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6933—White crepe de chine, embroidered in blue dots is pictured here. The dress is sleeveless with the shoulder long—to cover the top of the arm. The deep yoke is shaped over the front. The skirt portions are laid in tiny tucks below the yoke and inverted plaits at the side seams lend additional fullness. This is an excellent model for all cotton prints, for China silk or taffeta, also for flouncing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. To make the dress for a 4-year size will require 1½ yard of material 35 inches wide. If flouncing is used 2 yards will be required 21 inches wide. To finish with bias folds as pictured in the large view will require 5 yards 1¾ inch wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Barber-Ellis

A name which identifies good Stationery

CAMEO VELLUM

WHEN a woman realizes that her letters indicate her social position, she knows that care must be exercised in the choice of stationery. It is difficult to defend the use of inferior writing paper, as she is not usually present when her letters are read. If the letter paper does not creditably represent her, it is at once damaging to her social position.

If you use Cameo Vellum, you will be "sure of being right,"—it is always in perfect taste and correct form. Its high quality is recognized by women everywhere, but they have found that the moderate cost permits of its use for everyday letter writing. Most good stationers sell Cameo Vellum.

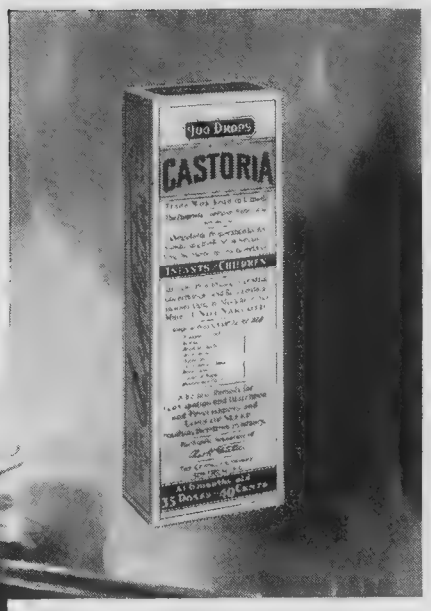
Barber-Ellis Limited

Various sizes, both with plain and tissue lined envelopes.

Makers of Fine Stationery Since Eighteen Seventy-Six

TORONTO BRANTFORD - MONTREAL - WINNIPEG - REGINA
CALGARY - EDMONTON - VANCOUVER

HIS FIRST LOVE



CHILDREN certainly do love the pleasant taste of Castoria.

And mothers like what Castoria does for a child. It brings such quick comfort and it *can't* harm.

When a child becomes restless, can't sleep, won't eat, has a little cold or fever, you can always give Castoria! How quickly it brings rest; and how perfectly safe it is. (The formula is in plain English on the wrapper.)

Castoria is *mild*—yet is effective in sudden attacks of colic or other little upsets. And remember this: Castoria is especially made for children of *all* ages and only requires a more liberal dose for older children.

Every drugstore has Fletcher's Castoria. Be sure to read the little book on babies and children which you will find inside the wrapper.

"Ladies and-babies *take my advice!*"

"People used to say, 'WHY, WHAT A CROSS BABY!' "because I cried so often. That made me cry more, 'specially since I wasn't cross—only uncomfy! My skin chafed and it hurt me a lot—till Mother got a new powder for after my bath. I always liked to bathe, but I like it more now, for the new powder's lovely and soft, and Mother says my skin's just like a flower!"

A Johnson & Johnson Product
Made in Canada

Babies soon find out the difference between powders. An inferior powder means inferior talc, composed of sharp, irritating particles which distress the most well-behaved infant. Johnson's Baby Powder by contrast, brings instant relief—because it is made of the finest Italian talc, a light, flaky substance.

Johnson's Baby Powder
CREAM and SOAP

The Sultan's Turret

Continued from page 17

Dick and Riva came in, I felt sick then, not knowing what Nellie Carpa might do.

Guy himself, slightly flushed, took the situation in hand.

"Here's a rummy go," nonchalantly rolling a cigarette. "My old friend Nellie. I met her when I stopped off duck hunting nineteen years ago. The maid here then. She's Annie's mother. Claims I'm the father. By the Lord Harry," studying the girl with new interest, half-proud, "I do believe she's right."

Silence. A clock ticking. Poor Riva, with all those eyes on her! I thought she swayed. Perhaps not. I know her pupils snapped camera-like. Then tossing her small head, she laughed. Laughed! Completely ignoring the mother, she made an impudent bow to the girl. "Welcome to our city, Anne. —Does this affect our golf?"

Did it? Going off and leaving things in the air that way! Guy, for all his blandness, was seething. He tried to get Riva to himself. But she clung to me, decided that it was too cold to play. We'd walk in the woods and smell the dry leaves our feet kicked up. We did, for hours; talking of nothing! Then she announced that it was cold. We'd better go back to the car and see what Annie had packed in the kit.

"Your daughter is the most thoughtful child, Daddy," she smiled, studying him over a cup of tomato bouillon. "Everything considered," she went on blithely, "Sultan wasn't a bad name for me to stumble on. Genius, that! 'And strikes the Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.' Though 'harem' would be more apt than 'turret' unless it means his head. Take off your cap, Sultan, and show us the Shaft of Light."

Guy bit his lip. Dick muttered something about Nellie Carpa's reputation, which didn't help as Riva said, yes, Guy'd always liked 'em with pep. Evidently she'd been constructed without emotions, for she sat in the back seat with me and flippantly sang "Un bel di vedremo"—of all things!—in what she claimed was Carpa-language, till we reached home.

There, too, I hardly knew what to expect. Annie had a delectable dinner ready, though she was bubbling with excitement. The atmosphere radiated it. Of course, as Dick said, she was happy because she was i-t IT.

"Or because of what her mother hopes to extort from Guy," he added.

She washed the dishes with gusto, singing at the top of her voice something about each tomorrow bringing its sorrow to her aching heart. We retired early with that haunting our dreams.

I DREADED facing our guests at breakfast. Guy was a bit sheepish. Riva came down looking cheerful in a superlative degree, if more berouged than usual. The topic of conservation was—coffee pots! But immediately we'd reached the library, father's old den, Guy burst out.

"Riva has decided that we adopt Annie. She——"

"It's our duty," sweetly. "If she is Guy's daughter. She resembles him. Hair, eyes, carriage."

"You'll send her to school," I suggested above Dick's caustic advice.

"There, Riva! Mab says school. Mab has remarkable common sense."

"School! She's a woman. No; I'll take her in hand myself.

Annie took the news coolly, refused with victorious but humble tears to eat with us, yet insisted upon going to the golf club dance.

"It would cause a sensation," coaxed Dick. "Nothing ever happens here unless someone buys a new car or makes a hole-in-one."

"If necessary," I flared, "I'll go out and get run over so that——"

"Spitfire-redhead!" laughed Riva, hugging me.

"You're going back to New York, to China, "I retorted nettled. This is a small town."

"The world is small," said Guy ruefully, giving the impression that he had found it surprisingly so indeed, and not as rosy as hitherto.

WE did not attend the dance. Annie banged my Dresden fruit bowl about in the dishpan and slammed upstairs, still sulking. Riva suggested that Dick draw up the necessary papers in the morning so that they could bring their visit to a close "before any other skeletons got out."

They left before the end of the week, without the papers. Nellie Carpa came one afternoon and, for a consideration, relinquished all claims to the girl. She hadn't brought Annie's birth certificate, claiming she could not get a copy as the church at the mountain had burned down. It had. We'd have accepted that had not Dick got her into a technical corner and made her admit she'd never registered the child.

"'The Flower that once has blown forever dies,'" quoted Riva, watching her hobble down the walk. Pretty badly gone to seed, that blossom. Poor Guy! He seems to have had a penchant for dark eyes."

I snorted so loudly that Annie, who'd come to the den door, jumped.

"Pardon me, Mrs Stockard, but will you come and talk to Joe? He's in the kitchen. Wants to marry me right away. Won't take no."

"You can't marry anyone. Mrs. Allingham's your guardian now," I began to say as we walked out towards the kitchen, when it suddenly occurred to me that this was the solution of the problem. Joe was a fine type of naturalized American. He loved her. His whole heart was in his soft hazel eyes as they rested on her. The more I thought about it, the more I sided with him. She was so maddeningly superior, so see-me-in-the-limelight that finally I got hot and said the marriage could be annulled without any difficulty. Then Annie, mental chameleon! flashed about and produced a letter from the asylum authorities.

"It doesn't need to be annulled. He's dead."

"Oh!" sighed Joe helplessly, twisting his hat. "Dat means you don't wanta marry wid me? Eh? You don't wanta marry wid me."

"I like you, Joe," earnestly sweet, "and if my mother had given me this letter when it came a week ago, we'd have been married. Now, it's different. I'm an Allingham. I'm wealthy. I'm going to see the world. Something more than this place. Not from a kitchen window either."

One was forced to admit that the lure of the fleshpots was great.

NATURALLY we wondered about them. They kept our town in conversation all winter. Letters from New York told little; even between the lines. We had snaps of Annie at the wheel of the coupe Guy had given her, white enamel upholstered in blue velour. She'd taken blue as her color. There was an enlarged one of Guy and her which Riva had inscribed, "The Sultan and Sultana." The Sultana didn't like New York. She'd set her heart on a lawyer, and it was a closed season for them. She pined. By April Riva wrote that the trees coming into bud had quite demoralized Guy's elemental daughter, "in the fire of Spring your winter-garment of Repression fling." When I wrote that Lena Nyduk was working for us now, and that Joe had been to the house several times I omitted to say, asking for news of Annie—we shouldn't have been surprised when a letter came asking for another invitation. Much as I loved Riva and Guy, I gave it grudgingly. Entertaining an ex-maid! Especially at the lake.

"How are you getting along with Annie—or do I say Anne?" was my first question when Riva and I were alone on the summer cottage porch.

"Anne. Very much Anne, if you please," puckering her face. Her voice tightened. "I hope this was the only place Guy stopped off to hunt."

I watched the other three skipping stones on the water as I asked if Guy loved her. The way he looked at her—. It had puzzled me.

"Hates her more than I do, if possible. But he'd give her anything to make up for those early years. Practicing his pet theory a bit late in the day. Then, too, he derives a certain satisfaction from being a father. "Men," bitterly, "never consider themselves complete till they have accomplished paternity. I could forgive him, though, if there weren't always and everlastingly Anne to remind me of it."

"That's why I suggested school."

Her eyes twinkled mischievously. "Guy had to have a little punishment, my dear Mab."

Guy looked as if he were having a great deal. One could sit with him and Riva now without feeling any vibration or warmth pass from one to the other. They both had dulled. Even Guy's hair. And Riva's sparkle was put on as her rouge. Had I understood her at all?

But poor Anne! I'd been sorry for myself without thinking of her. She had enjoyed her other summers with us, rushing through her work in order to get into the lake, spending all her spare time there to the admiration of the other girls along the beach who'd clamoured about her, proud to be seen with such an admittedly superior being who was nevertheless one of them. Wherever she was, had been mirth and laughter. Now everything was changed. Our Lena had become the leader. Always jealous of Anne; having to serve her didn't help. Only extra wages induced her to do it. Anne, neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring, was left severely alone. She suffered in proud resentful silence. Having nothing to do she spent most of her time on the pier in front of the cottage, neither in the water nor out of it, displaying her many bathing suits. Her perfect poise, her milk-white skin, subjected her to more veiled taunts than ever.

"One has to admire her for not replying to them," said Riva.

"One has to admire her anyway," retorted Guy, gazing at Anne as she dabbled her feet in the water. "Venus rising from the sea!"

Venus! what Riva had called her that first evening. From the porch it was a pretty scene, the trees arching above the stone walk to frame sea-green water with a glint of blue the color of Anne's bathing suit.

"There's Joe," I said as a flivver chugged up the back drive.

"It is," frowned Dick, "but it shouldn't be."

"Why not?" challenged Guy testily, that hands-off-my-daughter air.

"Cutting time. Do thrifty farmers dangle after girls in harvest—"

"For a woman is only a woman," paraphrased Riva, "so why should a farmer go broke?"

Joe was a vexing problem. He walked up and down before our cottage when Anne would have none of him, and filled our side porch with his low gutturals when she would. No pride at all. She vacillated between the extremes of friendliness and indifference so that we didn't know what was what. It was uncomfortable too, especially when they quarrelled, though our first indication of that was Joe's ultimatum.

"Never again do I ask you to marry wid me," his thick voice rising tensely. "If you want me, ask me your own-self, Annie Pawliski."

"Me ask you! And my name is Anne Allingham, if you please."

"High hat," winked Guy proudly as Joe strode off, nearly running.

Anne may have been suffering too. She made a brave effort to drown her sorrows, to say nothing of Gallicurci's Una voce poco fa, by singing lustily in almost the same time and key as the record. If anything, her high C was higher than the artist's.

"I wonder," mused Guy, heavy father, "if my daughter's voice is worth cultivating.

"You could have Joe run a harrow over it," volunteered Dick.

Riva twinkled. "It's harrowing enough now."

In outraged dignity Guy bellowed to Anne to shut off that damned machine and come for a walk. Riva and I followed them with our eyes. (Dick had gone off in his canoe.) A handsome pair they made as they sauntered arm-in-arm along the winding path among the trees. Sultan and Sultana indeed.

"I hate huge stalwart creatures like Anne," suddenly burst from Riva, her eyes smouldering. "What's eating my heart out, Mab, is that another woman could give him a child and I couldn't. That's why I hate Anne. I can't help hating her, just for being Guy's daughter."

I was tempted to say she'd hated her long before she knew, but I was too astonished. Was her frustrated maternity another of her poses?

IT rained all week; everyone on edge. Lena sulked and gave grudging service. Anne moped. It cleared up for the week end. Still Anne moped. Golf? No, thanks! A silly game.

Sunday morning, after the week's rain, was hot; sticky-hot. Above the water was a yellowish haze. By noon we were wilted; by four——! Anne wouldn't leave the cottage for fear Joe might come. He always came on Sundays. She wouldn't even put on one of the bathing suits for they had precipitated the quarrel. She just sat, and listened, and watched. At five she went sobbing to her room.

"Primitive souls, very boisterous in their grief," mused Dick.

It was a rare opportunity for the other girls. Lena organized a sing-song on the back steps. They gave Little Annie Rooney with such excruciating close harmony, especially in the line, "She's my Annie, I'm her Joe," that Dick went round and put them to rout.

In the evening a breeze sprang up. We'd have enjoyed it only for Anne's misery, which Dick pronounced the nearest approach to perpetual motion yet. We sat without speaking, watching the flotilla of canoes on the honey-combed waters, hearing that sobbing. The moon came up to the tune of sobbing. The last gramaphone along the beach was shut off; the last canoe; the last straggling pair of lovers. Still that sobbing.

Guy didn't sleep We could hear him prowling about till all hours. He roused us early by rapping on Anne's door to get her to walk with him. The indolent Guy! They weren't away long, returned both radiant as we were sitting down to breakfast. Pulling out her chair he boomed buoyantly, "No toying with the grapefruit, folks; there's a wedding on today." Just like that!

Riva went white around her rouge. She patted Anne's hand and recited airily, as if it meant anything to Anne; "Tomorrow's tangle to the winds resign." All of us laughed without restraint.

Guy drove our car, beside him, bride-like in white crepe de chine and demure hat, an insistent Anne repeatedly exacting his word that he'd explain that she wasn't doing the asking, though he was doing it at her behest. Apparently the compromise satisfied her. It did us.

Joe's house wasn't bad outside. Inside —Anne sniffed at the kitchen visible through the open door, unwashed dishes, soiled roller towel, rusty water-pail. Judging from her expression she was calculating how much soap she'd need to make it habitable. When Joe appeared, she forgot everything in her pleasure.

"Young man,"—Guy was very heavy father—"this little girl has made up her mind for good and all that she wants to marry you."

Joe's face took on a ruddier hue and his nice eyes gleamed. "Is dat right, Annie?" She nodded. "Den wait till I change my clo'es."

Considering that his face was polished to the same brilliance as his patent leather shoes, he wasn't long. He looked relieved to see us still there; a bit sheepish as he took a paper from his pocket.

"I got de license last mont'. You wanta ride wid me, Annie?"

She hesitated. "The father takes the bride to the church, doesn't he, mother?" She waited till he was out of hearing. "I didn't want to ride in that old flivver. You'll send for my coupe, won't you, Daddy?" [Continued on page 78]

IN GRANDMOTHER'S YOUNG DAYS —light was a problem. To-day light, indispensable to the modern home, can readily be secured without interruption by keeping always on hand cartons of Laco Mazda Lamps.

LACO MAZDA LAMPS

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM

Sports are hard on your hands unless you protect them with Hinds!

HANDS cannot stand constant exposure to wind, hot summer sun, and salt water, unless they are protected. Wind and water dry the skin, beating suns coarsen it, adventures into the rough for lost balls scratch and toughen your fingers.

But fear for your hands need never spoil the joy of summer sports if you use the soothing protection of Hinds Cream.

Use it generously before you go out, after you come in—and your hands will be soft and smooth through the happy outdoor summer season.

A. S. Hinds Co. (Limited) Canada
9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8, Canada
Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM
TRADEMARK REGISTERED IN CANADA

WOODWARD'S
"Gripe Water"
for
Little Babies
in Distress

There are many little troubles and disorders ahead of your baby, but most of them are very simple embarrassments of digestion which yield quickly to that well tried English treatment, Woodward's "Gripe Water" known to the mothers of two generations.

Woodward's "Gripe Water" is absolutely reliable, perfectly safe.

A teaspoonful quickly relieves those griping pains to which all babies are subject at times.

Stomach disorders, colic, flatulence, acidity, bowel irregularities, looseness, constipation—all these troubles may be treated in this way with quick sure comfort and relief.

Selling Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited
10-18 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont.

17

WOODWARD'S
"Gripe Water"
KEEPS BABY WELL

A NEW
MEAT SAVOR

FAMOUS CHEFS use Mapleine to *savor* meat. You can do the same for, strange as it may seem, this well known syrup maker does not produce maple flavor in combination with meat juices, gravies or vegetables. The result is something entirely and tantalizingly different —*a distinctive savor.*

A little folder with every bottle of Mapleine (at your grocer's) describes this new Mapleine use and gives sixteen tested Mapleine recipes. New MAPLEINE COOKERY (contains 200 recipes) *free on request.* Crescent Mfg. Co., Dept. 57, 287 Stanley St., Winnipeg, or 51 Wellington W., Toronto.

MAPLEINE
Meat Savor • Flavoring • Syrup Maker

REMEMBER—When writing the advertisers please mention that you saw their ad. in the Western Home Monthly.

The Sultan's Turret

Continued from page 77

"Coupe!" whispered Riva tensely as our car got under way. "I'd send to Heaven for Cassiopeia's Chair and put a motor in it."

"The color! Pooh!" Anne was answering Guy. "I'll show these natives something. Open their eyes. We'll have to have a piano, Daddy."

"You furnish the groom and your father will furnish the rest." Dick waved his cigarette as if it were a fairy's wand.

Riva wished it were. As though she wasn't sick to death inside for fear there'd be a hitch even yet, she went into rhapsodies over the quaint church. She was the one who answered the priest when he fluttered out and in asthmatic precise English begged to be informed of our mission.

"A wedding!" he wheezed, peering shortsightedly into the car. "My Nellie Carpa's girl. I was told you had left these parts."

Anne was explaining sweetly that she was back to stay, as if that were conferring a favor on the parish! when Joe rattled up. She eyed the flivver distastefully, her lips in a playful pout, and thanked goodness that they wouldn't have to ride in that much longer.

"Why don't we?" Joe demanded truculently as he helped her alight.

"Because," grandly, "Daddy is having my coupe shipped up."

Joe stiffened. "For himself, eh? My wife rides in my car."

"Oh, Joe! When we can have a decent one?"

"Dis car was pretty swell till you found a reech fader."

"But, Joe! Surely you'll not object to my own father sending me my very own car; and a piano; and a gramaphone?"

"I objec' to everyt'ing I got money in de bank and cattle in de field. You better choose for good now, Annie. Choose if you want de Allinghams, or if want Joe Koryznowski and his people, to help——"

His voice trailed off into silence. Silence. A palpitating smothering silence as if we all had stopped breathing and were waiting for time to end, or begin. As if we all were in the throes of an eternal drama. Anne, the breeze pressing her dress to her splendid figure, motionless except for the rise and fall of her bosom, gazed straight ahead. At her left beneath a sky no more blue than her eyes lay the mountain, rugged, sun-drenched, standing guard over the fields' treasure, gold of wheat, silver of oats, bronze of barley. Work, work, work; plowing and seeding, cutting and threshing, frost and drought, before the fertile acres yielded up uncertain wealth At her right the road to town, the easy road; cities, travel, luxury. Her eyes closed and the muscles about her lips quivered with the conflict A hand clutched my heart, too. Life, such a big unknown variable factor. Life such a stupendous thing to hang by a slim thread. Life—and love. She turned imploringly to us for help, but it was on Riva her gaze rested. At what she saw in her dark eager face, Anne's pupils widened. I saw it too, the sleepless nights the days of bravery and courage when her heart was squeezed dry, the part she had played and played and played because her love for Guy was so great. Love, not the easy road. Over Anne's face spread a royal light as if the glory of the sky and the sun were mingled there. With a sob she held out both hands to Joe.

"Annie!" he whispered, clasping them greedily, his eyes closed.

I sniffed. Guy blew his nose loudly. Somehow Riva had the girl in her arms and they were half-sobbing together.

"Den, Fader Sawicki, here's de license."

Joe's voice brought us back. We proceeded to follow the priest into the church. All at once he swung about, frowning, rustling the paper in his hands. My heart skipped a beat. Surely not now ?

"Young man, you have stated the bride's age incorrectly."

"Eighteen on de six' of July. Isn't dat right, Annie?"

"Eighteen!" exclaimed the priest sternly. "I remember well when she was born, and I'm here only seventeen years."

"What?" said Riva, dry-lipped. "Say that again Did I hear——?

"Then who is the father of this girl?" demanded Guy incredulously.

"Aren't you?"

"Not if you're right."

"Then who are you?"

"Guy Allingham, exporter, Shanghai."

"That's not the name you used when you taught singing here. You called yourself Nels Overdale. Danish you were Your nose was one time broken. And your ear, frozen in the Yukon so one lobe dropped off."

Guy inclined his head to show that both ears were unimpaired.

"Den," said Joe buoyantly, "you're not her fader."

Guy had changed from bewilderment to buoyancy too. With Joe's words, as if their mere voicing of it made uncertainty fact, the shadow lifted.

"By the Lord Harry, young man, I guess you're right."

IN a daze we got through the ceremony, all excited, sentimental, relieved. Even Anne seemed glad to have dropped her borrowed plumes.

"You'll come and see me and Annie sometime, won't you?" said Joe.

"Oh, Joe!" very humbly, "please call me Anne."

"Sure, Annie. I'd do anyt'ing for you when you ask nice."

He had difficulty in persuading himself that she was sufficiently comfortable in his unworthy flivver. Only after much protest was he ready to turn the crank. It was then a familiar voice carried across to us, "Only, Joe, especially in town, please call me Anne."

We stood looking after them; at the dust, the heat dancing in the road, the mountain gold-misted in the sun, the blue sky.

Guy took off his cap as if removing a great weight and smiled humbly down at Riva.

"I—I—," he stammered. "Riva, I was a young fool."

Her eyes sparkled with deep content. When she laughed and drawled the familiar words in a throaty chuckle, Dick and I felt a warmth which was not of the sun.

"'...and strikes the Sultan's Turret.' —In that light your hair is golder than ever, Guy It's a halo now."

Autumn

By H. Reginald Hardy

Who can resist the call of the woods
In the golden Autumn days,
The charm of the timbered solitudes,
The call of untrodden ways?

Who can ignore the tuneful chime
Of the spray-encompassed fall,
Nor heed the delicate, drowsy rhyme
Of the pine trees, dark and tall?

Who can remark with careless eyes
The wild duck's wandering flight,
Or stand unmoved by the sweet surprise
Of a star-strewn Autumn night?

Oh! Who can travel the whole day through
Nor find in each flowering sod,
Some simple proof that is sure and true
Of the marvelous mind of God?

Even though your house is old you can have modern windows

Old houses frequently offer wonderful possibilities for unusual and attractive decorative schemes. In the new Kirsch style-book you will find many ideas that will help you make your windows more up-to-date, your rooms more beautiful.

Illustrations and complete information regarding the correct hardware make it easy for you to carry out the ideas of leading interior decorators who planned this book. You will be amazed how easily you can achieve real skill in window decoration.

Fill in the coupon and this interesting book will be sent to you absolutely free. And when you receive the book, ask your nearest Kirsch dealer to demonstrate this superior line of drapery hardware.

100

Kirsch
DRAPERY HARDWARE

Kirsch Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd.,
Dept. 54 Woodstock, Ont.

Send me free the new Kirsch Style-Book.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Prov.....

How to Make the New "Dressmaker" Fashions

THE NEW FASHIONS—alluringly feminine with their graceful flares and moulded lines—are not at all difficult to make if you know the secrets of the true "dressmaker's touch."

In a few short weeks, right at home, the Woman's Institute can teach you these fine points of dressmaking that you need to make the new styles.

You can then make all your own clothes at tremendous savings. Think of having all the pretty dresses you want in the latest and most becoming styles, for just the cost of materials!

68-Page Dressmaking Lesson only 25c.

So that you may see how easily you can learn through this fascinating step-by-step method, we will send you a 68-page Sample Lesson. It describes and pictures the details of cutting and finishing difficult parts of a dress. Mail the coupon and 25c for this lesson as well as our booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes."

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE (Canada) Limited
Dept. C-24 Montreal, Canada

Without cost or obligation, please send me complete information about your home-study course in the subject I have checked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

Make your SEWING MACHINE LIKE NEW...

at a cost of 1 penny and 3 minutes time

Before you can restore that "brand-new feel" to your sewing machine all old oil, "gum," dirt and lint from thread must be cleaned from its bearings. Sounds like a repairman's job, but it isn't. You can do it yourself this easy way.

Just oil thoroughly with 3-in-One and run for a few minutes. The oil will soften and work out the gummy dirt. Wipe off excess oil, then put in some fresh 3-in-One for lubrication. Your machine will seem new!

Three-in-One Oil does three things at once. It not only *oils*—it *cleans* and *protects* from rust at the same time. The ideal oil for every household use. At all good stores, in handy cans and bottles. Write now for free sample and pamphlet, "New Youth for Your Sewing Machine."

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., DEPT. 47
260 Second Ave., Ville St. Pierre
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

3-in-One Oil

CLEANS - LUBRICATES - PREVENTS RUST

BENEFIT

No other sweet lasts so long, costs so little or does so much for you.

WRIGLEY'S

Promotes good health when used regularly after every meal.

It cleanses teeth and throat, sweetens mouth and breath, and strengthens the gums.

Your health is aided while your pleasure is served.

Good *and* Good for You

CK45

AFTER EVERY MEAL

Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS

Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. *And I do it in a few days.* My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, clay, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. *Send for my Free Booklet.* You are not obligated. *Send no money.* Just get the facts.

Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 1270 Chicago

Jean Elizabeth and Romance

Continued from page 20

'at once that it wasn't, she reflected bitterly. Besides, her father would be sure to say in his vulgar, hearty voice, "Come along, folks, supper's ready."

Mr. St. Denis accepted politely, if a little absent-mindedly, setting down the day and time in his little black engagement book. He listened with careful interest to her decorative problem.

And somehow Elizabeth found herself gently but firmly dismissed with fifteen minutes to spare before classes began.

The days flew, and suddenly it was Friday morning. Elizabeth had tried in vain to persuade her mother to have their Anna-by-the-day to give the house an extra cleaning, and to serve the meal.

"My dear daughter, the house is perfectly clean. I'll dust the par—living-room with especial care, and you may arrange the flowers yourself. As for having Anna to wait on the table, it would be ridiculous. To begin with, she doesn't know how to do it properly, and would be sure to mortify you in some way; and then, your father would not fail to make some remark to show that we didn't have her as a rule . . . it would be no use warning him . . . you know what he is like; he would be sure to forget your most solemn recommendations."

Elizabeth spent two hours of the afternoon arranging the choicest flowers from the garden in her most cherished Japanese vases. A mild, sunny autumn had permitted many summer flowers to remain, but ardently she wished for a greater variety. She considered buying some from a florist, paying for them from her allowance, but refrained, remembering that her father would be likely to notice them and make undesired comment.

At last everything was ready, the table set with the best linen and grandmother's limoges. It was always used for company and Father's remarks would have to be endured.

Elizabeth went early to her room to get ready for the evening. She was just half-way up the stairs when the telephone bell rang. She ran to answer it, panic in her heart . . . what if . . .but it was only Fred.

"How about a game of badminton tonight?" his cheery voice inquired.

Elizabeth sighed gently. Strange how some people can't seem to realize they're not wanted.

"Not tonight." Her voice was coolly polite, the words tinkled like ice in a cut-glass tumbler, "We're having company to dinner and for the evening."

She prepared herself for the evening as some ancient devotee might have approached a sacrament. She used her most especial bath salts, and had a leisurely manicure. She experimented with several ways of arranging her auburn hair, but finally abandoned it in despair to curl at its own sweet will around her broad low forehead, and at her deliciously childish neck. The effect, she admitted to her smiling image, was not bad, if not as dignified as she might have wished. The choice of a dress was a weighty matter, but after serious reflection, and not a little debate, she fixed upon a fluffy affair of silvery green, cool as a summer sea, with stockings to match and silver slippers, silver filigree necklet and bracelets.

At last she presented herself in the kitchen where her mother was putting the finishing touches to the meal.

"Do I look all right, Mother?" pirouetting before her.

Mrs. Harkness paused, fork in hand, to look her daughter up and down. If a strange little pain tugged at her heart she gave no sign, but dropped a kiss, light as the touch of a butterfly's wing on the cheek of the enchanting vision.

"My dear, you look good enough to eat! Now run along and sit in the living-room. I'm depending on you to open the door to Mr. St. Denis, and to entertain him until your father comes."

ALONE in the parlor Elizabeth sat on Grandmother Morley's rosewood chair, and tried to calm her racing pulses. She reviewed the little sentences of description, "This table is, of course, pretty hopeless, but as Father doesn't want to buy new furniture just now, I thought if it were painted black, with a batic cover and modernesque book-ends . . . a throw of gaily-striped material to disguise the sofa . . . a tapestry in the modern manner to replace this old sampler . . ."

The door-bell rang. He was on the door-step. His foot crossed the threshold of her home. His hat hung in the hall, and he was alone in the room with her. Elizabeth felt in him an undercurrent of excitement matching her own. For a moment she was tongue-tied, then, rapidly, she pattered her little phrases, but Mr. St. Denis heard them not at all. He was examining the room with excited exclamations of delight.

"But of course this is not the room you wish to modernize? We shall see it later; just let me enjoy this; it is the most beautiful room I have seen for many a long day. Will your mother let me bring a few of the students and use it as an example of the gracious loveliness of a real home at its best? The proportions—how delightful! The vista through the vines to the lawn, how restful! This table, a genuine Phyffe, or I'll eat my hat! This perfect little chair!"

"Grandma Morley's chair, we always call it,' 'supplied Eizabeth in a very small voice.

"Just so. Can't you see the little girl in her sprigged muslin working on her sampler in the soft September sun? And here's the sampler, as I'm a sinner!"

"But everything's so dreadfully old-fashioned," wailed Elizabeth at last, summoning the courage of despair.

Her guest turned upon her somewhat sternly.

"Beauty knows no fashion, my child. The wall-paper might be renewed; I'll show you some samples. You might have curtains of mulberry silk damask, such as used to hang here, I'll be bound. But not another change. Yes . . . take away those—ah—Oriental vases," with an all-incriminating wave of his slim hand, "and never use anything but pottery, brown or green, or clear glass bowls. I am glad to see you have used the garden flowers. Now, some girls would have bought hot-house blooms; but you, of course, realize how utterly out-of-place they would be in this interior."

Elizabeth murmured acquiescence, and led the way to the dining-room in answer to the gong, a concession long since made to her distaste of being called to meals.

She introduced the young man to her parents with a pretty dignity, and squirmed in agony as her father's hearty voice boomed out:

"Well, well, glad to know ye, young man. Sit down, sit down, supper's all ready, and I'm all ready for supper."

It was a delicious meal, daintily served, and Mr. Harkness, to his daughter's infinite relief, refrained from making any comments on the "company" dishes. Once or twice he stepped on the ragged edge of a conversational precipice, but Mrs. Harkness, with easy tact, steered him to safety.

Mr. Harkness was not long in placing his young guest.

"So you're old 'Dick Denny's' son! Upon my word! Why, lad, your father and I were pals, went to school together, played hookey together . . . did he ever tell you . . ." and he was off in joyous reminiscences of boyhood days.

Elizabeth was in despair. She longed to raise the conversation to higher levels, to discourse of Art, Life and Literature.

At last Mr. St. Denis turned to her mother.

"What a beautiful room your parlor is, Mrs. Harkness," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "It is full of treasures, arranged with such charm; it breathes such true hospitality! No wonder Elizabeth shows talent, it is quite clear where it comes from." [Continued on page 81]

"It sweeps *any* surface *easier*"

That's why you need a Bissell more than ever now

"Hi-Lo" Brush Control doubles the brush range and reduces the effort by half.

TAKE your new Bissell out and sweep the kitchen linoleum! Then use it on heaviest rugs. You'll be amazed how the new, improved Bissell with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control can be used to sweep *any surface* now.

The brush on the new "Hi-Lo" Bissell *completely* adjusts itself to form proper contact with any surface. You scarcely have to "bear down" on the handle. The modern Bissell easily, thoroughly, gathers up every bit of dirt, lint and other litter.

Why not move your old Bissell upstairs and get this new model? Ask any furniture, hardware or department store for demonstration. A Bissell with the new "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all "Cyco" models) costs only the price of a few brooms—$6.25 and up (25c more in the West). "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. of Canada, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. (Factory) and Grand Rapids, Mich.

The new BISSELL SWEEPER with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control

FREE! Plans for a clever HALLOWE'EN PARTY

MAIL the coupon and Dennison will send you FREE new plans for a thrilling Hallowe'en. Just the kind of fun every one enjoys — clever invitations, gay decorations, exciting games and stunts, colorful costumes, and favors, prizes and novelties.

Dennison materials for Hallowe'en or any other party at home, club, church, or school—decorative crepe paper, favors, novelties, place cards and other attractive decorations, are at stationery and department stores and many drug stores.

Mail the coupon now. And why not let us include the Hallowe'en number of the Party Magazine and the book on Crepe Paper Costumes?

GAMES AND STUNTS
FAVORS AND PRIZES
CAPS AND COSTUMES

DENNISON'S, Dept. 92-X
284 King Street, West, Toronto, Ontario

Please send *free*, plans for celebrating Hallowe'en.

*Name*_____

*Street or R. F. D.*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

To get the Party Magazine (Hallowe'en Number) enclose 25c and check here_____

Why not let us include some of these famous Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

____*Crepe Paper Costumes* ____*Decorating Halls & Booths*
____*Children's Parties* ____*Games for Children's Parties*
____*Money Making Parties* ____*Adult Games and Stunts*
____*Showers & Announcements* ____*Party Table Decorations*

Dennison's

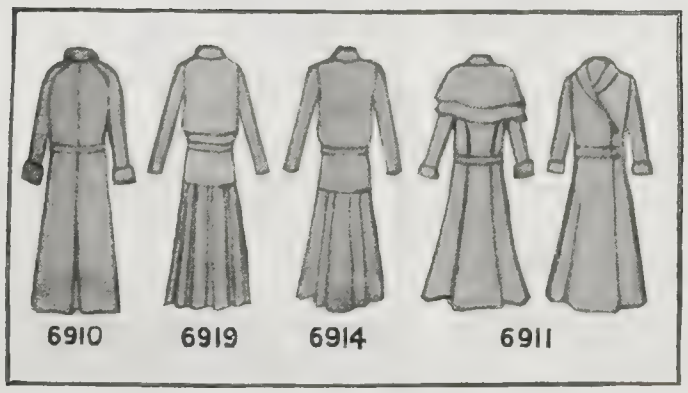
Subtle Elegance for the Autumn

6919—Misses' Dress. Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 5½ yards of 39-inch material. For contrasting material ⅜ yard is required. Price 25 cents.

6914–Ladies' Dress. Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4 yards of 39-inch material. Price 25 cents.

6910–Ladies' Coat. Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material. To line the coat requires 4 yards 39 inches wide. Price 25 cents.

6911—Misses' Coat. Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size with the capes requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material. Without the capes 2⅞ yards will be required. To line coat and sleeves requires 3¼ yards 39 inches wide. To line the capes requires 1½ yard. Price 25 cents.



The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Millions

use this aid to eye beauty and health

Murine is used by millions of people to keep their eyes clear, bright and healthy. Many have been using it for over 30 years! It relieves the eyes of irritation and strain, and noticeably enhances their sparkle.

You owe it to your eyes to cleanse them daily with beneficial *Murine*. A month's supply costs 60c at drug and department stores. Try it soon!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

The Trimming for Lingerie

PRISCILLA

The daintiest binding of all for underthings . . . Priscilla Bias Fold Tapes. You can get them in fine, sheer Lawn, Silk and Rayon . . . in 30 exquisite plain shades and in two-tone and three-tone color combinations. *All Priscilla colors are guaranteed tubfast.*

Priscilla costs much less than ribbon and makes binding even the most irregular edges easy, because it is cut on a true bias and cannot pucker. Sewing with Priscilla is a pleasure. It gives such beautiful results

Priscilla Sells Everywhere
It is Quite Inexpensive

YOUR FREE FASHION BOOK
is waiting for you . . . sixteen pages illustrated in colors . . . brimful of ideas and sewing hints. Write name and address plainly to Dept. H

Priscilla
BIAS FOLD TAPE
SILK-LAWN-GINGHAM-PERCALE
The Kay Manufacturing Co.
Limited
999 Aqueduct Street, Montreal

Jean Elizabeth and Romance

Continued from page 79

Mrs. Harkness thanked the young man gravely, and they began an animated conversation about "styles" and "periods," in which she vainly tried to include her daughter — Elizabeth was swamped.

It was only when the last crumb of angel cake, and the last speck of whipped cream had disappeared (much to Elizabeth's scandal) that they rose from the table. Mr. St. Denis glanced at his watch and gasped in dismay:

"How time has flown! I had no idea it was so late. I am afraid, Mrs. Harkness, that I am about to be very rude, indeed, after your kindness to me; in fact, like the beggars, I must eat and run. I feel terribly guilty, but the fact is, I must catch a train in half an hour. I didn't know it would be necessary when I accepted your invitation. Indeed, it was only this morning that I received the telegram . . ." he paused, strangely embarrassed, and shyly proud.

Mrs. Harkness was all sympathetic interest.

Yes," she encouraged.

"You see . . . you have been so kind . . . and you, sir," turning to Mr. Harkness, "that I must tell you. My wife has been staying with her folks since I came here, and just this morning I had a wire telling me that I am a father!"

"Congratulations, my boy! A son?"

Her father's voice boomed meaninglessly in Elizabeth's ears. Vaguely she smiled, vaguely murmured something. Somehow he was gone at last . . . somehow she was alone in her room again.

She closed the door carefully and stood before the mirror.

"Rupert!" Her voice was full of anguished reproach, her eyes dark with despair. Rupert married! She in love with a married man! Rupert on his way to spend the week-end with his wife and son! Suddenly she hated the unknown woman, with her new-born child!

Slowly Elizabeth took off her dress, her gay little shoes. For a moment she was tempted to give way to a storm of tears, but decided that, though her heart might be broken, yet would no sign ever betray her to a watching world. She would hide her grief beneath a smiling look, and when friends, noting her pale cheeks and languid manner, would inquire the cause she would lie bravely, lie like a lady, say it was nothing . . . say she was well . . . happy . . . gay!

She contemplated taking the veil, and tied her towel about her head in various ways . . . perhaps she would be a nurse . . . in lowly service to others assuage the anguish of a broken life . .

Mechanically she drew on a little sports frock, mechanically took up her badminton racquet, and sat on the front steps, leaning against a broad white pillar where the light shone full upon her, revealing her presence to anyone who might happen to pass by on the street.

In a few minutes a tall, freckled boy in flannels strolled by whistling a nonchalant tune. At the end of the block he turned and as he passed the house a second time, ventured a careless,

"Hello, Elizabeth."

"Hello, Fred."

"I see you've got your racquet. What about a game?"

"I don't care if I do."

"And a spin afterwards?" with hardly concealed eagerness.

"I might."

"Right-o, or what you will. Just a sec. till I get the lil' ole' jazz-bird out a-hummin'!" and he darted off.

"Oh, Elizabeth," her mother's voice floated out, "take your sweater, dear, if you're going for a ride . . . and, Elizabeth . . ."

"Yes, Mother, I've got my sweater."

"That's a good girl. Bring Fred home with you, daughter . . . there's a chocolate cake, and . . ."

Her voice was drowned in the raucous blare of a motor-horn and a sporty little car, modern as the day after tomorrow, swung around the corner, and a lusty young voice called:

"Come on, Jean, hop to it, old girl, or words to that effect!"

Enjoy a Modern SINGER *Now!*

Let it pay for itself out of what it saves

Now, when you want to make new dresses for yourself and the children; now when you want to make new curtains and draperies for your home—now is the time to enjoy the delights of sewing with a modern machine in the modern way. If you have electricity in your home, you can get a modern Singer Electric and hidden power will do all the work. If your home is not electrified, get a new, quiet, easy-running non-electric and add a Singer motor and Singerlight as soon as your home is wired.

You can turn in your old machine for a good allowance on any modern Singer and take care of the balance, a little each month, out of what it saves. And then you have your machine for a lifetime, to make all the lovely clothes and charming home furnishings you long to have each season.

But NOW is the time to make the change. Expert instruction in machine sewing is given at all Singer Shops. A complete set of the Singer Sewing Library is now given with every Singer machine.

Any Singer Shop or Representative will send a modern Singer to your home to try on the Self-Demonstration Plan, and will arrange convenient terms. Simply telephone or call at the nearest shop of the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

SINGER

ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINES

Singer Shops in Western Canada

ALBERTA

Calgary,	325 8th Avenue, W
Edmonton,	10458 Jasper Avenue
Lethbridge,	310 7th Street
Red Deer,	Ross Street

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Nelson,	301 Baker Street
Vancouver,	869 Granville Street
Victoria,	726 Yates Street
Westminster,	452 Columbia Street

MANITOBA

Brandon,	137 Tenth Street
Portage La Prairie,	206 Saskatchewan Avenue
Winnipeg,	424 Portage Avenue 306 Main Street

SASKATCHEWAN

Moose Jaw,	353 No. Main Street
North Battleford,	1144 King Street
Prince Albert,	1013 Central Avenue
Regina,	1835 Hamilton Street
Saskatoon,	110 Third Avenue, S.
Swift Current,	116 Central Avenue
Weyburn,	140 Main Street
Yorkton,	17 Third Avenue

For address of nearest shop in Eastern Canada, write

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.
700 St. Catherine St., W.,
Montreal, Quebec;
or 252 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario

Factory - St Johns, P. Q.

Frequent Headaches point to an ACID CONDITION

WHEN an over-acid condition casts its shadow upon you, you must force yourself to work, and even pleasures are too great an effort. Appetite lags; the digestion is poor. The whole system suffers.

Laboratory tests show that an over-acid condition is due to errors in our modern diet. But you need not wait to diet your way out of the difficulty.

Take a tablespoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

This will quickly neutralize the acid. From the hour you relieve an over-acid stomach with this creamy, pleasant remedy, you'll feel like a new person.

Take a little whenever heartburn, sick headaches, nausea, flatulence, indigestion or biliousness, show that the digestive system is becoming too acid. Whenever you are taking cold; when sluggishness shows the bowels are clogged. Phillips' Milk of Magnesia has a gentle laxative action.

This wonderful anti-acid is most pleasant to take. It is widely prescribed for men, women and children. Leaders of the medical world agree that it is magnesia in the very best form. It's a liquid—not a tablet; bottle and wrapper of the genuine always bear the Chas. H. Phillips' signature for your protection.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Laurentian Hills

By Hilda Hessen

YOU may travel along trails and cross wide oceans; learn to love and admire strange lands and cities, but the farther you wander away the more you love to come home, especially when "Home" is spelled Canada. In this wide land, washed by two oceans, with fruit lands and wheat plains, with mines and farms, towns, cities and great forests, you may make your life what you want life to be. Work you must, but holiday you may, and I was holidaying when for the first time I journeyed into the Laurentian Hills in the old province of Quebec.

It was in the Autumn in that part of Canada where Autumn means the most—where the colors of the maple trees and the scent of ripening fruits speaks most eloquently of the fullness of the year, and the richness of harvest. By train and motor car I journeyed into the heart of the hills, and there among the maple trees in a hidden mountain village, I went to a wedding. I didn't know I was going to a wedding. No one had warned me to pack my best bib and tucker in my week-end bag, but I heard about it as soon as the car left the station and took its way on the winding roads to where, in the centre of eight hundred acres of hill, river and meadow, nestled the camp where I was to spend three happy days. The wedding filled the intervals of the conversation between questions and answers along the road, and then we came to the camp. Have you ever seen an old habitant house that has had a verandah added here, a chimney added there, and an unexpected dormer window under the roof? This one sprawled itself comfortably out on a little hill that meandered in the most leisurely way possible down to a brown trout stream. Its verandah filled with lounging lazy chairs faced the river, and the unbelievable red of a group of maple trees. It was four o'clock and indoors a fire was crackling in the great stone fireplace and tea was spread on a table near. Overhead hung a wrought iron chandelier—gift of a grateful French lady from her once occupied chateau, to our host. Lanterns, all with a history hung in odd corners, an old French cradle held the wood; old prints, old pictures lined the walls, and deep cushion-filled couches filled the corners, a place of charm and rest, this great rambling room. Outdoors, however, the sun was in its glory, and it didn't take us long to despatch our tea, and then in sneakers, and warm, woollen sweaters (for the mountain air is chill) we wandered down to the canoe at the water's edge, and soon were on our way to the fishing spots. It was like paddling right into a picture. The little river, still as amber glass, reflected every leaf; great, grey stones appeared to float on it, so clear were their reflections; here a scarlet tree, Narcissus-like, bent over to reflect its own beauty; and the pitcher plants and yellow willows appeared to lead a double life, above and below the water. You could imagine fairy palaces, mermaids and water sprites beneath that lovely stream. Sometimes the channel was narrow, walled by a high, grey rock, and half filled with stones, sometimes it widened out into a calm pool, and below the chirp of the crickets, and the rasping note of the katydids, you could hear the deep, musical gurgle of a waterfall. The trout were not biting that night, but what cared we? Wasn't the sun setting? Weren't the advancing shadows more lovely than any dream, the hush too sweet to be broken by human voices? And a soft scarf of mist dropped over the river, and we beached the canoe in silence, and gazed up into the hills where the last rays of the sun picked out the pointed pine trees and the goldening-green of the forest trees. Flame-like against the house, the mountain ash flared, and the golden glow shone warm and yellow. The breeze brought the musky scent of high bush cranberry and ripening fruits, and the sweet tang of Indian hay. Evening, and the grateful warmth of the fire again, and a spooky ramble through the woods to a moonlit hill overlooking the distant lake. And the talk of the wedding continued. And the next day the sun rose, as though it were his first performance, in a brand new world. We started out to drive through the sugar maple groves, crimson, red, scarlet, pink, against the background of their more sombre neighbors. An old French woman rocked on a stoop —"She's a hundred next birthday, and her stove is so shiny you can see your face in it, and she does all her own cooking and scrubbing." She rocked and stared through old, old eyes at the tiny school, where the children played and screamed among the rocks. A blind man looked up from his brooding as we passed, and cheerily answered the cheery hail; hens scuttled before the car, and a pheasant rose heavily from the roadside. And then we drove through forest aisles of silence, and then through white washed French villages, right to the steps of a very new and very ugly little church—and there we were at the wedding.

It was a very fashionable wedding. The daughter of the parish secretaire, and the son of the town's leading merchant were here to plight their troth. There were singers from Montreal; there were many candles, and the plaster saints were all gay and shining. The jars and bowls and vases filled with artificial flowers that were not yet dust laden, filled every niche and candles glimmered at every shrine, and the altar was ablaze with them. The tiny organ in the gallery pealed forth the wedding march, and up the aisle of the church, empty, but for a few English guests, came the bridesmaids in rose and lavendar, escorting two, self-conscious, little, flower girls, burdened with stiff bouquets of roses; the four seated themselves, and down a side aisle, accompanied by his father, came the pleasant-faced, young groom, and disappeared into the left hand vestry. The organ sounded again, and the pretty little, white-robed bride and her father slipped up the right aisle and into the right hand vestry. Then in streamed the guests, French Canada all dressed up! Mon pere in an ancient Prince Albert; ma mere with a brilliant batique scarf thrown over her decent Sunday black; daughter, home from the city for the wedding, in new Autumn coat and brimless hat. The young men of the village, flowers in buttonholes, and new shoes squeaking, escorted the guests to their pews. Silence and a long wait ensued. The smart young man behind us, correctly attired in striped trousers and morning coat, was telling his beads; the toothless dame in front of us bowed her quivering old head and mumbled her "Hail Mary's." There was a stir, and the groom entered and took his seat in a stiff, wooden chair in front of the altar. The priest, in golden cope and stole, attended by a young acolyte, entered. Another stir, a distinct rustle this time, and the little bride emerged. Her bridesmaids still sat stiffly in their places, but with her were two, white-veiled members of the "Children of Mary." The bride ignored the groom, and took her place before a large, gold-crowned statue of the Virgin, and the curé standing at the foot of the statue read a number of questions in French from a card. The little bride was nervous and so one of her attendants in a clear voice read, also in French, her resignation from the guild, and her vows to be a godly matron. The priest then read from another card, quickly handed him by his attending acolyte, a Latin prayer, and the bride joined the groom at the altar steps. Her white-veiled attendants then took her flowers and those of the bridesmaids and flower girls and placed them in convenient jars before the shrines, and the ceremony proceeded.

There were questions and answers in French and a long Latin exhortation, murmurs from the congregation, the ringing of a bell, and finally accompanied by the murmurs of the kneeling and rising people, the priest administered mass to the bridal pair. In the organ loft meanwhile soloists had sung three wedding songs; the smart young girl guests had taken up a collection, and finally the priest raised his hands in blessing and the long ceremony was over. The petite, little bride came smiling down the aisle as brides have smiled the world over. Her enormous, dark eyes looked out of a face framed with a halo of tulle, which fell in a long veil over her simple, white gown. On the steps there were pictures, confetti and streamers, and all the pleasant nonsense of weddings, and then we all followed the decorated cars to the home of the groom's parents, to drink healths and watch the bride cut one of the two decorated wedding cakes that were hung with silver bells. The bride's mother invited us all to come to their house for dinner at two. More music and a table groaning with food; speeches, much laughter, and the French tongue everywhere. At four, off they all drove to Montreal to see the bridal couple off on their honeymoon to Quebec. A farm up in the hills will be their home, and here the groom will farm his small acres, milk his cows, and attend to his chickens and pigs, and the little bride will cook and keep her house spotless, and weave rugs and drive in behind tinkling sleigh bells to the village to shop, and hear the gossip and see a movie.

And so the wedding was over, and we drove home again through the woods, where the afternoon sunlight pierced with long, golden fingers the cathedral aisles of the woods. The children had gone home from school, the old, old woman was getting the evening meal; boys drove home the cows, kicking leisurely bare feet in the dust; apples fell from the trees with a soft plop; a dog barked in the distance, and birds made evening sounds in the trees. The shadows were perfect again on the tiny river, and despite the sharp mountain air we sat outside until the last red tree had ceased to see its own glory in the water, and until the sun had gone down behind the hills.

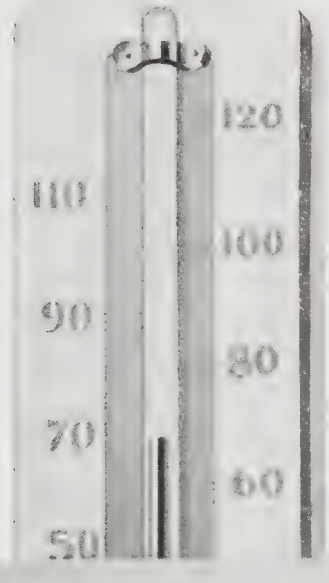
"Best to buy for bake or fry"

APPLE fritters! They're an old, all-the-year-'round favorite in many homes. Slices of juicy, slightly tart apple encased in a tender golden covering. To have them taste just right—first a little surprise crunch, then a smooth richness—they must be *fried* just right. And for a fritter Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is ideal. Because it is rendered so pure, it fries evenly and thoroughly, right to the very center. Experienced cooks say "Silverleaf" as a matter of course when they are marketing. Beginners find it another prop to confidence. In the one and two pound self-measuring cartons, so conveniently marked for scoring, and in the 3, 5 and 10 pound pails.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

Swift's "Silverleaf" BRAND PURE LARD

Can they play in every room?



Your thermometer tells the story

Do you live in a "two-temperature" home . . . a home with some rooms warm and cosy, and others that are impossible to heat? Your thermometer tells the story. Your children's health may be the price of living in a "two-temperature" house.

EVEN on the coldest days, every room is cosy and comfortable in a TEN/TEST Insulated home. Icy winds simply cannot penetrate insulated walls and roofs. And costly furnace heat, stays where it belongs—inside the house—instead of leaking through to warm the whole outside world.

Better Health—Greater Comfort

TEN/TEST Insulation keeps your home at an even, livable temperature, a temperature that means better health and greater comfort every month of the year. It saves as much as 30% on your fuel bills, and makes every room easy to heat . . . easy to keep at the temperature you want.

Protect your home with TEN/TEST

Over 25% of the heat of your furnace escapes through your roof—*if it is not insulated.* TEN/TEST Insulation . . . far from being an added expense . . . is an actual economy. And it is a simple matter to build TEN/TEST right into the roof of your present home. TEN/TEST Insulation quickly pays for itself in reduced fuel bills.

MEASURED INSULATION

Because it is a *solid* board, made in every standard thickness from 15/32" to 2", TEN/TEST can be used for every insulating purpose—as sheathing, as roof insulation, or as a base for plaster. The strong, solid sheets will last as long as the house itself.

Ask your Architect about TEN/TEST

Ask your architect or contractor about the new 5/8-inch TEN/TEST Rib-Face Sheathing . . . 30% more insulation, 40% thicker, 50% stronger, at a price that makes superior insulation possible in even the most inexpensive home.

TEN-TEST
INSULATING BUILDING BOARD

INTERNATIONAL FIBRE BOARD LIMITED, 1111 BEAVER HALL HILL, MONTREAL

TT57

The Time and the Deed

Art going to do a kindly deed?
'Tis never too soon to begin;
Make haste, make haste, for the moments speed,
The world, my dear one, has pressing need
Of your tender thought and kindly deed,
'Tis never too soon to begin.

But if the deed be a selfish one,
'Tis ever too soon to begin;
If some heart will be sorer when all is done
Put it off! put it off from sun to sun,
Remembering always, My own dear one,
'Tis ever too soon to begin.

—Jean Blewett

Dear Girls and Boys:

So many of you have sent in your favorite poems, but this month we are publishing "The Time and the Deed" as it has been sent in by three members, two of them just newly enrolled. Gold buttons will be sent to all three:—Violet Mohns, Hitchcock, Saskatchewan; Kathleen Birss, Dauphin, Manitoba, and Mary Borowski, Fork River, Manitoba. It is nice to know the kind of poetry everybody likes, so those of our members who have not already done so, send along your favorite verses. A Gold Button will be awarded to the one who sends in the verse we publish.

Our Summer Competition

Did our girls and boys go around with their eyes shut during the summer holidays? Most decidedly, they did not.

Some of you must have seen and heard some very interesting incidents in the animal world this summer and we only wish we could publish all the diaries, but we will do the next best thing, and that is, we will publish as many extracts as we can. The first prize, a beautiful book on Canadian birds has been awarded to our old friend Ruth Scouler, 610 Tenth Avenue E., Vancouver, B.C.

We feel sure you will have lots of pleasure and obtain all kinds of interesting information from this wonderful book, Ruth.

The camera is undoubtedly won by Marguerite McLean, 1820 Twelfth Ave. West, Calgary, Alberta.

Gold Buttons have been won by Kathleen Shelton, Rosedale, Alberta; Jessie Jackman, Irma, Alberta; J. Dave Siddons, Wainwright, Alberta, and Albert Guiring, Box 160 Guernsey, Saskatchewan.

New Members

We are glad to be able to welcome several new members this month, all of whom are anxious to correspond with other Cosy Cornerites:—Mary Borowski, Fork River, Manitoba, age 14 years; Violet Mohns, Hitchcock, Saskatchewan, age 10 years; Delia Grenier, Hesketh, Alberta, age 12 years; Kate James, Squamish, B.C., age 13 years; Mary Sherstobetoff, Benito, Manitoba, John Zabioka, Fork River, Manitoba, age 15 years; Mavis Edwards, Squamish, B.C., age 12 years, and Isabella Hellwig, 1299 Green Road, South Euclid, Ohio.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARIES

Spiders and Frogs
By Albert Guiring

It is very interesting to watch a spider. One built his nest on the outside of our kitchen window, right at the top of the window he made a house for himself. Then, he waited till some fly would get into his net and then he would eat them or suck their blood.

The frogs are nice to have in the garden to catch flies and beetles. His tongue is fastened at the opposite end to what ours is. It is very sticky. Frogs hop about the grass when its cool in the evening. They like to be in the water and are real swimmers.

An Ant and a Cutworm
By Kathleen Shelton

A peculiar sight which I have often seen is that of an ant carrying a cutworm many times its own size. One particularly industrious ant started up the wall with such a burden, so, to see if he would persist, I took his cutworm and put it at the bottom again. He came down and started over again with his heavy but precious load. I repeated this two or three times, but he persisted so long that I left him to it, poor painstaking fellow.

By Bobby Burke

A Winged Creature
By Ruth Scouler

While sitting on a log "all to m'sel' a little bright spot of color caught my eye. It seemed nothing but a piece of paper being tossed by the wind. It came near to me and what should it be but a beautiful swallow-tailed butterfly. It settled on a thistle near me and I saw that its wing was broken.

It chanced that I had my butterfly net in my hand so with a quick motion I caught it. What a beautiful creature it was.

Flight was a burden to it, even living was difficult. I took it home and put it to sleep by chloroform. A deep sleep it was—one from which it never awoke.

I am sure its life is one which has not been lived in vain for it brings joy to many people and is a worthy rival of the bluebird, the symbol of happiness.

"My Adventure with Cedar Waxwings"
By Marguerite McLean

One day when I was walking in the woods two cedar-waxwings aroused my interest. They are birds about one-fifth smaller than the robin, having a rich grayish brown color. They have a dash of red on the tips of each wing and a yellow splash on the tail. They live near cedar trees and so get their name.

I sat down to watch them and I found they were just as intent on watching me. They began eating berries but kept a close watch on me. By and by one came closer to examine me more thoroughly. He cocked his head first to one side and then to the other. Then he flew away and his mate soon followed and I saw them no more that day.

In the days following, I frequented that place, the waxwings became more and more used to me. They often came within two or three feet but if I moved they would fly to safety.

One day a great surprise came after my patient waiting. One of the waxwings came nearer than before and the first thing I knew a small brown bird was sitting on my shoe. He examined its lace with a critical eye and then flew away as if satisfied with his adventure. From this time forward I could feed them nuts, crumbs and berries with the result, we were soon fast friends.

This is a true story of what a little time and patience can do to make birds your neighbors.

Something Received

Mary Nicol of 716-6th Ave. W. Saskatoon, Sask., has written us about the nice holiday she spent. This is what she writes:

"I have just returned from a three-week motor trip to Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks. We travelled about twenty-six hundred miles and saw many beautiful sights which were quite a contrast to our wind-swept prairies. At Glacier Park the main attractions were the sparkling blue waters of the mountain lakes and waterfalls, the glaciers, and most certainly the great towering mountains. However, at Yellowstone, one visits the far-famed geysers and hot springs. We were in Glacier Park for three days and in "the land of the geysers" for eight days. It was a trip not to be quickly forgotten. We drove through great barren stretches of burned forest. Springing up among the black stumps were a few tiny pines and that royal flower, the great willow herb or fireweed. I am enclosing a poem which describes this scene, in reply to your suggestion sending in a favorite verse.

Burned Forests

The half-burned tree-trunks stretched like praying hands
Clutching the empty sky, and bare and black
As fallen pillars in old scourge-swept lands,
Great pines and spruces lay across my track.

Scarred branches crumbled underneath my tread,
But from the silence of the empty plain,
Among white birches, burned and scarred and dead.
I heard the white-throat sing his song again.

And from the ashes drenched by summer showers
I saw unfurling fronds of brake pierce through,
And fire-weed holding up its purple flowers
Like torches in the dark, and then I knew,

Seeing burned forests touched with quickening breath,
That life still follows on the trail of Death.

Frank Oliver Call.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROSMARY THRUM

By Marion Wathen Fox

Part II

Rosmary Thrum Visits a Garden in Fairy-Town

WHEN Rosmary Thrum stepped from the boat there was her own good fairy waiting to take her by the hand and welcome her to the town.

"Welcome to the fairies' town, Rosmary Thrum," she said, kissing her.

And all the other fairies crowded about and said,

"Welcome! Welcome, dear Rosmary Thrum!"

So, hand in hand, she and her good fairy walked up one of the streets, while all the other fairies tripped gaily on behind.

"Take her to her garden! Take her to her garden!" they called out again and again.

"Thank you for being my good fairy," shyly said Rosmary Thrum to the good fairy there at her side, "And will you please tell me how I, a little people-girl, could plant a garden in a fairy town where I have never been?"

"Just wait a minute, dear, and you shall see for yourself, sweetly answered her good fairy.

In very few minutes they were at the house of Rosmary Thrum's good fairy, and there by its side was a beautiful garden. Her good fairy opened a little golden gate leading to the garden. And all about the gate-posts Rosmary Thrum noticed a lovely green vine growing and on the vine were many pretty flowers; first a little pink bell-flower and then a little white bell-flower, and on like that all up the stem.

"Why, I never saw such a lovely vine as this!" exclaimed Rosmary Thrum, "and never, never flowers of two different colors growing on the same plant."

"Well, you planted it," laughed all the fairies.

"Look inside one of the flowers," requested Rosmary Thrum's good fairy.

So, Rosmary Thrum looked right down into the heart of a little pink bell-flower and saw—her own home. It was all just as she had seen it on a day that she remembered very well: It was nearly night. There was just a tiny red rim of the sun showing back of the hill She was still playing out there amongst the lovely flowers. There at the door stood her mother calling, "Come, Rosmary! Time to come in and go to bed—Bed-time Rosmary!" But she did not want to come in and go to bed. She wanted to stay out and play for ever so long yet. She was just going to tell her mother that, when she remembered that mothers know best; that little girls should do what their mothers say; and that their mothers love them. So, right away, she answered "All right, mother!" and ran in—all this Rosmary Thrum saw in the lovely bell-flower.

"That was when this flower sprung up in my garden,'" explained her good fairy. "And that was why it started to grow — because you did what your mother said. Every time a little girl or a little boy does the right thing they plant some kind of beautiful flower in their good fairies' garden."

"Oh—h! O—h!" exclaimed Rosmary Thrum. "How glad I am that I did something to plant that beautiful flower in your garden."

When Rosmary Thrum and her good fairy were still talking about how that beautiful vine came to be growing in the garden, three or four little fairies carrying tiny silver baskets entered the garden and began to pick seeds from the hearts of some of the bell-flowers on the vine.

"Whatever are they doing to the flowers?" asked Rosmary Thrum in surprise; but she had already learned that in a fairy-town things are far, far different from what they are in a people-town.

"These fairies have come to pick the seed from this do-as-your-mother-tells-you flower that you planted here. They are the good fairies of other children just as I am your good fairy. They are going to take that seed—it's fairy seed you know, and scatter it about where their girls and boys live, so that likely some of it will get into their hearts and make them be like you were when you planted that lovely vine in my garden. Then they will plant this lovely vine in the gardens of their good fairies too. Do you understand?"

"Oh, indeed I do!" answered Rosmary Thrum "And to think that all this will happen just because I did what my mother told me that night. I am so very, very glad."

"My, what a handsome rose-tree!" exclaimed Rosmary Thrum, stepping farther into the garden and stooping down to admire deep crimson roses and pale yellow roses growing one after the other on the same branch, and having a very sweet perfume.

"Look into one of those roses," requested her good-fairy.

So, very much excited, Rosemary Thrum looked into a rich red rose, and saw——

Her own home again and her mother getting up so early and making Jimmy-my-dear and herself ready to go with the family away over the hills and to another valley where lived a miller and his wife and family. They were going to get the flour ground for another year. But before they got away what did Jimmy-my-dear do but fall down stairs and hurt his foot so that it was very sore when he tried to walk, and his mother had to rub liniment on it and bandage it while Jimmy-my-dear cried.

"Now I can't go to see the miller's wife, for I can't take Jimmy-my-dear. And it's a whole year since I saw her! And she was to show me how to make a new kind of cheese from the goat's milk and a new way to make a dress—oh dear!" and Rosmary Thrum's mother looked very much disappointed.

But Rosmary Thrum, too, had been looking forward for days to visiting the millers, for she did so want to see the mill and the miller's children; but she just couldn't have her mother disappointed like that, so she said,

"Let me stay at home and keep Jimmy-my-dear, mother!" I'll rub the liniment on his foot and rock him and tell him stories and take the very best care of him till you come back."

So Rosmary Thrum stayed home from the millers, and that was the very time the beautiful crimson and yellow rose-bush grew up in her good fairy's garden.

[To be concluded next month]

"Mixin' Larns Us"

THIS Canada of ours is, as has been said by innumerable public speakers and writers, a vast and varied country. Considerable numbers of Canadians living and working in one part of Canada do not really know a great deal about the life and work of the Canadians living in certain other parts of Canada. The more travelling we Canadians of the different Provinces do throughout the whole Dominion, the better it will be for the strengthening of the spirit of united Canadianism. If the Dominion Parliament could hold its sessions in different centres of the country, all the way across the Dominion, it would be greatly to the advantage of all Canada. What does he know of Canada; we may ask (paraphrasing Kipling's well-known question about England), who knows only Ontario, or Quebec, or British Columbia, or New Brunswick? The Philosopher was impressed by a story told him a few weeks ago by a visitor in Winnipeg from Georgia. It was a story of a man from New York who set forth for a day's horseback ride in the Georgia mountains with one of the Georgia mountaineers known as "crackers" for guide. The two rode on for some time in silence. The "crackers" are not talkative. Suddenly the guide turned in his saddle and said: "I s'pose you-uns up there North knows a heap o' things we-uns down here don't know." The man from New York replied that it might be so. A half-hour later the guide turned again and said: "And I suppose we-uns down here knows a heap o' things you-uns up there don't know." The traveller agreed that that, too, was probably true. And after another half-hour of reflection, the native philosopher had thought it out, and he announced his conclusion: "Mixin' larns us," he said.

Optimism and Pessimism

FROM a Western Home Monthly reader in Lethbridge comes a letter which gives The Philosopher special pleasure, because it says he is an optimist. He hopes that he will always see the bright and hopeful side of each day's outlook, as each day comes along. Why look for a gloomy side? It is better to be even so optimistic as to see a bright light shining where there is none, than to be the pessimistic kind of person who would delight to come along and blow out the bright light.

Bright Days and Dark Days

A FRIEND who has a beautiful garden, in the midst of which there is a sundial, asked The Pholisopher one day last June to give him a motto for the sun-dial. The Philosopher gave him one of the best of all the sundial inscriptions, the old one in Latin: "Honoris non numero, nisi serenas," which means: "I do not count the hours that are not bright." Standing by that sundial on a gloomy clouded day last month and reading that motto again, The Philosopher said to himself that, after all, this is a climate that does not give too much cause for sympathy for the sundial by those who share its propensity for counting only the sunny hours. The sundial habit of making the most of the hours of sunshine and of not holding in memory hours of gloom is conspicuously a mark of youth. It does not often persist through life, after the years of youth have vanished. It persists, in some measure, only with those who are so happy in temperament and in bodily and mental health that they carry a great deal of their youth with them as the years carry them on into age. Sooner or later there comes to most of us a time when one finds oneself more or less frequently looking back on the years that are gone rather than forward to those that are to come. Fortunate are those who in that retrospect are able not to allow themselves to see sorrows and disappointments standing up over the horizon of life like cloud-ridden mountain-peaks. In individual lives, as in the history of the human race, there are times of suffering and of horror, such as are caused by war or by pestilence or by disaster. But, without being too Pollyanna-ish about the immense amount of unhappiness and suffering in the world, is it not a truer view, a more sensible view, in regard to both individual lives and to mankind in the mass, that there are more days when all goes well, or at least not so badly, than days of gloom and unhappiness.

Contents

Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor 3
THE PHILOSOPHER 86
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING 88

Fiction

BEYOND THE LAW(Part I)—Mary Imlay Taylor 7
THE HERMIT—Walter Pritchard Eaton 10
LITTLE MILLIONS—Francis Lynde 14
THE SULTAN'S TURRET—Alberta C. Trimble 16
BRANDON, NEXT STATION!—Harry H. Croft 19
JEAN ELIZABETH AND ROMANCE—Marie Lysbeth Colman 20
THE DARKEST HOUR—Ronald Tuckwell 22
GOO-GOO OF JIG SLOP—Edgar A. Wood 54
NOT ACCORDING TO FICTION—P. W. Luce 59

Articles

HAPPY THE EMPIRE IN HER DOCTORS—Leslie Garden 4
RIDING THE CLOUDS—John C. Nelson 12
WANTED—NEW USES FOR WHEAT—George M. Battey Jr. 18
BANFF HIGHLAND GATHERING—Leodhasach 29
WHEN MY LADY GOES A HUNTING—Edna A. Baker 45
ARE WE FRIENDLY—Ethel Kendal 46
LABELLED—AT LAST—Verna Loveday Harden 47
UNEMPLOYMENT AND MACHINERY—Margaret Somerville McDonald 48
SUN FACING CANADIANS—Gertrude E. Walker 49
THE ASPIRIN SABBATH—A. W. Free 52
"SQUEAK"—THE STORY OF A STRIPED GOPHER H. H. Pittman 56
A PLACE OF THE GODS—Toni Halsey 57
THE LAURENTIAN HILLS—Hilda Hesson 82

Regular Departments

SHADOWLAND—WITH ALL ITS VAGARIES—Jerome Carver 24
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell, F.C.I. 32
DOLLARS AND CENTS 50
LEGAL INFORMATION 51
CHILDREN'S COZY CORNER—Bobby Burke 85

Women and the Home

HOME FURNISHINGS—Katherine M. Caldwell 26
EMBROIDERY 60
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton 63
A GYPSY PARTY FOR HARVEST TIME 66
HOW TO ACHIEVE BEAUTIFUL WINDOWS C. W. Kirsch 74
FASHIONS 75–80

The
Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG *BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR* MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR $2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS $2.50 A YEAR

We Cannot All Be Highbrows

AN ALTOGETHER too serious-minded young friend of The Philosopher was lamenting distressfully the other day that "so few people think seriously about the fundamental problems of life." Well, it is true, no doubt, that none too many people devote much time to serious thought about the mysteries that surround our lives. When we consider that more than one-third of all the time one has in one's whole life in this world is devoted to sleep and the eating of one's meals and what else may be classed as the mechanics of life, and another large fraction in what may be described as life's unavoidable trifles, and then when we figure out how very much more must be devoted to working at our jobs, to say nothing of the time needed for necessary recreation, apart from the things mentioned already as trifles, it must be admitted that there is not left a very great margin of time in which to read books that we ought to read, to say nothing of thinking for ourselves about "the fundamental problems of life." But, after all, we do not do the best of our thinking when we say to ourselves deliberately: "Now I will do some serious thinking." We do our best thinking undeliberately as we go along in life and mixing with our fellow-creatures and doing our work. And the more we learn of wisdom from life, the less we worry.

Canada and Europe

ONE of the English physicians who attended the meeting of the British Medical Association in Winnipeg in August was so delighted with the summer climate of Western Canada that he said he was ready to believe that the winter sunshine here would be greatly preferable to the chilly dampness and gloom of the winter in his part of England. He was surprised to be told that London is farther north than Winnipeg. Having obtained an atlas and verified that statement, he found on further study of the atlas that the most southern tip of England, Land's End, is five hundred miles north of Toronto, and that if the island of Great Britain were to be slid along its parallels of latitude to this side of the world, it would need to be pushed northward only a few miles to lie wholly within the Province of Saskatchewan. He found also that nearly all Norway lies north of the northern boundary line of Manitoba, Saskatchewan anad Alberta. All this The Philosopher has recalled on seeing in Professor Leacock's latest book a map named "Canada in Europe," which Professor Leacock has made. It shows the territory in Europe which is "similar in climate and resources to temperate, habitable Canada" and includes the British Isles, half of France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Finland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden—an area of 879,700 miles, with a population of 163,030,000.

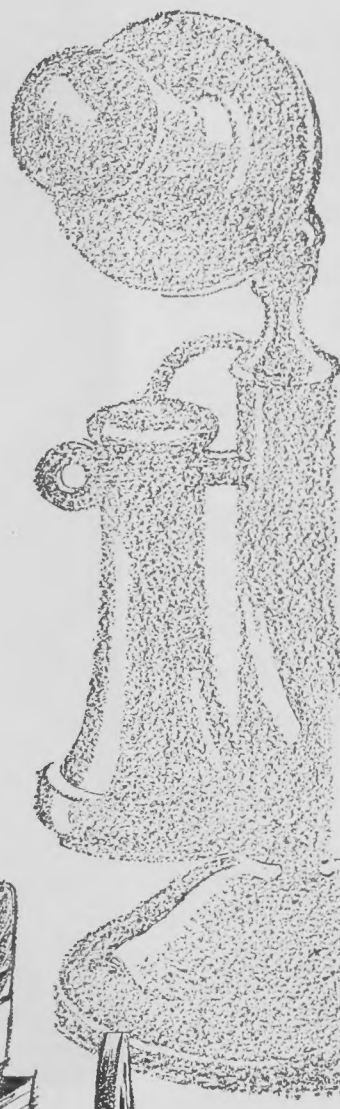
CONVERSATION

"Language may be considered the chief distinctive mark of humanity." —ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA

HENRY DAVID THOREAU is reported to have said that he would rather walk fifteen miles than write a letter: suggesting that in the letter lurked a thousand possibilities of being misunderstood, or understood *too* well!

Think of the hours spent and the reams of paper used to explain the simplest proposition. Except from a trained hand, one cannot always see on the paper the smile, the good-fellowship, the brotherly intention . . . the telephone, however, transmits the chuckle, the tone of displeasure, the forgiving voice, the firm intent. At once the reaction on the part of the listener at the other end of the wire can be detected, and the sails of conversation be trimmed, as necesary, to meet an unfavourable, or propitious reply.

The telephone stands today at the head of humanizing agencies.



Northern Electric
COMPANY LIMITED
A National Electrical Service

DO YOU KNOW

That there are over 280,000 farms in Canada equipped with the telephone and are daily experiencing its conveniences?

262

What the World is Saying

The Trouble Is That It Isn't
A new popular song is called "That's All." If it only were!—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Every Family, Indeed, Could Do With One
"England needs a John D. Rockefeller," says the Prince of Wales.—Ottawa Citizen.

Most of Us Surely Will, by That Time
"By 1980" writes Booth Tarkington, "men will have discarded shirts."—Vancouver Province.

On Account of the Scarcity of Lambs
The bulls and the bears in Wall Street seem to have declared an armistice.—Montreal Gazette.

He Couldn't Do That on an Organ
We read of a man who played for eighty-five hours on a piano without a stop.—London Daily Mail.

But The Wedding Cake Is In Tiers
Weeping at weddings is no longer customary, as it used to be when we were young.—Minneapolis Journal.

We Find It Quite Impossible
It is foolish declares a banker, to keep any large sum about the house.—London Daily Express.

Will Apple-peel Keep the Doctor Away
Orange-peel scattered about the back garden will keep cats away, says a domestic hint.—Glasgow Herald.

A Thought from a Prairie Thinker
When his wife and family are away, a man feels as lonesome as a horse-fly following a combine.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Meanwhile Walkers Learn How to Jump
Before many centuries more, a New York writer says, people may have forgotten how to walk.—Quebec Telegraph.

Why, of Course, Rubber Tires
Scientific investigators find that rubber suffers from fatigue. That must be why it stretches.—Toronto Telegram.

It Might Have Happened to Them at Home
Among the Americans recently reported shot by bandits in China are a Chicago man and his wife.—Kansas City Star.

They Went by the High Road, of Course
A party of twenty campers have been fined for pitching their tents on the shores of Loch Lomond.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Enough to Make a Man Feel Badly
One thing we always hate is to get into a street car so crowded that even all the men can't get seats.—New York Tribune-Herald.

And, Often, Proposing the Wrong Remedy
Politics is the art of looking for trouble in the body politic and then diagnosing it with a view to curing it.—London Saturday Review.

The Scots Will Have Their Fling
The great annual Highland gathering at Banff has become one of outstanding events on the Canadian calendar.—Regina Leader.

In These Days of Speeding Autos
"Heaven is not reached in a single bound," sings a poet. Nor is it always avoided by a single bound, either.—Niagara Falls Review.

Ye Ed. Writes in a Moment of Exasperation
We wish that some of those smashers of records would listen in some evening on our neighbor's gramophone.—Dublin Evening Mail.

A bootLeghorn, No Doubt
A hen was found sitting on a case of whisky, during a raid in New York recently by prohibition enforcement officers.—Detroit Free Press.

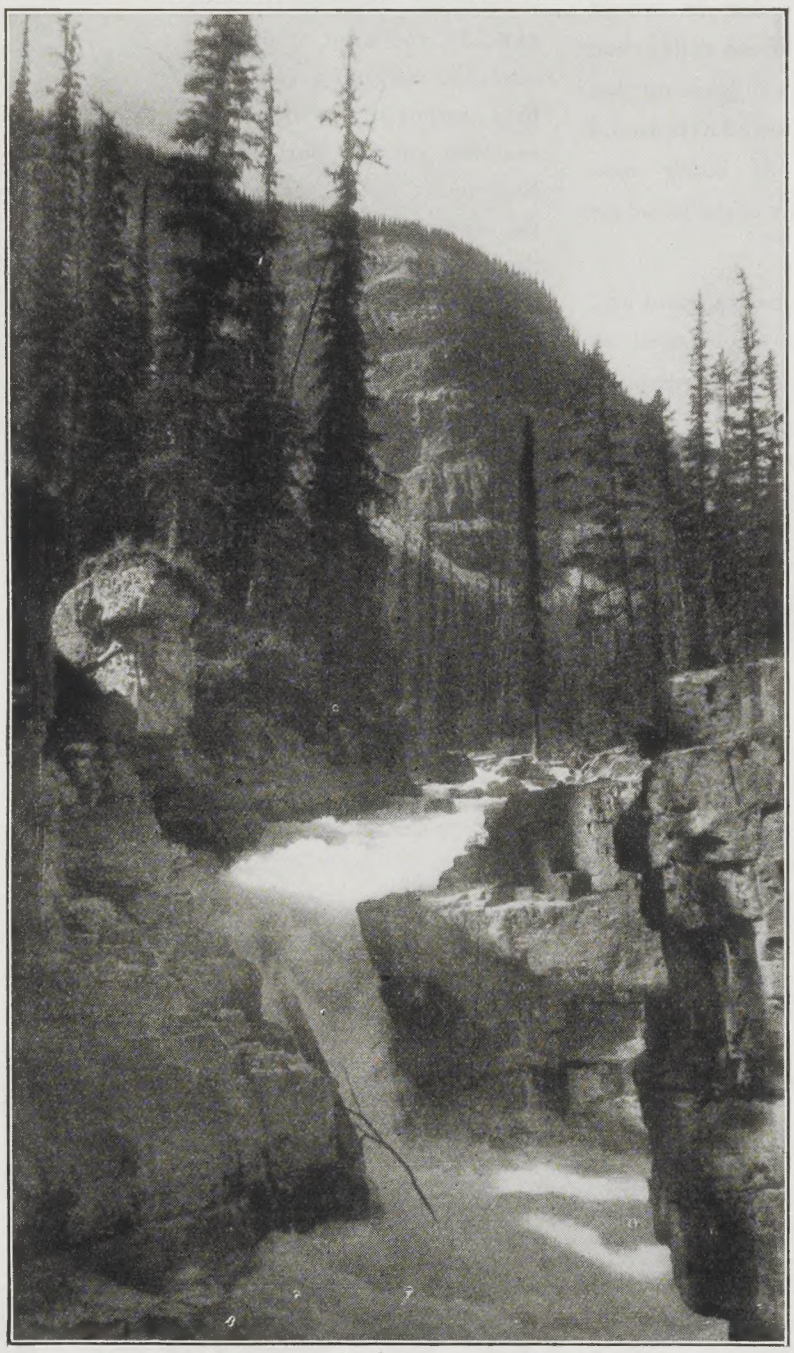
Pedestrians That Can't Be Bumped Off
Motorists in India are urging that elephants on the roads be required to carry head-lights and tail-lights.—Johannesburg Sunday Times.

Osculation on an Escalator
In a Toronto department store one day last week a couple were seen kissing on one of those moving stairways.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

What Can She Have Been Aiming At?
On a London rifle-range, a woman who had never before handled a rifle, it is reported, hit the target with her second shot.—Dundee Courier.

Youth's Problems Are Different Now
Father had a lot to worry him when he was a boy, but he didn't have to keep track of the names of the new chocolate bars.—Kitchener Record

And, At That, It Might Be Worse
H. G. Wells, who knows nearly everything, sets all us humans down as zygotes. If any of our regular readers feel offended about this, we may say that the dictionary definition of a zygote is that it is "a product of the fusion of two isogametes."—Brockville Recorder-Times.



Marble Canyon in the Canadian Rockies

Those Moaning, Bleating Songsters
As rendered by some of our heart-weary, soul-sick, moaning, groaning and crooning tenors, too many of the popular melodies sound like maladies.—Toronto Mail. and Empire.

The Political Art of Straddling
With the congressional campaigns under way, we are getting exhibitions of still another form of endurance-contest, namely, fence-sitting.—Duluth Herald.

If You Can Call It That
A London scientist told the British Board of Liquor Control that a substitute for alcohol is needed. By gosh, we have it here in America.—Brooklyn Eagle.

What, Then, Should She Hit Him With
The Greenwich Police Court magistrate told a woman the other day that it was not right for her to hit her husband on the head with a saucepan.—Yorkshire Post.

But If He Had Only Been Born a Sultan!
In all fairness, there seems to be ground for misgivings as to whether Carol of Roumania is as qualified as he might be for the office of King.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Doesn't He Like Their Faces?
A Balham resident compains that aeroplanes fly so low over his garden that often he can see the pilots' faces. He protests indignantly against this.—London Telegraph.

Why Not a Jewelled Ice-pick?
In recognition of his achievements in the Antarctic regions, the State of Virginia, proud of Admiral Byrd as "a native son," has presented him with a jewelled sword.—Ottawa Journal.

Without Hit-and-Run Flea Motorists!
A flea circus in New York prospers year after year. It doubtless inspires pedestrians to see creatures that can jump forty times their own length.—Buffalo Express.

This May Explain Some Human Heads
"Space" writes Albert Einstein, the great discoverer and expounder of the doctrine of relativity, "is just matter in another form, and matter is space in another form."—London Times.

Carried Along in the Sunday Stream
Sunday driving brings many surprises, such as turning out of the jam, and then finding that you have been out of gas for the last fifty or sixty miles.—New York World.

A Crowning Achievement of Human Progress
The superior races in modern civilization are those that give great publicity and glory to the man who can most successfuly knock a little ball in a hole.—Belfast Northern Whig.

Some Dogs Have Queer Tastes
When a Brighton man walked out wearing white shorts embroidered with purple braid and a jacket to match, a dog bit him. Is it to be wondered at.—London Passing Show.

How Uncanny!
The unemployment situation in a fishing town on the coast of Spain was solved recently when a school of sardines appeared unexpectedly.—Belfast News-Letter.

Then There'll Be No More Square Meals
"The time is not far distant when we shall have our food concentrated in small round tablets," a scientific journal declares. Which does not sound very appetizing.—Toronto Globe.

Most Families Can Do Their Own Scrapping
"Must we scrap the family?" asks a magazine writer. The family, however, is an institution that will survive all the magazine writers of this and all succeeding ages.—Calgary Herald.

What Other Sort?
A lady writer who conducts a column in one of the Toronto papers has started in to discuss the question whether women admire most the husbands they can boss, or the other sort.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Nice Way to Make Boys Fond of Animals!
The new regulations governing bull fights in Spain provide that boys of sixteen may appear in bull rings if they have their parents' permission to kill bulls.—Manchester Guardian.

Such as "Glub!" and "Whee!" and "Awk!"
A writer says he has read of but never in his life has heard anybody shouting "Hurrah!" or "Huzzah!" Neither have we, though we have heard people, including ourselves, shout "Hooray!" But we doubt if any comic strip devotee has ever heard anybody in real life utter the strange exclamations printed as coming from the mouths of comic strip characters.—Victoria Colonist.

I have uncovered two brand-new pies for you!

I've been gaily traipsing about the country this year to places where good cooking grows—searching out new recipes for you!

And every place some wonderful cook has told me what tender flaky pie-crust Crisco makes—the kind of crust that makes husbands grow proud and poetic! And two women have *dis*covered two delicious new fillings—which I am *un*covering for you!

Have you ever tasted a pie that is an exciting mystery because it conceals in its delicious insides a glass of your good home-made jelly? Or a pie that combines fresh, tart cranberries with sugar-hearted raisins—and so good that you positively gloat over the last ruby globule?

When you try these pies, do use Crisco in the crust. A shortening even a shade less delicate in flavor won't give you as fine results. Crisco tastes good by itself, so it just can't help making food taste better. You'll find that Crisco's sweet fresh flavor—as sweet and fresh as new-churned butter will bring out the delicacy of these delicious pie-fillings.

The women who gave me these pie recipes always use Crisco. They *know* that snowy, sweet Crisco blends in with food of the most delicate flavor.

You can steal a march on time!

You can put a time-saving secret into pie making. When you are making one of these pies, you can make and bake *extra* crusts. I always take extra crusts out of the oven, just tinged with golden brown. Then I put these shells away until the next pie-time comes. And because Crisco keeps fresh without ice-box help, these pie-shells taste *new*-baked when I crisp them up in the oven!

My mother has her own time-saving scheme. She combines enough Crisco, flour and salt for four pie-crusts—but she only rolls out enough for one. But with a bowlful of dry Crisco pie-crust mixture on hand, she can add water and roll out a pie-crust any time that she wants to!

On these trips of mine I've discovered that we home-cooks aren't the only ones who know how to make good pies. The best bakers everywhere are using Crisco now to wrap their pies up in appetizing goodness!

And wouldn't you like my handy little cook book called "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes"? Just write to me for it, Winifred S. Carter, Department XHH-100, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

FLAKIER PIE-CRUST

(Makes one 2-crust or two single-crust pies)

2 cups flour — ⅔ cup Crisco — ¾ teaspoon salt
6 to 8 tablespoons cold water

Sift flour and salt together. Cut Crisco in well with two knives until consistency of small peas. Add only enough water to hold mixture together. Roll ⅛ inch thick on floured board.

For baked shell, cover inverted pie plate. Leave enough dough to fold back to make a firm edge. Prick well with fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes. For two-crust pie, bake 10 minutes at 450° F.; reduce heat to moderate (350° F.); bake until filling is done.

Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

CRISCO IS MADE IN CANADA

MRS. ROUND'S CRANBERRY PIE

2 tablespoons cornstarch — 1 cup sugar — ¼ teaspoon salt — 2 cups cranberries
1¼ cups hot water — 1 cup seedless raisins — 1 tablespoon Crisco

Mix together cornstarch, sugar and salt. Add hot water and cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add cranberries, raisins and Crisco.

Fit pastry into pie pan as usual and brush bottom with melted Crisco. Add filling. Over the top arrange strips of pastry about ½ inch wide, criss-crossing them. Fasten the ends of the strips to the end of the bottom crust by moistening with water. Build up the outside rim with an extra strip of pastry. Bake in hot oven 450° F. for 20 minutes.

MRS. MUELLER'S JELLY PIE

2 cups milk — 2 egg whites — 2 tablespoons sugar — ½ cup shredded cocoanut
5 tablespoons instant tapioca — ¼ teaspoon salt — ½ teaspoon vanilla
4 tablespoons sugar — 2 egg yolks, beaten — 1 cup currant or apple jelly

Scald milk in a double boiler; add mixed tapioca, sugar and salt. Cook over flame until tapioca is transparent, stirring frequently; then remove from the stove and pour onto beaten egg yolks. Return to double boiler and cook until mixture is thickened. Add cocoanut and vanilla and cool. Fill baked pie-shell with tapioca mixture and spread with a layer of jelly about ⅛ inch thick. Fold sugar into stiffly beaten egg whites and spread over the jelly. Return to moderate oven (300° F.) to brown meringue. Serve cold.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

COMMUNITY PLATE PRESENTS

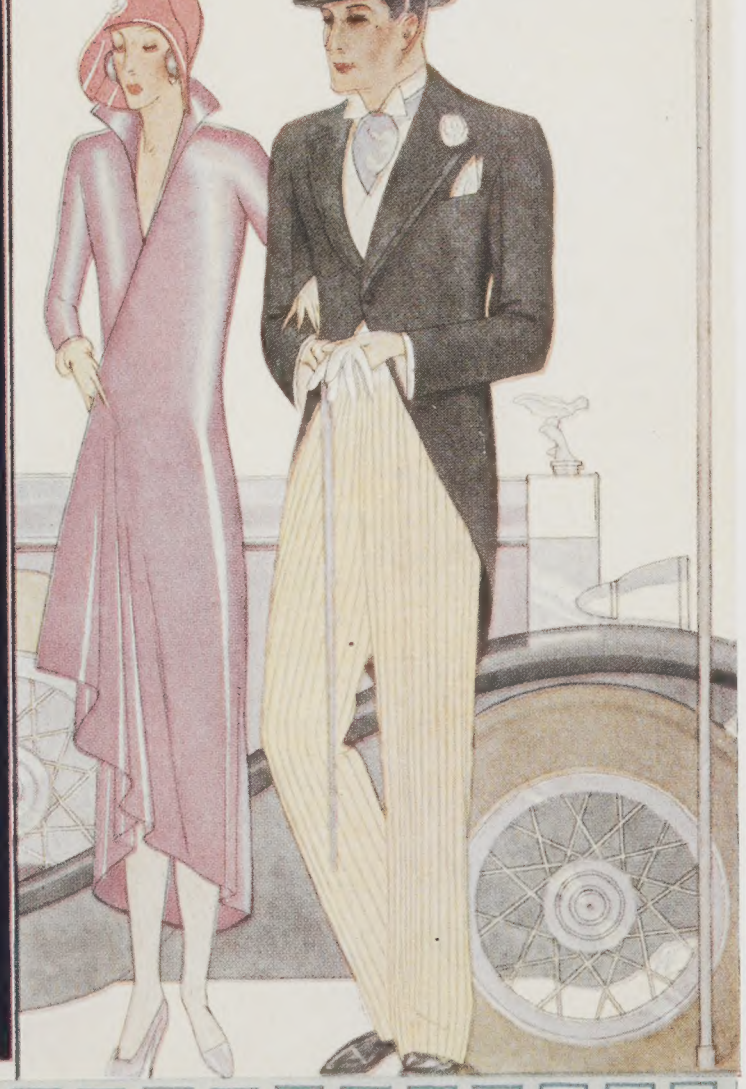
The NOBLESSE

A new, breath-taking beauty comes to Silverware, in *The Noblesse*. In the serene loveliness of its lines, it attains an inspired expression of the new style-spirit. Even the lovely surface in which the design is wrought has been given a new and matchless enrichment—PATINE.* *The Noblesse* is styled to the Modern Hostess, revealing upon her table her modernity in taste, sophistication and charm. It may be obtained, with other distinguished designs in COMMUNITY PLATE, **at your jeweller's.**

In complete services for eight, $44.75; for six, $34.25.
Teaspoons are $4.25 for six.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

* PATINE is a precious enrichment of beautiful surfaces, achieved by the secret alchemy of nature. It is found in rare old cabinet work, priceless vases, and old paintings. Community craftsmen have perfected in their laboratories an exclusive and costly process which achieves a PATINE finish.



© 1930 ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD.